PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1983 $3.00
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THE SECRET (VIOLENT) LIFE OF JOHN LENNON

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A ROYAL INSIDER TELLS ALL

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THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING POOR

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The International Magazine for Men/July 1983

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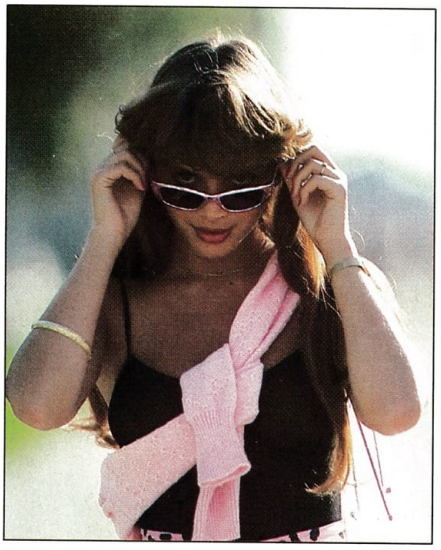

This month's cover features Sonja, who appeared in the February 1982 German edition of Penthouse, *photographed by Hannes Schmid. For information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 195.*

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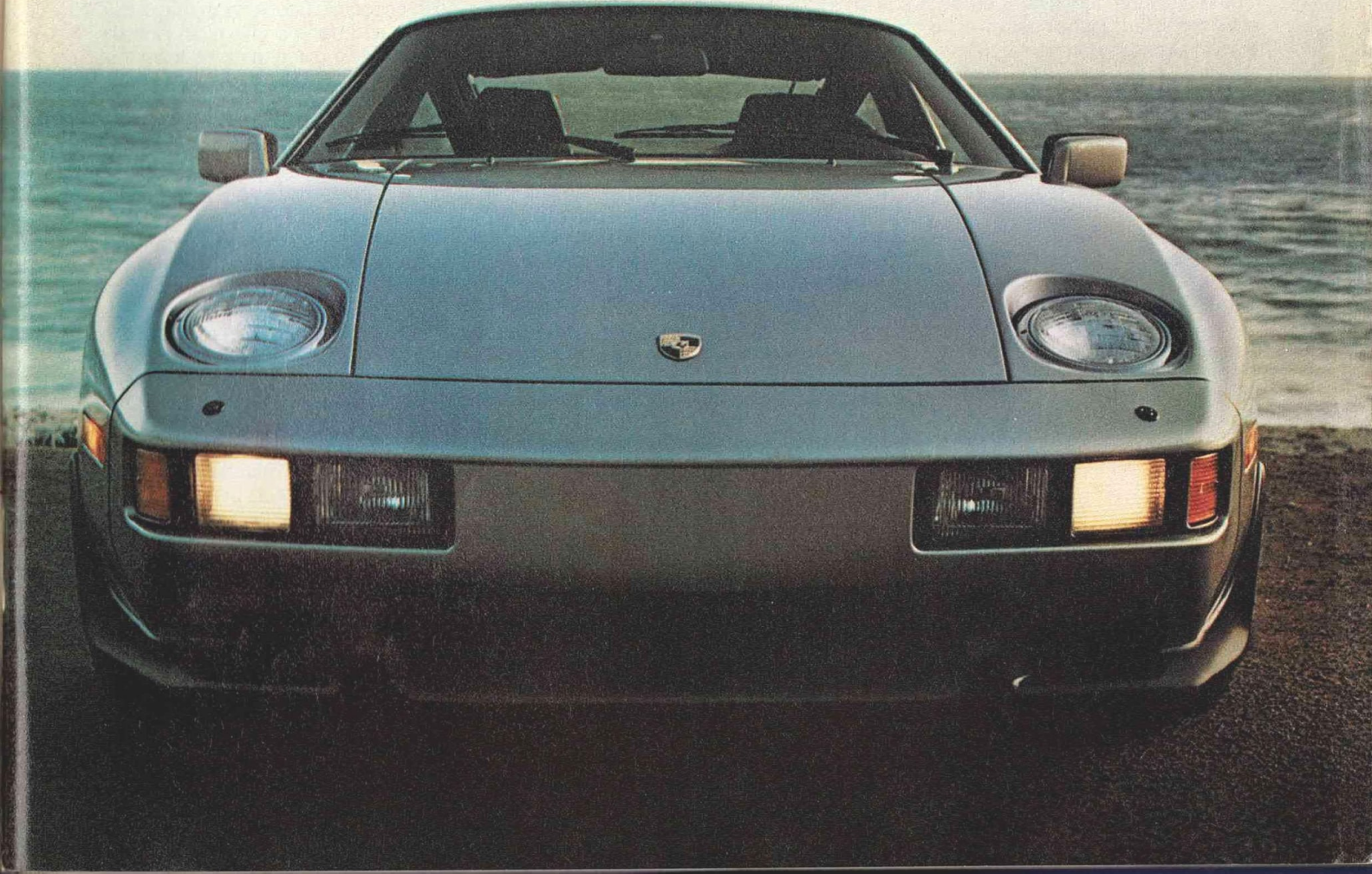

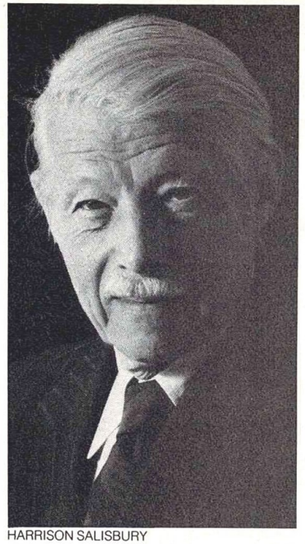

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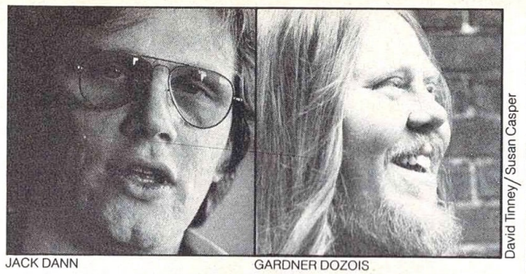

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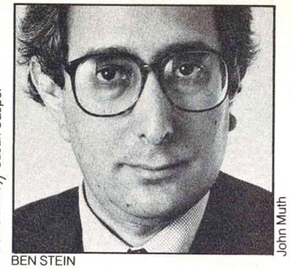

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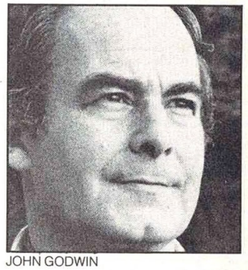
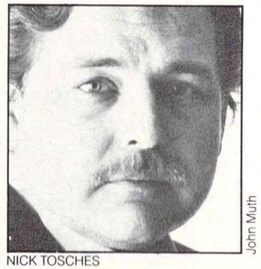


JOHN GODWIN



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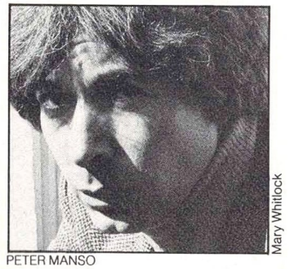


PETER MANSO

Mary Whitlock

HOUSECALL

"I'm going out to get a newspaper," **John Lennon** told his wife, **Yoko Ono**. That was in October 1973. Fifteen months later he returned–tired, angry, and burned out. The next five years–the last five years of John's life–have been the subject of continuing fantasy and media speculation, often carefully orchestrated by those who stood to profit, either financially or emotionally, by the creation of a myth known as The Legend of John and Yoko. Now, for the first time, the myth is shattered by an account of what really took place in their sprawling living quarters in New York's ancient Dakota apartment building (also the setting for *Rosemary's Baby*, a horror story not totally dissimilar to this one). **John Green**, Yoko's tarot card reader and psychic adviser, was one of the very few individuals allowed to penetrate the inner sanctum of the celebrity couple whose public plea to "Give Peace a Chance" became the ironic counterpoint to their less public compulsions. Green's incredible tale of wild paranoia and violent jealousies (page 60) is the first of two special excerpts from his forthcoming book, *Dakota Days* (St. Martin's Press). The second installment will be published next month.

Like John Lennon, His Royal Highness **Prince Charles** of England has become a media superstar whose popularity–even here in America, where superstars are a dime a dozen–appears to have no limit. But unlike that of John Lennon, the private life of the Prince of Wales is protected by the full power and majesty of British law, which has erected a wall of CIA-like secrecy around the royal family. Our interview this month is an exclusive conversation with one of the very few people who have dared to break this code of silence (page 124). As Prince Charles's personal valet for twelve years, **Stephen Barry** had become the constant companion of one of the world's richest, most eligible bachelors. Only after Charles got married did Barry decide to resign and write a book, laying bare, with wit and cold detachment, the increasingly surreal pomp and pageantry that still permeates the British monarchy. In a discreetly candid interview with freelance writer **Peter Manso**, Barry discusses everything from Princess Diana's prenuptial virginity ("The British public don't want to make a princess out of somebody who's been running a brothel for six years") to Prince Charles's penchant for serving leftover meals to his girl friends ("It finally became embarrassing–when bananas in the fruit salad go black, you should leave it alone. But this is one of his silly economies").

The Prince of Wales isn't alone these days in worrying about money. Although President Reagan claims to discern silver linings in the still-gathering black thunderclouds of unemployment, most of us are learning how to get by with less. In a patriotic effort to boost morale in this era of reduced expectations, however, we asked humor editor **Bill Lee** to set aside his own bitter and personal experiences and discover if there were any real advantages to being poor. After spending many "long and distasteful" hours at "various boring" cocktail parties and "bad" Broadway shows investigating what remains of the jet-set community, Lee filed a carefully documented report in which he offers twenty reasons why being broke can be good for your health (page 130).

Hollywood is also in deep economic trouble these days, but, writes **Ben Stein** in a hilarious and biting profile of an industry incapable of recognizing reality, "a glimpse of the town that beats Detroit in terms of unemployment in its most visible industry is a vision of both heaven and hell, in a place where there is no line between sane and insane." Even when one is "Down and Out in Hollywood" (page 80), the dreams never stop, the surreal never ceases, and, somehow, the cocaine never runs out. Of course, the fact that hardly any good movies are being made there anymore seems beside the point to all concerned.

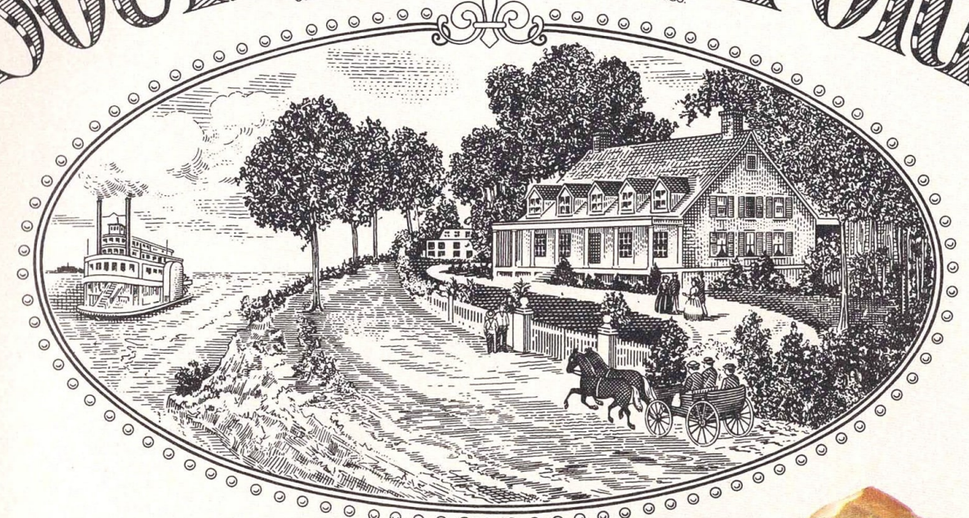
In "Aphrodite's Playthings" (page 136), contributing editor **Nick Tosches** presents a panoramic history of sexual aids from biblical times to the 1980s–including such exotic erotica as the first double dildo, delightful phallic drinking glasses, the all-purpose Pocket Pussy,and the overwhelming romantic powers gained from consuming camel hump. Tosches draws on the inspired words of some of the world's greatest writers, uncovers the secret taboos of the world's most ancient religions, and evokes his own sordid fantasies and fallacies in a sweeping survey of all those little things that make life worthwhile.

Some other very worthwhile features this month include **John Godwin**'s investigative report on the shocking performance of our nation's parole boards, whose habit of releasing dangerous criminals on the basis of mumbo jumbo guesswork has caused a public backlash of revulsion (page 76); "Slow Dancing With Jesus," a story about a most unusual prom night by science-fiction masters **Gardner Dozois** and **Jack Dann** (page 128); Pulitzer Prize–winning reporter **Harrison Salisbury**'s portrait of "The Russia Nobody Knows" (page 104); and **Mike Knepper**'s close look at the spectacular Excalibur, a modern automotive classic (page 148).

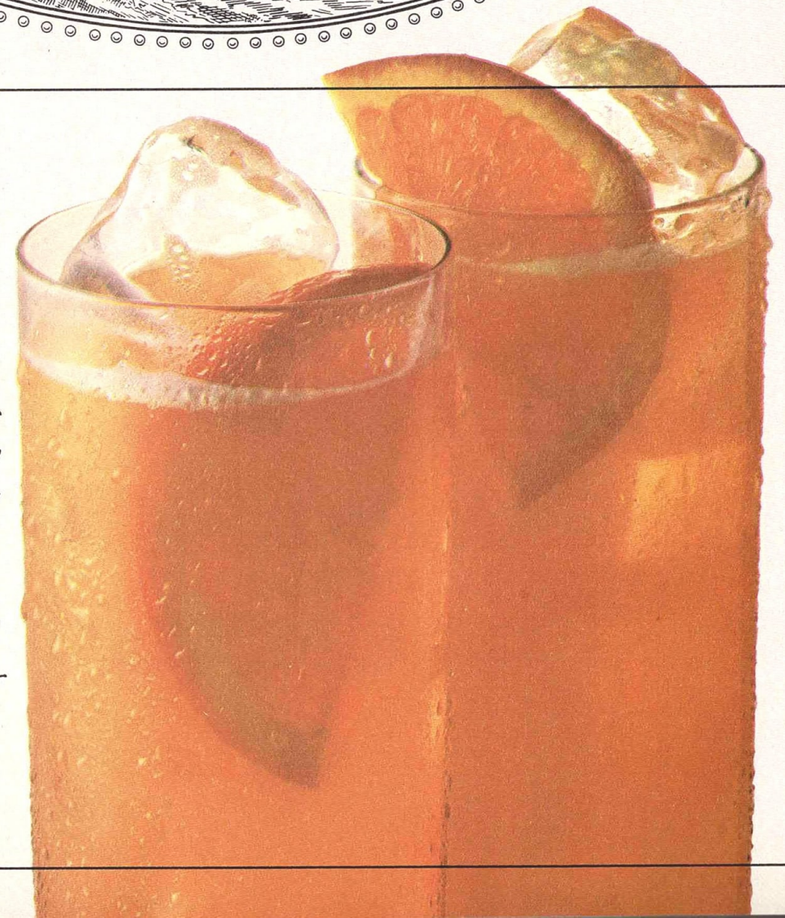
We know we won't have to encourage you twice to take a close look at our Penthouse Pets this month; their spectacular standards of beauty, class, and allure make them modern classics in their own right. O

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Southern Comfort Corp., 80-100 Proof Liqueur, St. Louis, Mo. © 1983.



"My Plantation consists of exactly six tomato plants out behind the garage. But with a cool evening breeze rustling through the leaves and a couple of O J Comforts up here on the deck, I know what good old Southern Hospitality is all about. That's Comfort."



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JULY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 100235965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

CUTTING IT CLOSE

You are to be commended for your pictorial "The Empire Strikes Out" in the April issue of *Penthouse*. The most appealing photo is of a beautiful young woman at the lower right sporting a lovely Mohawk haircut.

You see, I am a baldophile. There is nothing quite so beautiful or erotic as a woman's shaved scalp. There are literally thousands of us worldwide who eagerly await photos such as these to whet our appetite. These photos are definitely few and far between.

I am twenty-six, but my infatuation with bald women began when I was in high school. I have always dated girls with extremely short hair. Each girl friend had successively shorter hair, until the last had a little boy's crew cut.

Then, at one point in my twenties, I met a girl at a bar named Nella. When we met, she had long hair, down to her waist. Nella also had a wonderful shape and looked very nice. After several months of dating, the weather turned very warm. She lived in an apartment with no air conditioning, and she frequently complained of how hot her hair was making her. I often offered to alleviate the problem with a shave job, but to no avail. Then came one extremely hot day in August. When I arrived at Nella's for supper, I found her clad in a very revealing black bikini. She then led me into the bedroom, where she had laid out a set of electric clippers, scissors, shaving cream, and a razor. I knew I was in for the time of my life.

I began by clipping one long strand from the crown for a memento. I then used the electric clippers to reduce thirty-six inches of beautiful hair to wonderful stubble. I then razored her little, pointed sideburns off so they'd be even with the tops of her ears. Nella then gave me the best blowjob that I had ever had. It was very erotic to be feeling her stiff, bristly hairs in my hands while she sucked me off.

After this, I lathered her head and shaved off the remaining stubble. This done, I repeated the shaving process for an even closer shave. I then snipped off all her pubic hairs and shaved her clean there. We then retired to bed for a fantastic night of lovemaking. I really enjoyed making love with a totally bald woman. As for Nella, she also got off on being bald. She stayed hairless for the next year, until we parted ways.

Since then I have shaved three women, including my wife. Each was cautious at first, but loved the look and effect afterwards. My wife likes it so much that she is considering having her hair permanently removed.

So, to all of you women out there whose men like your hair short, you should really consider shaving it all off, at least once. You will be glad that you did.—*Name and address withheld*

BABY MAKES TWO

I would like to thank those who are not afraid to share their experiences. I have received much pleasure and a wider knowledge from the letters written to *Penthouse*. I am most grateful to the persons who have written in on the subject of diapers. It was reading these letters that has allowed me to think of myself as an exceptional person, rather than some kind of weird one.

My newly acquired release from day-to-day pressure started when one of my lady friends and I read several copies of *Penthouse*. I noticed several articles on the subject of adults in diapers. I spared no effort to point these articles out to her. As I read a couple of letters on the subject, I couldn't help but show my excitement.

A few days later, as we got together for the weekend, she said she had a surprise for me. We went to her place and had a few beers. When I went to go relieve myself, I noticed she had a lock on the bathroom door. I asked her why and she just smiled and said that that was the surprise. She reminded me of how excited I got when I was reading stories about diapers. By this time I knew what I was in for. She took me by the hand and led me to the bathroom. I was told to take off all of my clothes and lie on the bed. Next I was told that from then on I was to remain silent. She walked to the dresser, reached into one of the drawers, and pulled out some diapers, baby powder, rubber panties, and a baby bottle. She said to me that she had gone shopping for her baby boy and now had plenty of things to keep him dry and happy for the entire weekend. She also said the bathroom was to remain locked, for there were things in there that could hurt little baby!

By this time I was in a frenzy. I had to pee and I was stiff as a board. She walked over to me, cooing with baby talk all the way. She told me everything was going to be all right as she prepared a diaper and slid it under me. As she talked, she put baby powder on my bottom and gently rubbed it on my private parts. She took two colorful safety pins and pinned my diaper on snugly. Then she pulled over my

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well-diapered person a pair of rubber pants. She bent over and kissed me gently and said not to get off the bed, that she was going to get my dinner ready. As she was making my dinner I exploded in a warm flood of recycled beer. When she came back she had a baby dish and a bottle of warm milk. When she sat down beside me, she noticed I had a very wet diaper. I was told that my condition could wait until after I had finished *all* of my dinner, like a good boy.

I finished all my dinner and was told I had been very good. Now I had to be changed. My wet diaper was taken off and I was cleaned up with a warm washcloth. After my clean-up, I indulged in the most powerful and most explosive lovemaking I have ever experienced.

When we had both rested, she went to her dresser again and pulled out more diapers and another pair of rubber panties. I was rediapered and told it was nap time.

The whole weekend went on this way and I never complained, because babies don't talk. I am now looking forward to wearing diapers any chance I get.—*Name and address withheld*

LUST LETTER

I couldn't believe your letters—until I got this one from my girl friend:

The time has come. Unfortunately, I haven't. I've come to you because I know that you will always do whatever it takes to satisfy me. What I need tonight is for you to pay sexual attention to every part of my body. I'll tell you what to do at each step.

First, you'll have to undress me. I'm wearing a black half-shirt and a pair of black lace panties. As I stand before you, slide my panties down off my hips. Let me step out of 'em and lie down. Just pull my shirt up past my tits. Lick 'em for me. Oh, good, yes, suck on 'em . . . it feels good. Do you like the way they feel between your lips?

Now do my hips. I love having my hips kissed . . . ummmm . . . use your teeth on me, baby. Oh, wow, I don't know if I can handle much more of this. I need your tongue on my cunt and your cock in my mouth. Do it baby, get on top of me and put your cock in my mouth . . . now lick my cunt. Oh, yes, like that!

Pretend I'm a lollipop and run your tongue between my lips and up over my large clit—over and over. Oh, that's beautiful, baby. Ummm . . . it turns me on so much the way you're lying on top of me. It's like I can't get away from your big, beautiful cock—and I don't want to! Put your finger up my cunt—that's it . . . Work it in and out and move it all around—it makes me want your cock down my throat. All the way down. It feels like your cock is in me from both ends. I want it both places as far as it will go. I want to push your cock down my throat. It tastes so good I don't even want to let it go. Oh, fuck me, baby! Fuck me with your heat-seeking missile. Stick your fingers in my wet cunt. Push them in all the way. Fuck me, oh, fuck me harder, baby, oh, don't stop licking my clit. Please don't stop; it feels so good. I think I'm gonna come. Oh, baby, let's slow down a little bit, just a little; I want to make it last. You'll make me come over and over, but the first orgasm is the best and I don't want you to shoot your hot load into my waiting love pot yet, either. Keep licking my hot cunt, but slow down a little bit for me.

Do you feel my hands on your balls? I love holding them in my hands like this while I suck your cock. I can always tell when you're gonna explode 'cause they're pulled way up close to your body and they're sort of hard. I wish I could reach up and lick 'em. I love the way they taste and smell—they smell so male. What a turn-on! I'm running my hands over your ass now, do you feel it? Now I'm running my finger down your crack—oh, I want to lick you. Let me do it, please! Now I'm putting one of your balls in my mouth, all the way in! I'm sucking, sucking on it real easy . . . It's so soft, and tastes so good. Do you like it? Tell me, talk to me dirty. Now I'm licking your ass. Ummm, how does it feel? Now I'll lightly finger your ass. Oh, oh, baby. I'm fucking you this time. How does it feel?

Now, baby, turn me over and plunge your hot, huge cock in me. I'm, I'm gonna come!—*Name and address withheld*

"What is it, Gwendolyn? Is it me or my semen?"

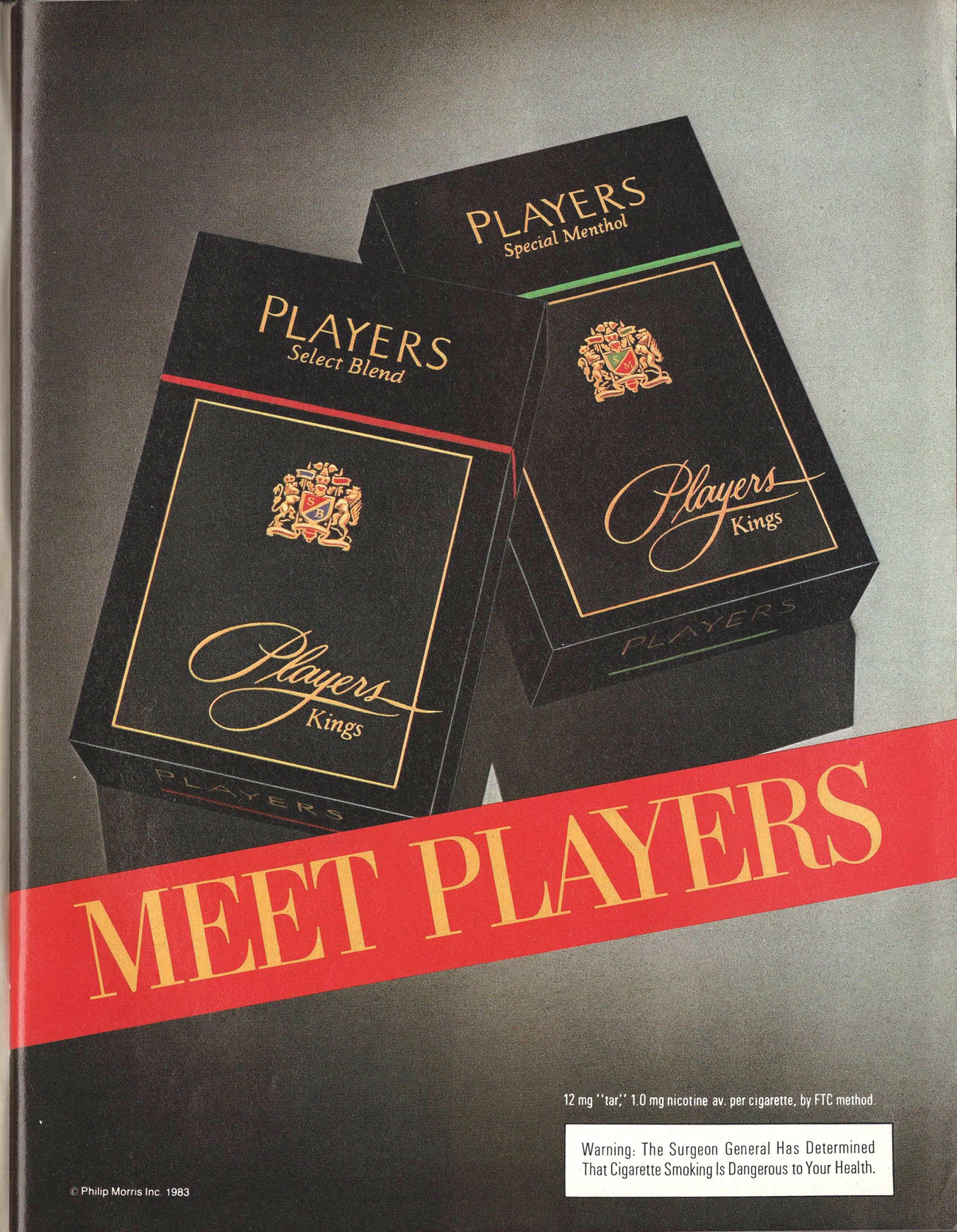
SURPRISE PARTY

Before we get into my story, let me tell you about my wife. Bonnie is five feet seven inches tall and she has blond hair. But that is not what people talk about. Her measurements are 41-24-36. She has long beautiful legs, but men always stare at her tits. Bonnie was reared as a good, church-going girl who saved her goodies for the man she married. Needless to say, when we got married she was a virgin. Whenever we went out or we went to a party, I would notice other men looking at her tits, and I have also heard them talk about her tits when they didn't know I was able to hear them. It began to make me wish I could watch other men touch and feel my wife.

Several times I have tried to get her into a situation where she might try it, but nothing ever happened. It finally became important enough to me that I took a big chance and set up a party where she would be the star.

I told Bonnie we needed some time and privacy so we could be alone, so I told her we would go out for dinner on Friday and then check into a motel, where we could be like newlyweds again.

I had Bonnie buy a very low-cut black dress, black bra, black garter belt, black nylons, very tiny black panties, and some very high black high-heel shoes. Her low-cut dress and high skirt showed off her tits and her legs very well. We went out and had a nice dinner and plenty to drink be-



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cause I wanted her to be loose but not dead drunk. We had dinner and then stopped at a so-called adult movie house, where we saw a good fuck-and-suck show. During the show I rubbed Bonnie's legs and, when no one was watching, squeezed her tits. She was pretty hot when we left the theater.

We only had a block to walk and we were soon back in our motel. We stopped at the door of our room and I rubbed her tits and ass and told her how proud I was of how she looked. What I had not told her was that when we got in our room, there would be five other men waiting for us. I opened the door, and we went in and turned on the light. All five guys said hello. I grabbed Bonnie and covered her mouth so she would not attract anyone else. She said we were in the wrong room, but I assured her we weren't.

She wanted to know how come the other guys were in our room and what they wanted. I am glad she was still full of wine, because this was the critical time of the evening.

I told Bonnie we were going to have a party with these guys, and she was going to have more fun than anyone else. I told her I had always wanted to watch other men enjoy her as I had seen them do in my dreams. I told her to take her coat off and stand in front of the other men. Everyone was talking about her big tits and how much they wanted to see them and feel them. I got behind Bonnie and pulled her dress down and off her shoulders, and that left her bare to the waist except for her bra. One of the men got up and came over to take off her bra. She was now standing in front of everyone with her big tits bare so we could see them. Andy began to suck her tits, going back and forth from one to the other. Bonnie just kind of moaned. I asked Andy to stand behind her and hold her arms. I then pulled the rest of her dress off. I did not give Bonnie time to worry. I pulled her panties down and let everyone get a good look at her. She now had on only her shoes, nylons, and garter belt. She was beautiful. I told her not to be scared, to just relax and let things go as they may and that I would be with her all the time. Andy walked her to the bed and put her on her hands and knees on the edge of it. We all had a perfect view of her pussy and her butt. Andy got down behind her and Neal ran his tongue up and down her crack, licking her butt and her pussy. All the others were now standing around her sucking her tits and rubbing her legs. I sat down and watched as each guy felt and tested her.

Before the night was over, Bonnie fucked us all. I am very proud of her and her body, and she is now also. I see to it that she has men as often as possible. Most men would never think of having another man crawling on his wife. But I love it and so does Bonnie. Her life is very different now and so is our sex life together.—*Name and address withheld*

A LOVING COUPLE

Although I have been an avid reader of "Penthouse Forum" for years, this is my first letter. When my girl friend recently read the "Forum" column for the first time, she was extremely turned on. She suggested that I describe a night of our lovemaking to you.

Jenny is five foot eight, with long legs and a fantastic ass. Her tits are full and heavy, with thick nipples that just beg to be sucked. She has a beautiful, sexy back and a soft, graceful stomach. The sweetness in her beautiful face and warm, brown eyes turns into lust instantly at my mention of her hot cunt and my ideas for it.

I am five foot eleven, with curly brown hair and a full beard. My build is stocky and very powerful, my ass tight, and my smile sexy as hell. She is as devoted to my pleasures as I am to hers, and she loves my skilled cock.

We never really get involved with properly taking off our clothes. They are usually tossed aside in our haste to make love. A deep, hot kiss and softly whispered expressions of desire raise our temperatures. I lick and nibble at her neck. As she begins to moan, I grab her wrists in each hand and pin her arms above her on the bed. Although she is a strong woman, I can easily hold her as I begin to lick her neck and chest.

I can't help but smile a wicked smile as she begs me to fuck her, the want and desire easy to find in her eyes. With a silky black cord, I tie her wrists to the brass headboard to free my hands. After licking and sucking her nipples erect, I tell her how beautiful and sexy her tits are. Grasping one tit with my hands, I bring the nipple to her eager mouth, and she hungrily sucks it as I suck the other.

Pausing to untie one of her hands, I place it over her cunt, instructing her to keep it hot for me. As she fingers herself, I bring our favorite vibrator into view. It is three inches around, eight inches long, and lifelike in appearance and feel. I hold it between her lips and mine as we suck and lick it together. While this is going on, I retie her hand to the headboard. Inserting the vibrator deep into her mouth, I begin to caress and tease her soft, silky thighs and cunt with my fingers.

The sensation is too much, and I cannot help but lick her thighs, carefully avoiding her now damp cunt. She is moaning, begging me to suck it by thrusting it into my face. I whisper to her, "Soon!" and tease her further still. From our collection of sex toys I choose a vibrating egg. This slips easily between the slippery lips of her cunt, causing her to quiver as I turn it on. Keeping the speed slow, still teasing, I give in to my desires and gently suck her cunt lips into my mouth. Running my tongue in and out of her, I can feel the egg vibrating within. Turning it to "high," I begin to suck her cunt in earnest, loving its

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sweet taste and aroma. Staying in control, I can keep her on the edge of orgasm without letting her come. This gets her hotter still, and I love each and every minute of it.

All this while she has been sucking our big, dick-shaped vibrator, which I now take from her mouth. As I kiss her hard and squeeze her tits, I ram the vibrator into that wide-open cunt. She sucks my tongue as if it was my cock, driving me wild.

Turning to face her cunt, I straddle her, sitting across her chest with those wonderful tits under my balls. Now I can watch as I slide the vibrator in and out of my lover's cunt. I settle back and feel her lips and tongue begin to nuzzle my ass hole. As I plunge the dildo in and out, she rams her hot little tongue in and out my ass, making me moan with pleasure.

About to explode, I quickly turn and feed all of my cock into her waking mouth, feeling dizzy as she sucks it as though it were candy. Still sucking like a madwoman, she throws her legs straight up in the air, her whole body tensing as I ram the vibrator home to her cunt. With a scream her orgasms begin, and her cunt rises up to meet each thrust.

When I feel the first orgasm end I turn around, pull out the vibrator, and replace it with my cock, hot and heavy and longing for her cunt. I kiss her face, licking it all over, and we fuck so hard that the headboard slams the wall. As my come starts to shower the insides of her cunt, I grab her ass in both hands and squeeze with all my might, exploding into orgasm together with my lover.

Exhausted, we collapse, kissing gently and moaning with pleasure. I find the strength to untie her hands and we drift off to sleep embracing each other, dreaming of tomorrow night.—*Name and address withheld*

A BUSINESS CONTACT

Being a single twenty-eight-year-old female with aspirations of moving up in my company, I had no hesitancies when the administration asked me to attend a week-long training seminar in a nearby state. Having heard of the casual liaisons established at these types of seminars, I looked forward to it for obvious reasons.

My expectations were well founded. After checking into my room, I joined a small group for drinks and dinner. Everyone made it clear that they were there for a good time. By the time the second cocktail had been served, the electricity was flowing between one of the men and myself, and I knew it was just a matter of time until we could break away from the group.

Later on, George and I excused ourselves as graciously as possible, with the excuse of being tired from our traveling. It was all we could do to keep our hands off each other going up in the elevator to my room. As soon as I closed and locked the door, George came on with a sweet, lingering kiss. We stood in the vestibule, one kiss leading to another, and gentle hands tentatively exploring each other's body. He leaned me against the door, pressing hard into my body, playing with my nipples with one hand while caressing my crotch with another. My hands were fast and furiously rubbing his cock, now swollen tightly in his pants. It felt so good, the constant rubbing, his right hand now lifting my skirt and playing with my wet snatch through the crotch of my pantyhose. It did not take long for either of us to get off.

We couldn't believe how fast we'd both come, without any real skin contact. It took us a few minutes to catch our breath, and then he led me into the bedroom. Except for moans and soft utterances while feeling each other up, we had not yet spoken.

Going through the motions of turning back the bed covers and taking turns in the bathroom gave us time to collect ourselves. By the time we were both undressed, and lying next to each other in bed, we were both trembling as if it were the first time for us to come together. I leaned over and kissed him, telling him how good he had made me feel. He turned slightly, so we were facing each other while lying on our sides, and the kissing and caressing started again. He gently rubbed my neck and shoulders, moving slowly toward my breasts and tits. While he started his silent massage, I reciprocated by nibbling at his neck and stroking his nipples, which seemed to become as hard as my own. We pressed against each other, gently rocking. His hard cock was poking at the crack between my legs, and I wanted him inside me so bad I couldn't stand it. I reached down and took the head of his penis, moist with pre-come lubrication, and started masturbating with the tip of it. I was on the verge of coming when he pushed me on my back and slammed into me, and in a few quick thrusts, he came.

I felt cheated because it had happened so fast. George was lying on top of me, and just as I was starting to get mad, he eased himself gently out of me, moving down to my wet and aching cunt with sweet kisses and nibbles. I lay silently as he licked and slurped the wetness of our lovemaking, then tensed as his tongue found its way to my clit. It felt so good to lie back, legs spread open wide, while someone so attentively made sure I came. He pulled back the lips of my cunt, and licked the smooth sides of my slash with his tongue, poking his tongue and nose into my cunt as far as he could. With one hand, he kept the lips of my cunt pushed back, and worked his way up to the bud of my clit. He gently started sucking me, keeping his lips around it while his tongue started making light flicking motions over it.

With his other hand, he was fingering my ass hole, pushing a finger moistened with our juices up into it, slowly but surely. I watched his sweet blond head as he devoted himself to my pleasure, and played gently with locks of his hair, talking to him

"I like you, George. You've got drive, ambition, and a wife who blows me every chance she gets."

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and urging him on. He licked and sucked, playing fast and furiously with my clit until I tensed and felt the familiar contractions of orgasm.

The rest of the night was as pleasant as the first part. We woke during the night several times, and made love in a variety of ways. I liked to get on top, rocking while astride him, keeping two fingers wrapped aroung the base of his shaft and masturbating him while at the same time screwing him. He liked to talk obscenely to me while I was on top, telling me to "hurry up," that I was a "cunt-fucking bitch," to "cream all over me," or to "stick your goddam fingers up my ass hole." One time, he leaned me over the edge of the bed and entered my cunt from behind. The feeling of his balls slapping against my ass, and the feeling that his cock was going to come out my throat with his pounding, was a new experience for me, but I found that unless I played with myself, I couldn't come. When he saw me masturbating and said how much he liked watching me do it, that created another round of lovemaking after we had rested. He leaned against the headboard of the bed and played with himself, while I lay at the foot of the bed, my legs spread wide open, and dipped my fingers into my dripping cunt, taking juice and making wet circles around my clit. Neither of us spoke while watching the other come, but when I knew he was ready I asked him to spray his come all over me. He shot his wad all over my hand while I was still rubbing furiously, and the sight of his flood all over my hand sent me over the edge.

We overslept the next morning, and missed the first day of the seminar, but it was well worth it. Over the rest of the week, we took full advantage of every moment we could, never joining the rest of the group but spending most of our time in bed, experimenting with each other. He liked to do some things I had never done, and vice versa, so we were constantly trying new things. One morning he peed on me in the shower, and I found that I liked the warm flood of his piss all over me. I like to suck cock and am never as happy as when I have one in my mouth, whether it is hard or soft. We often went to bed with me nestled in his crotch, sucking on his dick like I used to suck my thumb as a child. We watched X-rated movies on the TV and fucked while watching them. We also found different items in the hotel room that we stuck up each other's ass and cunt.

To be honest, I don't remember any of the lectures we attended, but the seminar was well worth it.—*Name and address withheld*

A SELF-MADE WOMAN

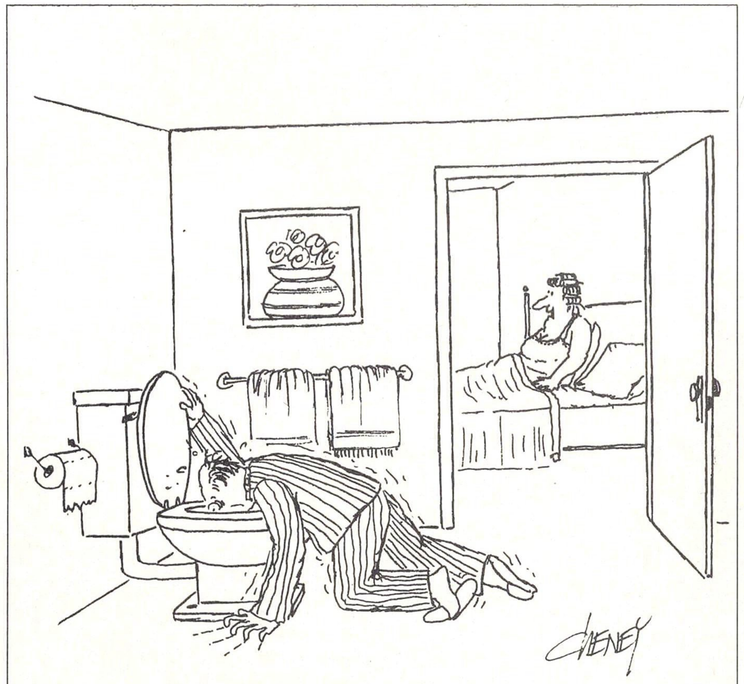
I have been a cross-dresser for as long as I can remember. I hesitate to call myself a transvestite because that term is more often associated with homosexuals. I have never had a homosexual experience and have no desire to. When I dress and make up, I imagine making love to the beautiful woman in the mirror and always masturbate while admiring myself.

My wife of ten years is aware of my fetish, but says it doesn't turn her on. She's made me up on occasions and even done my nails and hair, but not very enthusiastically. She doesn't mind my doing it myself as long as she's not around, and I take advantage of every opportunity. Besides, I enjoy it more when I'm alone, because half of the fun in cross-dressing is in the preparation. I also do a better job on makeup and hair than she does.

I begin by showering or taking a bubble bath, and then shaving very carefully. I then set out my large makeup collection. I begin with a foundation, then proceed to apply eyeliner, shadow, and several applications of mascara to my long, beautiful eyelashes. My pale green eyes and long lashes are my favorite feature, and I spend a lot of time on eye makeup. Next is blush, followed by lipstick, carefully applied with a lip brush. My dick has long since been straining against my nylon panties but actually starts to leak as I take care of my "crowning glory"—a lovely brunette, shoulder-length wig. The wig is the only item my wife doesn't know about. Even when my own light brown hair was rather long, and I set it and styled it as best I could, I still looked like a man with makeup on. The wig makes an unbelievable difference. With the right clothes I'm sure I could pass as a very attractive woman, though I have no intention of coming out of the closet.

After brushing the wig, I apply fingernail polish to match my lipstick, if I'm not shaking too much from excitement. I then clip on some dangling earrings, put on a matching necklace, and usually slip into one of my wife's sexier negligees. My transformation is then complete. After admiring myself in the bedroom mirror for a while, I go into the bathroom and gaze at what a beautiful creature I've become and then slowly masturbate, smearing the precome lubricant all around the tip of my dick. I then pick up the tempo and reach the point where I begin to come. Sometimes I shoot the first spurt onto my fingers, and then suck it off while I furiously eject the rest into the basin. When I'm totally spent, I lie down and rest awhile. When I get up after about half an hour, I look into the mirror and get excited all over again. If I have the time, and the privacy, I may have two or three orgasms.

My wife occasionally has lesbian fantasies, and my greatest desire is for her to allow me to be her lesbian lover. She loves to read *Penthouse*, especially "Forum," and our foreplay almost always begins with me eating her very slowly while she reads. We have a great sex life, but she doesn't realize how important my fetish is to me. If I happen to be eating her while she's reading this in "Forum," she may recognize it and be a little more un-



"So that's *what cunnilingus feels like!*"

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derstanding about my desires.—*Name and address withheld*

TANDEM TICKLING

I'm a twenty-two-year-old woman, and recently one of my most erotic fantasies came true. It involves tickling. For years I've fantasized being tied up and helpless while being tickled senseless. However, I never brought this fetish of mine to the attention of any of my lovers for fear of them thinking it too weird or out of the ordinary.

What made my fantasy reality is this: my present boyfriend, Gene, is a regular reader of your magazine. One day, I was at his apartment, and with nothing better to do at the time, I began flipping through some copies of *Penthouse*. After a bit I came upon a letter in the "Forum" section of your October 1982 issue from a woman with a similar desire to be tickled. Like me, she was limited to fantasy. As I read and reread the letter, I became quite excited and I decided then and there to make my fantasy come true.

I called Gene into the room, showed him the letter, and explained my desire. I told him he might think it a strange desire but I asked him to indulge me at least this one time. To my surprise and delight, Gene was quite turned on by this and agreed fully, but only if he could also be tickled afterwards. This was too much to ask for! Gene told me to wait in the living room while he prepared things in the bedroom.

I could barely sit still as I waited. My cunt was soaking wet and I restrained myself from fingering it to relieve myself, because I was convinced that more earth-shattering orgasms would come later on. Soon Gene came for me, dressed only in brief undershorts, which turned me on even more. He then led me into the bedroom where my fate awaited me.

The lights were off in the bedroom, but Gene had lit a single candle, which gave the room a sexy atmosphere. Gene undressed me and then led me over to the bed. I lay down on it and he tied me spread-eagle across it. I tested the ropes that bound me and found out that I was quite helpless.

Gene started caressing me, turning me on, rather than tickling me, although I knew it would be soon in coming. He teased my breasts, stroked my belly, and rubbed my pussy. Then, without warning, his fingers began tickling my armpits. I tried to hold back, but within seconds I was totally out of control, and my laughter was deafening. I yanked and pulled at my bindings in a feeble effort to escape. I realized that I was trapped.

After tickling my armpits for a few minutes, which seemed like an eternity to me, Gene stopped, allowing me to catch my breath, and he assured me that the torture was far from over. Then he slowly started working his way down my sides, tickling my ribs without mercy. I was in total hysterics, and through my laughter I pleaded and begged him to stop. I knew he wouldn't and I'm glad he didn't.

Gene allowed me to catch my breath again, then proceeded his tickle-torture assault on my belly. It seemed that the further down he went, the more ticklish I was. I felt like I was going to burst from my laughing, yet I was definitely turned on by all of this. I was loving every minute even though I begged him to stop from time to time. My cunt was in flames and I was sure I would come if Gene stroked me there only a few times.

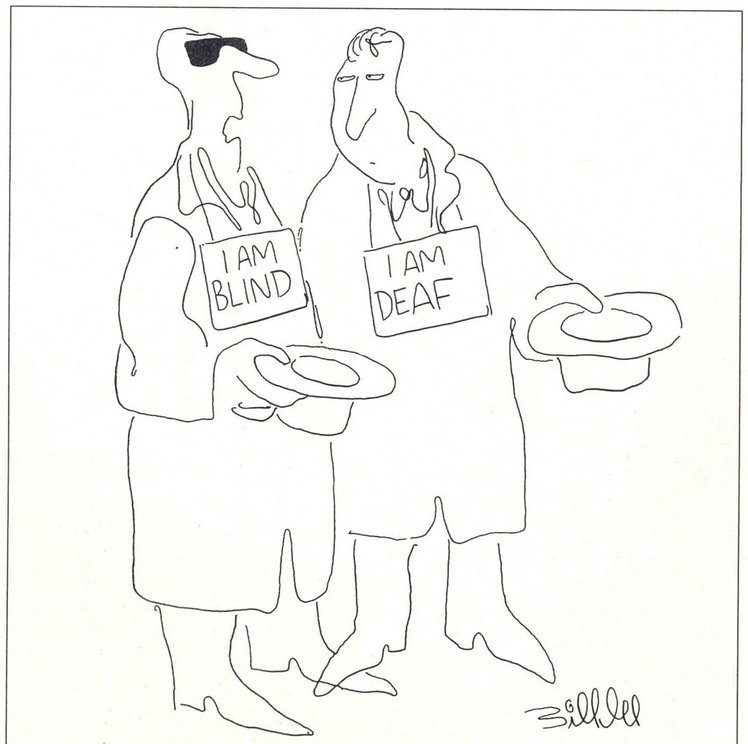
Gene's next stop allowed him to position himself at the end of the bed, where he began tickling my helpless feet. His fingers cruelly stroked the bare flesh of my soles, causing my feet to wiggle and jerk about in an attempt to escape, but to no avail.

Gene was getting turned on by all of this. His cock was poking against his undershorts and the wetness was now visible even in the semi-darkness we were in.

At this point, I guess he couldn't stand it anymore, because he pulled off his briefs, revealing his prick, red and hard. This is what I wanted. Yet, while on his knees between my legs, his cock poised for attack, he began tickling my ribs and belly again, causing me to laugh hysterically. While I was shrieking and screaming, Gene slowly slid his hot prick into my molten cunt. The hot fucking, along with me being tickled, gave me one of my best orgasms ever. I felt I would never stop coming. Gene, totally spent, collapsed on top of me, his prick still inside of me.

After we rested, Gene untied me and then my revenge began. Tying him up as I had been, I began the tickling like he had. At first, Gene resisted the tickling, holding back his laughter quite well, but I could tell by the faces he was making that it wouldn't last long. When I tickled his armpits he hardly made a sound. Not daunted, I slowly walked my fingers downward across his ribs and around his belly. By then, he had broken down and was laughing and giggling away, totally under my control. I told him that I was going to punish him for holding back his laughter by tickling him longer than he tickled me, and I kept my word. When I got through tickling his feet I started all over again on his armpits. I might have kept this up all night except that, on my third time working on his feet, my pussy was in agony and Gene's dick was also in need of attention. So, after giving his feet a last and thorough tickling, I mounted myself on his cock, fucking him until we exploded in a massive orgasm. After unbinding him, we spent the night fucking each other, losing count of the orgasms we had together. During this long humping session, Gene confessed that he had read the letter when it first came out and it had turned him on, but, like me, he was reluctant to bring the idea to light.

Gene and I are now both avid tickling fans, and we indulge in the practice at



"I said, 'You're standing on my foot!'"

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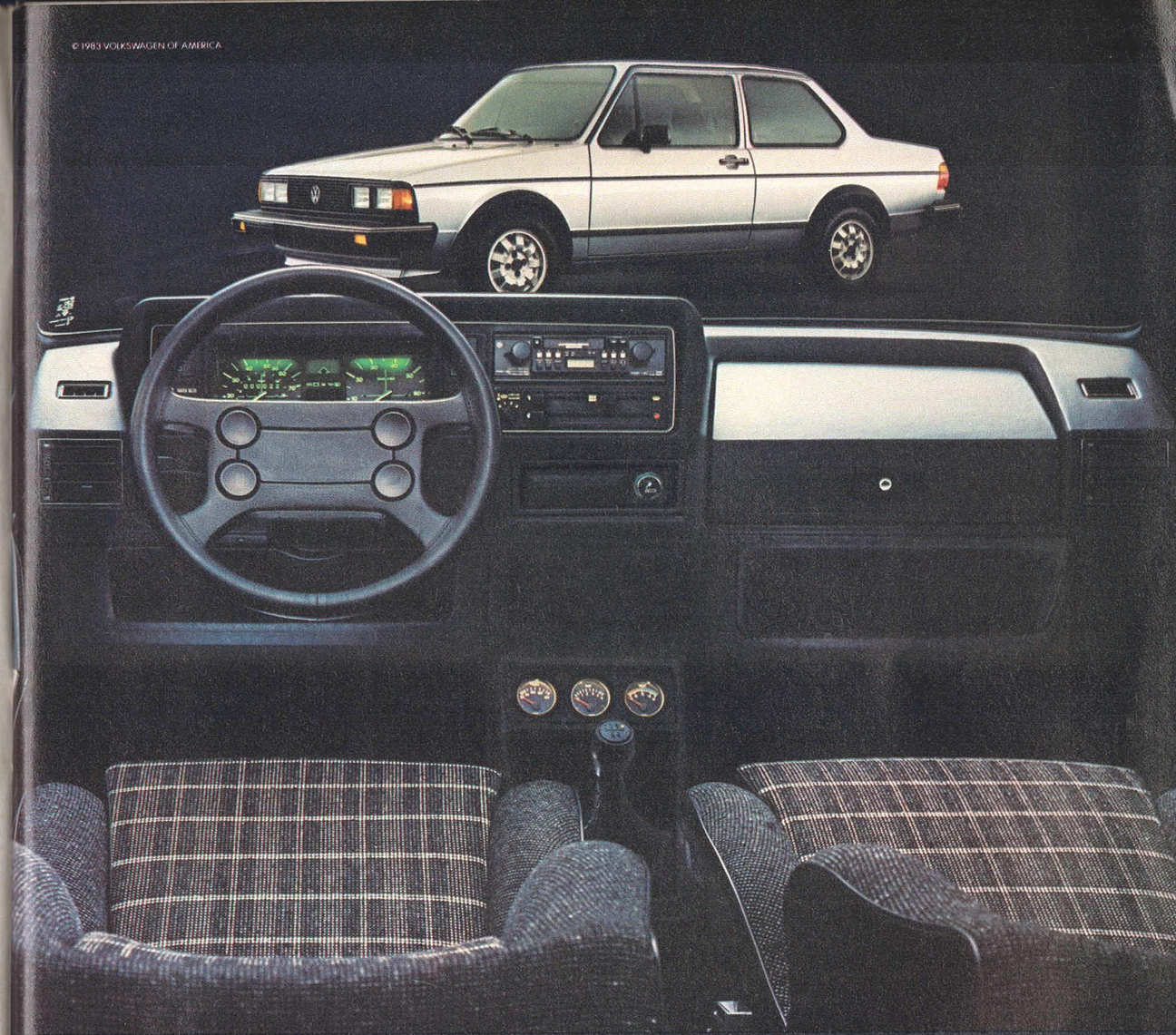

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least once a week. We've been trying some variations on it, but we would like to see some other tickling fans come forward!—*Name and address withheld*

SIDE BY SIDE

I've always wanted to write to *Penthouse*, but until last summer nothing erotically worthy had happened to me.

My adventure started last summer off the coast of Massachusetts, on the island of Martha's Vineyard, where my luscious blond girl friend, Denise, and I were spending the day. We were hitchhiking back to the airport when a blue convertible stopped.

The driver, whose name was Mac, was an incredibly handsome guy who said he'd seen us on the beach and liked us because we smiled at him and seemed really friendly. We exchanged phone numbers and planned to meet again on our next trip to the island. On subsequent trips Mac was incredibly helpful, letting us stay at the house he rented and giving us his car while he was at work.

Frankly, Mac with his twinkling blue eyes and winning smile had turned us both on. And I'm not gay. So, one July afternoon we invited him to fly back to Boston with us for dinner. A silky smooth sunset flight preceded a super seafood dinner spiced with much talk and knowing, glowing looks. It was obvious from Mac's warm and animated conversation that he wanted to fuck my girl friend. And I could tell she was getting sticky thinking about him.

When we returned to my apartment, we poured wine and lit joints. As the smoke and wine floated us away, Mac reached for Denise. She knew it would be okay with me. Her foxy thirty-one-year-old body melted into his as I developed a lead-heavy hard-on. Mac lifted Denise's striped tanktop off and revealed her thick-nippled thirty-five-inch breasts. He vigorously sucked and bit them until they looked like two tortured berries. Soon Denise was flushed and panting feverishly as Mac's tongue caressed her sensitive areas. At first I stood back from the action, not sure of whom I should stick with what. As they rolled around, I started urging Denise on by saying things like, "I love watching you suck Mac's meat. You want him to fuck you, don't you?"

Mac smiled broadly and Denise panted, "I do, I do. I dreamed of this with you."

While they rolled around, kissing and licking, I slowly stripped my clothing off and played around with my seven-inch hard-on. Watching their steamy passion reach a boiling frenzy was so exciting! Denise suddenly reached for me, just as Mac's cock finally entered her sopping blond muff. It was a moment of realization. We all knew a barrier had been crossed. I knew Denise wanted me with another man. As Mac plowed into Denise's writhing body and their breathing reached a crescendo, I wanted them both, even though I had never had sex with a man. Finally, I crawled between their legs and fastened my mouth on my girl friend's inviting pussy.

In a few moments they rolled over, putting Denise on top. I made a quick decision to try something I thought might be incredibly pleasurable if it worked and somewhat painful if it didn't. As Mac slid his prick out to its tip, I placed my hard-on next to his and gently began to push into Denise's stretched pussy. I was staggered when suddenly I realized I was inside. The intensity of the pleasure was immense! I could clearly feel Mac's meat slipping and sliding up Denise's pussy next to mine. For the next fifteen minutes Denise screamed with joy as we men pumped and humped inside her steaming shaft with our legs entwined in shapes beyond geometry. It quickly became apparent, as we ground our hard cocks together in a building frenzy of mutually approaching orgasm, that Denise would soon be filled with a huge load of well-blended semen.

As we all came together she let out a terrific, wailing howl, which I thought might bring the neighbors to my flimsy apartment door. Luckily it didn't, and the three of us fell into a deep and peaceful sleep, which lasted until morning.—*Name and address withheld*

"I think it's time to take Bernbacher off the monkey detail."

INNOCENTS ABROAD

I can't believe I am writing this. I have just read your latest issue of *Penthouse* and have decided to relate an experience that I had two years ago. I feel that many letters written to "Forum" are embellished and exaggerated to some extent, but what I am writing is the truth . . . it all happened just as I am relating it.

I am a thirty-five-year-old business executive, very conservative, a nondrinker and nonsmoker. I have never even had the chance to try pot or any other type of drug, because none of my friends or associates are involved in any such activities. I am happily married and have been faithful to my wife during our fifteen years of marriage. I am fairly attractive and somewhat successful in my career and have not considered the possibility of sex outside of my marriage. My wife and I have a very active and good relationship. The experience I will relate happened once and will probably never happen again.

I was in New York for a four-day business meeting and decided to go to a bar in the Village. I like country-and-western music and thought an evening listening to some comfortable music would be relaxing. The cab I was riding in had to come to a stop for a light, and while we were waiting for the light to change a young girl came up to the driver to ask for directions to a swingers club. I had read about these places and knew about the free-for-all sex that went on. When she asked the cabby for directions, I couldn't help but become

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interested in his response. The cab driver did not know what she was talking about, and she turned around to leave. In a split second, I decided to get out there and see if this young girl would allow me to take her to this club. I paid the cab and walked up to her and told her that I would be happy to take her if she wanted. Before I knew it, we had looked up the address and had hailed another cab and were on our way.

As we were driving there, we talked about why she wanted to go. Her name was Suzie and this was her twentieth birthday. One of her friends had gone there some months earlier. Suzie had decided that she was going to try it. She was beautiful, about five feet three inches tall, with a well-proportioned body. As I looked at her, all those old feelings of excitement came back. I had met a beautiful girl and I had the possibility of making it. Her youthfulness and beauty overwhelmed me.

We arrived at the club and relaxed for about an hour at the bar. We met another couple that seemed nice. They suggested that we come with them to one of the rooms that was showing an XXX-rated movie, but also suggested that we disrobe first. We went to the locker area and I watched Suzie slowly take off her clothes, revealing a pair of tits that were round and firm. Her sensuous body aroused the passion in me. She stood naked in front of me and asked if I was going to take off my clothes. I told her that I was embarrassed, because I had observed that most of the men there could handle the situation better than I did, but I had a hard-on so big that I felt uncomfortable walking across the room. Without saying a word, Suzie knelt down and took my cock into her mouth, and with very little effort and both hands massaged my rod and by balls. In less than one minute I shot into her mouth and watched as she licked the come from the side of her mouth and up and down my shaft. She then stood up and took a towel and wiped her face, and then my limp cock. She said that she often wondered what it would be like to take it all in and now she knew. I was dumbfounded. I didn't know what to say.

She took my hand and led me to the room where the other couple was watching the movies. I looked around and eight couples were lying around, enjoying one another's body. No one was concerned with who was caressing whom. I led her to the corner, where a beautiful girl was sucking some guy's cock. Suzie joined in and I watched her suck one of his balls while the other girl continued with his huge cock in her wet mouth. Every now and then they would slide their mouths up the shaft of his cock and French-kiss his cock together. They would lick the white come from the tip of his cock and then "fight" gently to see who would take it into her mouth. By this time this guy was fingering Suzie's pussy and she was moving in response to his touch. I lay on my back and slid under the legs of the other girl and began to lick her pussy. I have never tasted such a wonderful twat. She must have used some flavored douche because I could not get enough. After spending about fifteen minutes under her cunt, I knelt down and, with her kneeling, stuck my tongue in her tunnel as far as I could and licked from the clit back up to her ass. I gently pushed my tongue into her ass hole and I could feel her body quiver. She was going wild. She reached behind and grabbed my then erect cock and guided it into her dripping cunt. She was sucking the other guy, I was doggie-fucking her, and as I reached around to play with her clit I discovered that Suzie had slid under us and was licking her pussy. She rubbed her face and tongue over each of our bodies while the other guy fingered her pussy.

As I pushed, she began to moan and scream until her body pulsated with an orgasm. I felt myself ready to come again when Suzie slid her middle finger up my ass, and, with an explosion that I had never felt before, I shot my wad into the cunt of the kneeling girl. With Suzie's mouth on my balls, a finger up my ass, and my cock deep in a love tunnel, it was an unreal sensation.

I rolled over, exhausted, thinking, *What more could come after this?* After about fifteen minutes, the three of us got up and went into the showers. We soaped each other up and washed each other's body and then went to the pool to relax. Suzie and the other girl began to caress each other and touch and kiss each other's nipples. Not a word was spoken, but I have never communicated better with people than that night. We got out of the pool, moved to another room, and Suzie lay on her back. She lifted her legs into the air and spread them and the other girl knelt

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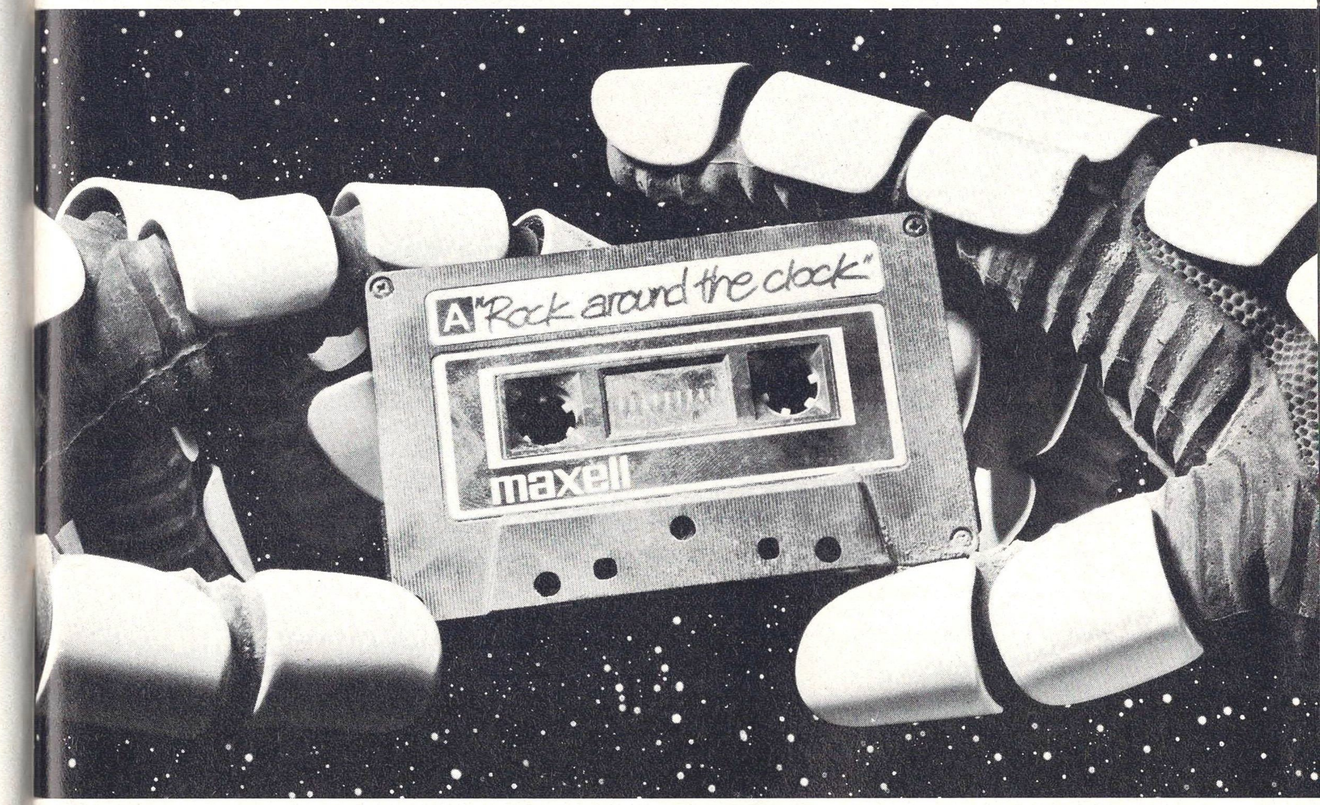

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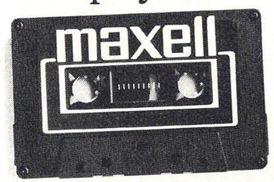

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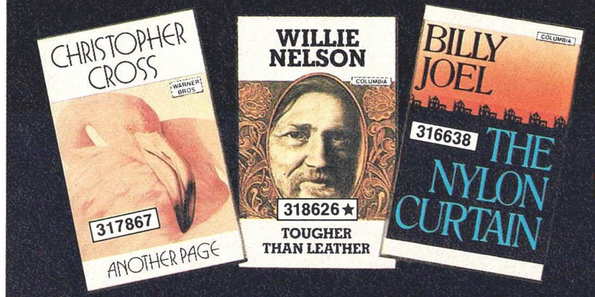

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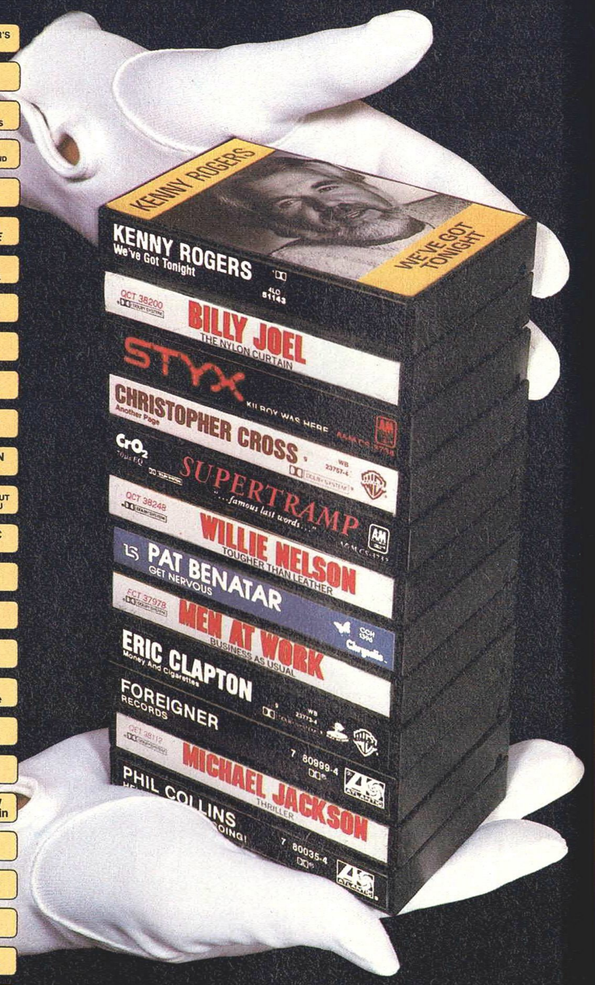

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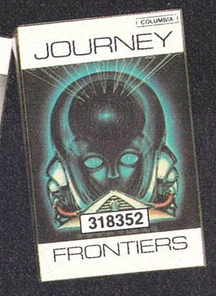

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between them and licked her cunt. Her ass was riding in the air, and I crawled over to her and began to finger-fuck her. I lubricated my finger and gently penetrated her ass. She moved in rhythm to my moves, and I knew that this was my chance to explore a fantasy that I had never dreamed possible.

She was very wet, and I got all the natural pussy juice onto my fingers by inserting them deep into her cunt. Then I gently penetrated her ass hole, first with my little finger and then with two fingers and then my thumb. I then slid my cock deep into her pussy and fingered her ass with my thumb while I fucked her. All this time Suzie was eating the other girl's cunt, and I could tell by her moves that she wanted me to keep going. Suzie reached around and removed my cock from her pussy and positioned it so that it would slide into her ass. With surprising ease, I slid my huge cock into her tight behind, slowly, not wanting to hurt her, but I found that her movements forced it in faster than I was putting it in. She began to push onto me harder and harder until my entire cock was deep into her, as far as it would go. She began to moan and screamed softly, "He's fucking my ass. He's fucking my ass." Everyone in the room stopped and surrounded us as she performed. I could feel her pushing me gently to get me to lie on my side, and I followed her as she rolled me over on my back, all the time keeping my cock in her ass. She then straddled me and turned herself around as she rode my cock up and down in her tight ass. She fingered her cunt and in no time was quavering with a flood of orgasms that sent me into my third ejaculation in less than one hour. After she had finished, she gently kissed me, got up, and left the room. I was exhausted and lay back, expecting her to return. She never did. After about twenty or thirty minutes I went to find her and found that her clothes were gone.—*Name and address withheld*

TEAM WORK

One evening my wife and I went out to eat at a nice restaurant in our town, and while we were waiting for our food, this fine-looking lady strolled by our table. On seeing Laura, she stopped and looked her up and down in a boldly outright appraisal. Laura blushed furiously and stared down at her plate, wringing her hands, so I had to ask what was going on.

She told me that this beautiful woman had just moved into our neighborhood and had stopped by to introduce herself. Laura said that to be sociable, she'd made drinks and they'd sat chatting for a while. After a couple of drinks, Laura said, Dottie (that's the girl's name) reached out and began massaging her breast. Laura said she'd been surprised by the action, but excited too. So excited, in fact, that she'd asked Dottie to leave.

"Has it occurred to anyone that we all had the same doctor?"

I was stunned, but my imagination was working overtime, and my cock had gotten rock hard. I asked Laura if she'd like to make it with another woman. She said she might but that I'd have to be there. I said fine, when? She put me off and just then our food arrived, so I let it ride.

As it turned out, nothing happened for a couple of weeks, and then one day Laura called me at work at around 9:30 and asked me to come home. Not knowing what was wrong, I sped home, and at the front door I saw a note. It said, "Come in very quietly." I had no idea what to think, so I quietly entered, and on a lamp in the living room was another note. This one said, "Take off all your clothes here and go to the bathroom." I stripped and went into the bathroom, and on the mirror and door to the bedroom were more notes. I went to the mirror, which said, "I'm waiting for you." At that my cock sprang up like a post. I dashed for the door to the bedroom and saw the last note. It said, "So is Dottie." I almost shot off on the spot. I'd been dreaming about them together for weeks. So, unable to contain myself any longer, I gently turned the knob, opened the door a crack, and peeked in.

Laura was leaning back on a bunch of pillows massaging her tits with one hand, while running the other through the hair on Dottie's head, which was buried between her thighs. I watched for a couple of minutes, then opened the door quietly and entered. I walked over to the bed very softly and sat down.

They made room for me on the bed and I saw that their cunts were shaved. I'd been trying to get Laura to do that for months, 'cause it's sexy as hell and bald beaver is a lot easier to eat.

They stripped the bed and Laura got out her toys, among them a twenty-inch two-headed dildo, and about eight assorted smaller ones. She also got out the biggest bottle of baby oil I've ever seen. (I forgot to say that we've got a king-size waterbed.)

Laura piled her toys in the middle of the bed and poured all that baby oil onto them. She emptied the whole damn bottle. Then both of them climbed onto the bed and started to slide around, getting all slimy. The sight of these two women made my cock ache like never before. Seeing Laura's 39-25-37 frame caressed by an equally endowed woman was fantastic. I watched them slide against each other, rubbing their cunts up and down, kissing and squeezing tits together, wrestling around in a chorus of moans and groans, sticking fingers in each other's pussy and licking off the juice, saying what they were going to do to each other.

Dottie pushed Laura down, gathered some oil in her hands, and started rubbing it into Laura's cunt. She told her how she was gonna fuck her like no man could. Then she picked up this monster dildo and slid it around on the bed, greasing it up real good, and proceeded to slide that monster into Laura's sopping snatch. With

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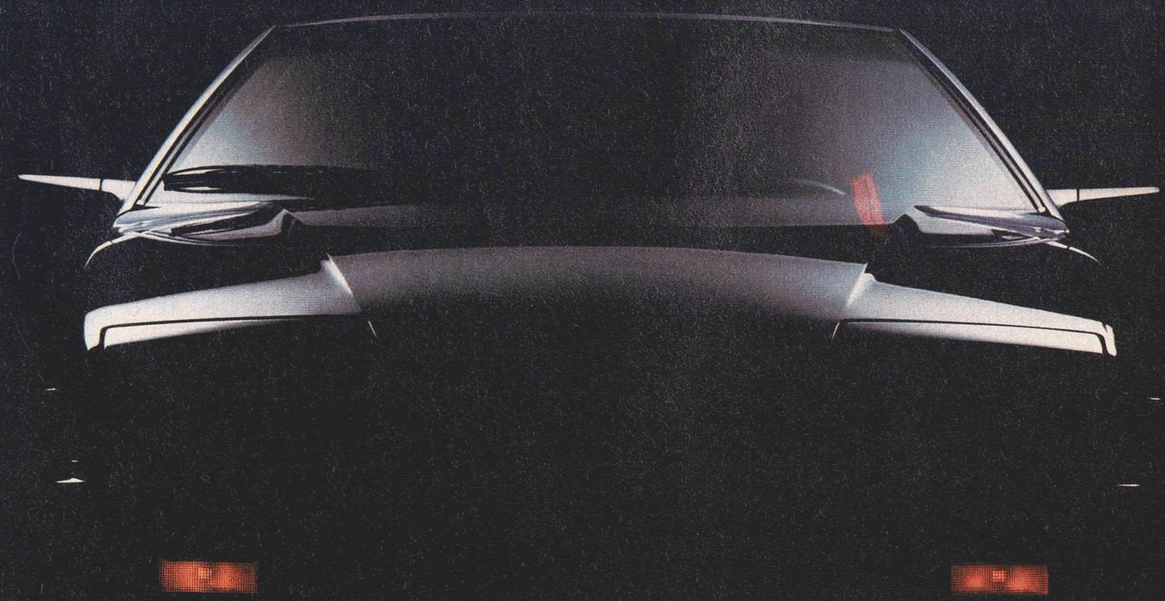

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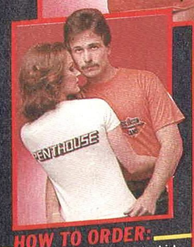

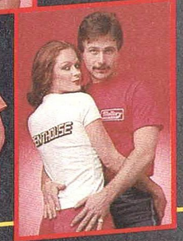

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slow, twisting strokes she fucked her for a couple of minutes and then started rubbing the other head over her own cunt. Wiggling her hips, Dottie slid down this pole, still fucking it into Laura's cunt with slow, even strokes. Laura reached out and grabbed Dottie's hands, and, clasping both hands together, they started fucking each other. They went slowly at first, then moved to firmer strokes, grinding their hips back and forth, humping at one another in a frenzy. They worked that whole dildo into their cunts till they were rubbing against each other. Sliding cunt to cunt, their clits slipping and scraping against the dildo and each other, they fucked furiously for almost an hour.

Laura then reached out and pulled me down on the bed and they pounced on me. Both of them dove for my cock and I got the best blowjob of my life. Dottie ran her tongue up the shaft from my balls to the rim and back, taking both my balls into her mouth, sucking gently, adding little bites that sent me into near convulsions. Meanwhile Laura was sucking the head and nipping around the rim, chewing at the nerve bundle just under the head, twisting back and forth slowly, lashing her tongue into the slot, sucking out the oozing pre-come.

After what seemed like ages to me, Laura swung her leg up over my head and planted her cunt onto my gasping face. I dove right in but at first it was weird to be eating a bald cunt for the first time. But after a couple of hearty slurps and much sucking, I got used to it and continued sucking furiously, trying to drain that musky swamp. Laura liked this so much she stopped sucking my cock and started grinding her cunt into my face in earnest, humping so hard at one point I thought she'd broken my nose.

While Laura was playing broncobuster on my face, Dottie was still sucking on my cock and finger-fucking herself. She stopped sucking me and climbed up on my rigid member, sliding down a hair-breadth at a time, wiggling her hips to increase the friction as my massive muscle slipped slowly into her soggy snatch. She rode down so slowly that my cock flared out, stretching her pussy lips wide. Once Dottie had that prick buried to the hilt, she let out a contented sigh and with just a little movement of her hips rode off into never-never land, leaning back, eyes closed.

Laura was still parked on my mouth, sliding her cunt all over my face, rubbing her clit on my nose, telling me to stick my tongue deeper into her cunt. When she saw Dottie just sitting there with my cock buried in her, she told her to fuck me, ride me like a horse, have me pound my cock into her, make me fuck her like no one had ever before. Dottie was quick to comply. She started pounding up and down on my cock with tip-to-root lunges. Reaching down, she grabbed my chest and went to town.

Laura slid off me and lay down beside us, telling us how she loved to watch us fuck. I grabbed Dottie's hips and started pounding for all I was worth. I pulled Dottie up against me and rolled over on top of her and started pounding into her with pile-driving plunges, turning her so I got an angle shot. Dottie went wild, squeezing me in a scissors hold I'll not soon forget.

Soon I felt Laura smearing oil all over and into my ass. Then I felt a finger slide up my ass hole, moving back and forth slowly; then it was removed and Laura was smearing more oil into my ass. All of a sudden I felt something cold and hard being pushed into me, and, looking over my shoulder, I saw Laura working a vibrator into my ass. Now I've never had anything in my butt before, so I clamped shut as hard as I could, but Laura started massaging my balls and cock as it slid out of Dottie's cunt and pretty soon my muscles loosened up and that vibrator slid in smooth as silk. I stopped fucking Dottie for a second to get used to the intrusion, and decided that I kinda liked it. Then Laura turned it on. I went fucking nuts. I started pounding into Dottie like I was pumping for oil four miles down. Every stroke went to the hilt, back out to the head, and slammed right back in. They both started telling me they wanted my come. I pulled Laura around onto the bed beside Dottie and pulled my cock out of Dottie just as a monster load shot out all over them. They went nuts, grabbing my cock and pumping the juice out into their faces and mouths, switching back and forth from mouth to mouth, squeezing my balls and working that vibrator in and out of my ass. I must have come quarts, because both of them were covered with come and were busy lapping it up off each other when I collapsed.

When I opened my eyes a bit later, they were locked in a tight sixty-nine, which was fine by me. I watched for a while and they were still at it when I nodded again.—*Name and address withheld*

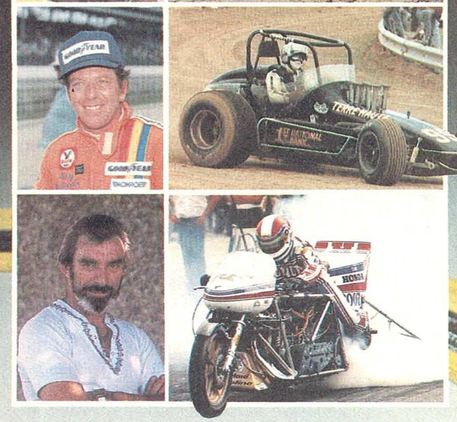
EBONY AND IVORY

I've been reading "Forum" faithfully for five or six years now and have often read letters that start something like, "The other day I had an experience so wild I just had to write." Well, I'd like to tell you about one of my own.

I'm a twenty-one-year-old man, five foot eleven, 155 pounds, with blue eyes and brown hair. I'm in the military and I just got stationed in California. A few days after I arrived on post, I decided it was high time for me to do something about my sex life. So I went to the club on post and had a few beers. There were only a few people in the club as it was a week night. Nonetheless I decided to go for broke and wished for some hungry babe to show. Well, after about an hour I was getting pretty lonely and pissed when all of a sudden this fine black lady came over and sat at my table. Danielle had a fine set of tits on a five-five frame with a very nice ass. After the niceties were attended to and I bought her a drink, she and I talked at great length

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

Pros Demand Mallory . . .



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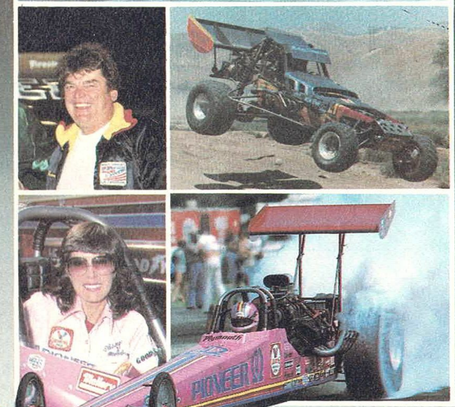

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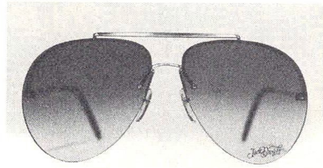

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 100235965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

U.N. ANTI-SEMITISM

I share Arnold Forster's concern in his "Advise & Dissent" entitled "The U.N.: International Center of Anti-Semitism," (April 1983) that Jews and in particular Israel have become convenient targets for nations that seek the elimination of Zionism in any form.

The United Nations was initially formed to foster a new world order where all nations could live in peace and prosperity. By creating a world body where representatives from all countries could meet and discuss world events, the United Nations promoted international goodwill between all nations. The recent attacks on Israel by anti-Zionist countries have violated this spirit, creating a world body mired and embroiled in the selfish and parochial interests of radical movements.

I strongly support your suggestion that our taxpayers take a close look at this world body. The time has come for the United Nations to return to its original goals.—*Rep. Douglas H. Bosco, First District, California*

Arnold Forster's article in the April 1983 issue was informative, well documented, and very clearly written. I felt you raised some extremely interesting and valid points and have taken the liberty of having the piece printed in the *Congressional Record* of March 11 so that my colleagues may take the opportunity to read and consider the issues you raised.—*Rep. Joseph P. Addabbo, Seventh District, New York*

I agree with Arnold Forster that these are detestable activities, but I do not think it would be wise for us to withdraw from the U.N. I think we better serve the legitimate interests of Israel and oppose the efforts of the anti-Semites by staying in the U.N. and fighting against these outrageous activities. I have supported resolutions that would require cutoffs of American aid to the U.N. if Israel were excluded, and I have supported American efforts to refuse to participate in certain activities from which Israel has been excluded. But I do not think a general withdrawal from the U.N. would serve the purposes of combating anti-Semitism as effectively as does staying in the U.N. and fighting against its manifestations.—*Rep. Barney Frank, Fourth District, Massachusetts*

I was very disturbed to read the article on anti-semitism in the U.N. I was disturbed that any human being could be so blinded by hatred and prejudice as to envision anti-Semitism in all the United Nations resolutions and actions, forgetting the fact that the creation of Israel was the outcome of one of these resolutions—the only one that Israel did not reject.

I could only thank the Almighty that there are many Jews both inside and outside Israel who have a greater sense of fairness, objectivity, and even courage to see things as they really are and to admit the grave, devastating injustice that has been and continues to be inflicted on the Palestinian people. Like the Arabs, those Jews have begun to see that the ugly persecution of Jews in Western society in general, and in Germany in particular, does not entitle the Zionists of Israel to mete out similar treatment to the Palestinians. They have been uprooted from their country for more than three decades and have been the target, in their refugee camps, of constant, indiscriminate bombing and massacres. Those who are still living on the West Bank and in Gaza are witnessing a calculated, premeditated, and cold-blooded campaign of confiscation of property and oppression to expel them from their lands and to deny to them their inherent human rights of self-determination, dignity, and the pursuit of their economic, social, and cultural development.

If you have so far resisted all knowledge of the racist policies of Zionist Israel, which apply double standards to Arabs and Jews, you may be far beyond redemption. You also seem totally oblivious to the fact that this extreme form of Zionism is not consonant with the long-term interests of Israel itself. Intelligent Jews who openly criticize Israel's policies are aware of this and their criticism does not stem from disloyalty to the Jews or to Israel.—*Gaafar M. Allagany, Minister Plenipotentiary/Chargé d'Affaires a.i., Saudi Arabian Mission to the United Nations*

ON TARGET ON ANDROPOV

Finally, sensible information has been given to the world concerning Yuri Andropov ("Yuri Andropov: The Spy Who Came In From the Cold," March 1983). It's about time something realistic was said about Mr. Andropov and the role of leadership in the Soviet Union. Instead, we have been bombarded with a nonsensical media blitz since the day we discovered Brezhnev had died. We don't need Kremlinologists in America; all we need is Ernest Volkman, with Vladimir Sakharov supplying the secrets.

Allow me to advance a theory of my own. According to Soviet thinking, America was preparing for a leader with an intelligence background. This thought may not have occurred to most Americans, because a substantial portion of them have a hard time remembering the name of our vice-president. It's George Bush. Remember him, director of the CIA in the mid-1970s?

Let's face it: President Reagan is no spring chicken. If something unfortunate should happen to him, guess who would be president. Imagine the delightful possibilities if two ex-intelligence agency directors were to head the two most powerful countries in the world.

I chuckled to myself, in the days following Brezhnev's death, as the American media predicted it would be a long and complicated process for the Soviets to appoint a new leader. Actually, it probably took about two minutes. As Volkman points out, the groundwork for Andropov's rise to power has been laid for years.—*David A. Gallik, Denver, Colo.*

CARTOON CONTROVERSY

I am writing to you to complain in the strongest possible terms concerning the cartoon on page 105 of the April 1983 issue of *Penthouse*.

Those who profit from the furs of baby seals cling tenaciously to their "right" to the pelts. The Humane Society of the United States is fighting just as tenaciously for the seals' right to freedom from this annual slaughter.

By the end of February more than 400,000 baby harp seals will have opened their appealing eyes for the first time on their glistening new world. Yet, by the end of April, the ice will be red with their blood. The seals are clubbed four or five times before they finally succumb, and there have been reports that some are literally skinned alive.

These animals must depend on people who care to fight for them. Our greatest weapon against the seal-killing business is the persistent hammering of public opinion against the "ice curtain" of greed and indifference that allows this massacre to continue.—*David W. Tipps, Wichita, Kan.*

I've been an avid reader of *Penthouse* magazine for over twelve years, and I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for providing such high-quality entertainment. I happen to think yours is the best men's magazine around. I like your reporting and interviews; your regular features are good. And I like the fiction and cartoons. I do have a complaint about one of them, though.

In the April '83 issue, there is a cartoon by Erkki Alanen, depicting a slaughter of seals. I've seen many photographs of these seal hunts, and I fail to see how anyone can make light of such an inhuman atrocity. I felt that I had to write to say how strongly I, and many others, feel about a subject such as this. That kind of "humor" belongs in one of those B-magazines, not in a fine publication like *Penthouse*. It

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wasn't a funny cartoon, it was just plain *sick*.

I do hope that in the future the editorial staff will exercise a little more discretion when something like this comes up. *Penthouse* is too good a magazine for publishing cartoons of that nature.—*Ernie Whiting, Norwalk, Calif.*

My husband and I have enjoyed your magazine for several years now, especially the "Forum" letters. However, the cartoon on page 105 has got to be the lowest thing you have ever published. We buy your magazine for enjoyment and excitement, not animal abuse. I find this type of thing appalling and in poor taste for your magazine, especially when you run ads to promote wildlife preservation.—*John and Carol Lane, Laramie, Wyo.*

When I turned to page 105 of your April issue, I swallowed hard, almost choking with the effort. The cartoon depicting the slaughter of baby seals there was instantaneously shocking. It was overly gross and sickeningly brutal. Tears swelled up in the corners of my eyes and I almost screamed out in a near uncontrollable anger. The true, unfeeling, and barbaric cowardice of mankind was so eloquently rendered on that page.

Please, can you somehow continue to incorporate into the pages of *Penthouse* a serious, ongoing, and regular dialogue that brings to light mankind's hideous inhumanities to his fellow creatures?—*David Alan Smith, Hollywood, Fla.*

I never thought I'd be writing a letter to you, but I feel I need to now! First off, I enjoy your magazine interviews and stories.

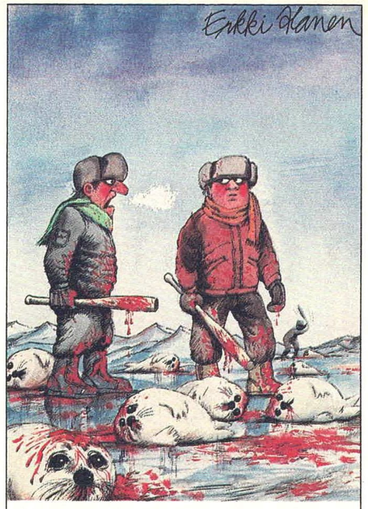
In your April 1983 issue, on page 39, you have an ad for endangered species, and I think it's wonderful that your magazine cares enough to carry advertisements for the National Wildlife Federation. Then, on page 105, you have this horrible cartoon, of a seal slaughter. Which do you support: saving or slaughtering animals?

There are so many people and organizations in our country trying to save the seal, and in a way you've just supported the slaughter. Which is it?—*Name and address withheld*

Very often, the cartoonist's condemnation of a serious incident may be misinterpreted. Evidently, such a situation has occurred.

The incredible cruelty of the so-called harvest of baby fur seals cannot be emphasized more vividly than by the illustration that appeared in the April 1983 issue. The casual, unfeeling, and inhuman nature of that act is clearly and dramatically demonstrated in the drawing that appeared on page 105.

We hoped that a strong, public response against *that slaughter would, in part, be aided by our artwork. We're truly sorry for any misunderstanding to the contrary.*—The Editors



"You wouldn't have anything for a headache, would you?"

HINCKLEY WHY AND WHEREFORE

It says something sad and a bit tragic about our society when we are forcibly bombarded by the media with reams of copy about totally useless people. I am referring to your recent interview with John Hinckley, Jr. (March 1983). People have to be leading pretty empty lives if they have to fill them with muck about this demented individual. I am so tired of hearing about him on the news and seeing countless articles about him in newspapers and magazines that I'm about ready to throw up.

I've come to expect better from *Penthouse*, especially in the area of your interviews. You treated this man like he was some kind of leading authority on society's ills.

I have a question for *Penthouse*. Who really gives a shit what this man thinks about anything, let alone, our society? I certainly don't.

As far as John Hinckley is concerned, he should be left to waste away in his rubber room, and the rest of us should get on with our lives.

Maybe I missed the point, but I feel certain you can find people infinitely more interesting to interview than this bland, pathetic nobody.—*Chuck Vinch, APO, New York*

Perhaps you did miss the point of our interview with John Hinckley. For some time Penthouse *has questioned the validity of the insanity defense in cases of violent crime (see "The Farce of Courtroom Psychiatry," August 1982* Penthouse*). The public, for the most part, is not in the courtroom when such cases are decided.* Penthouse *believed that by interviewing Hinckley, the public would be given a better opportunity to decide whether or not this individual was responsible for his crimes.*

Furthermore, the possibility of Hinckley's release at some future date causes the particulars of his treatment, and his opinions on his victims and society's ills, for instance, to be of importance to all of us.—The Editors

DAVID BRENNER FAN

I just read "How I Became the King of Practical Jokers and Other Disasters," by David Brenner (April 1983) and it verifies my long-held belief that David Brenner is, without a shadow of a doubt, the funniest man in America.

I can remember "staying up late" just to watch him on "The Tonight Show" in the early '70s—when I was no more than eleven or twelve years old. When I'd hear his jokes, I'd remember them and tell them at school the next day, and I'd never fail to get laughs.

I enjoyed the story about how he got Sonny and Cher's manager to put peanut butter up his ass, but I just couldn't stop laughing when I read the story about the Magnificent Marble Machine. I was trying to spell "jock" with only three letters myself before I read that an athletic supporter is a "fan."

Thank you, David Brenner, for the most entertaining article I've ever read in *Penthouse.*—*Kenneth L. Faulkner, address withheld*

BRUCE LEE FLAP

The two-part article published in *Penthouse* (January and February 1983) titled "The Life and Death of Bruce Lee" is nothing more than false, immoral, and corrupt. Of course, your aim was the destruction of Bruce Lee's immortal name. Your article is evidence that *Penthouse* magazine is taking a way of profound and irreversible decadence. The lack of honesty and authenticity on your part about Bruce Lee is deplorable.—*Bruce Lee Association, Uberaba, Brazil*

I read with interest your articles by Albert Goldman about Bruce Lee.

The author was not interested in presenting "facts" or "objective" writing. It seems to me that the reason he wished to degrade Bruce Lee's character and write cheap sensationalism is unknown to me.

Some of his assumptions are pretty farfetched. For example, Lee collected weapons. A weapons collection is not unnatural for a man interested in all forms of combat. The author made the wild allegation that Lee collected weapons out of paranoia!

I totally disagree that *Return of the Dragon* was Lee's worst film. I think it was his best. But I admit the point is arguable and simply a matter of opinion. However, to make the statement that Bruce Lee was a poor stunt coordinator is incredible. Lee was highly regarded as brilliant in this area.

Goldman also made the statement that Bruce Lee in actual combat could not defeat the Americans he fought in films. He did not say anything about the Orientals he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

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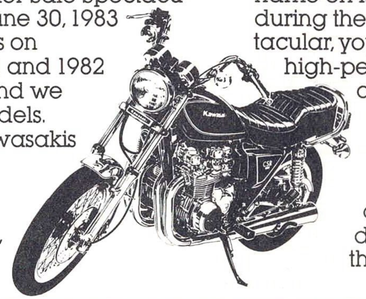

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KZ305-A1	$1499	$1099	$400
KZ440-B2	$1669	$1299	$370
KZ440-A2	$1899	$1449	$450
KZ440-D2/D3	$1929	$1499	$430
KZ550-C2	$2419	See dealer	See dealer
KZ550-A2	$2299	See dealer	See dealer
KZ650-H1	$2649	$1899	$750

1982 MODELS	ORIGINAL PRICE*	SALE PRICE†	SAVINGS
KZ250-L1	$1399	$ 999	$400
KZ305-A2	$1549	$1169	$380
KZ305-B1	$1599	$1199	$400
KZ440-G1	$1799	$1399	$400
KZ440-A3	$1949	$1499	$450
KZ440-D4	$1999	$1549	$450
KZ550-C3	$2549	$1999	$550
KZ550-A3	$2399	$1999	$400
KZ650-H2	$2649	$1999	$650

* Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price October 1, 1982.
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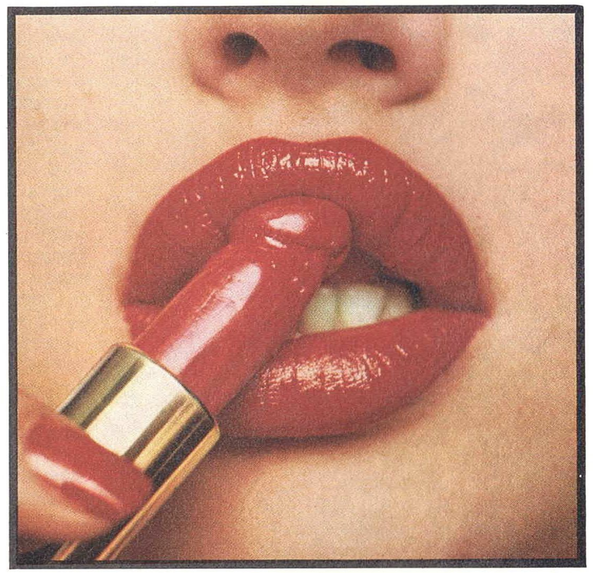
XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I read a lot of letters in your column about older women initiating sex with younger men. It's supposed to be a fantastic experience, but I know from my own experience that it isn't always so. I'm the sort of woman that the men who read your magazine like to dream about. I am five foot eight, 124 pounds, with lots of thick reddish-blond hair, green eyes, a 35-23-36 figure, very nice-looking legs, firm breasts that don't need a bra, and a face that earned me money as a model for a department store when I was working my way through college.



A lot of men are turned off by a good-looking woman, and those who are often attracted to one are not always the sort I want to be with. I do not like being a trophy to be shown off before a man's friends to arouse their jealousy. I do not like being a mark on some man's scorecard. It is not easy finding a good man when you look like a beauty queen or centerfold model.

Don't get me wrong. I am not a prude and I like a good sex life when I can find it. But I like it when it is part of a good relationship that is more than a sexual one. I am sure that many women are like me. The easy screwing nympho that many of your readers dream about is very rare, or maybe nonexistent.

About four years ago, when I was living in Seattle, Wash., I got the idea to seduce the eighteen-year-old son of an acquaintance of mine. I figured it would be fun. I was on the rebound from a failed love affair with a typical male chauvinist, the sort I used to fall for when I was very young. He was really good-looking and built like a football player. He loved driving around with me in his sports car, which won't be paid off till he's about ninety, with my hand inside his fly. He also loved taking me to bars where his friends would be and watching them as they snuck glances down my blouse. I know I've got great tits and I sometimes enjoy the attention, but I didn't think it was right of him to put me on display like that.

This guy was also a great stud who could pump me all night, but foreplay was of no interest to him. When I found out, mostly through you, that there's a lot more that's fun about sex, I didn't appreciate his hammering as much.

I thought a nice young man might still be innocent and unaffected by society's values. I was also horny, tired of masturbating, and just wanted to fuck someone I might think was a nice person.

I blew it (no pun intended). I came on too strong, obviously intent on being "the older woman," a Mrs. Robinson type. He obviously wanted to learn about sex, but my come-on threw him off balance. I was too obvious in setting up a seduction scene in my apartment.

I appeared in a very seductive nightgown that hugged my breasts tightly, pushing them up above the lace trim, and that revealed my creamy white shoulders completely, with just little spaghetti straps to hold it up. My high backless heels gave my calves a great line, and my makeup was subtle, playing up my eyes and moist lips.

I almost attacked the poor young man. A young man's ego is very sensitive, and he failed with me. I hate to think I left him with a very bad memory or maybe a complex. This fall I finally seduced a younger man, and I thought it was great. Paul is cute. He is also very bright and into space and electronics. He has dark hair and a nice, slender build, is my height, and is very nice. I made friends with him first. I did not have any plans to be his Mrs. Robinson, and after my experience in Seattle I didn't want to cause any problems with him, or for him. Also, I've found that younger men are not

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Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 100235965.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

always free of the arrogant attitudes older men often have. But Paul is nice, and sexy.

Anyway, Paul is the son of a friend of mine. I told her I was having problems with my cassette deck and she said she'd send Paul over to take a look because he's good with that stuff. He took care of the cassette deck and unexpectedly, or maybe not, to be honest, he took care of me.

After he fixed the machine we got to talking and I served him coffee and cake. As we talked I realized how turned on I was getting. Our mutual seduction was very slow as the evening wore on. I was wearing a sweater and jeans and Paul was in a pullover shirt and jeans that hugged his tight little butt just perfectly. Just the slow rate at which it became heavy was a huge turn-on. I'm friends with his mother, as I said, so I was a bit uneasy about having sex with him.

The weather turned bad, so I suggested that he stay the night in my fold-out bed rather than drive back over the hills in the rain. I called Helen, his mother, and she said it was okay with her. I wonder if she suspected what I had in mind for her boy.

Before going to bed he suggested a good-night kiss. I let him hold me and set my face to be kissed. As soon as he put his arms around me it was like I was wrapped in a warm glow. I wanted him so much and he was so sexy. His kisses were so tender. A lot of men more my age gobble my face and push their tongue in like they were loading a rifle.

His kisses were like those in romantic novels in the stores. He asked if we could sit down on the couch and I said yes. We necked for a long while and then I just whipped off my sweater and bra so he could get his perfect mouth on my tits. He knew just what to do, licking the tips and sucking them until they were so stiff and pink they almost hurt. He pulled off his shirt and we necked for a long time. We lay back on the sofa with him on top, rubbing his lean, muscled torso against my aching breasts.

Finally, I decided I had to have him completely and I suggested we go to my bedroom. It was a miracle I could get the words out, I was so turned on. He was, naturally, very enthusiastic about the idea.

When we got to my room I immediately let him in between my legs, and even before he got his jeans off I could feel his raging erection. When we finally got our clothes off he dove for my pussy and lazed about down there forever. His tongue painted my lips and clitoris with tiny licks until I had a shattering orgasm. He wanted to continue because he said he could never make his girl friend come like that. But I really couldn't take anymore and insisted he fuck me good.

I guided him into me and he came powerfully after just a few thrusts. He was really sorry about that, asking me if I had come while he was pumping me. I told him that I hadn't and he promised he would get hard quickly. We kissed for about three minutes, and like magic, he was raring to go again. We made love and he lasted a long, long time. I came and then he came.

Afterward we lay side by side and talked until he had another erection. I let him on me again, even though I was ready to call it quits. But this time was better than the two times before. We both came, and my climax was outrageous, because I didn't think I would even have one.

Since then we've made love quite a few times. We've tried different positions: me on top, facing him, and away from him. We've done it doggie-style and done sixty-nine. I've had fun teaching him and I've been learning too. You can't teach someone without getting better yourself.

The most important thing I've learned is that it shouldn't be just physical exercise. I'm very fond of Paul. I was even before we became lovers. Also, young men's egos are so sensitive, under all that swagger. Be gentle. Being the "older woman" has rewards all its own, if you do it right.—E.M.

The pleasure of initiating sex with a young man comes from what you give, not what you get. With a bit of luck, though, you get lots. If you try for a long-lasting relationship with a young boy, you are laying in a stock of potential unhappiness for both of you. This boy will inevitably want to do all the crazy things that kids like that do, things that you, as an adult, may find unacceptable or have outgrown. They like to go to discos or hiking in the woods. They like to get stoned or drunk and go to rock concerts. If you persuade him into your more grown-up way of life, he will feel that he's missing something. However lovely you are, the day will come when young, youthful Prince Charming will look on you more as a mother than a lover. What do you think a kid that age has to tell you that will keep your mind boggled? He may learn some things from you, sexually and otherwise, but are you mentally stimulated and satisfied by him? A younger partner tends to offer nothing more than a lean body and an eagerness to learn and experience everything you can provide. Find someone closer to your own age who is as horny as a teenager.

"It will be your job to come up with the dumb ideas that I, as a legislator, will enact into law."

BREAST ZEST

My wife really wants this information I'm requesting, and because she feels that I will be the ultimate benefactor, I'm doing the writing.

The reason for this letter is tit-fucking advice. In particular, how best to do it. My wife is a nicely endowed 38C and wants to actively give me a tit-fuck while I remain passive. So, what are the best positions for her and me? What's the best motion for her to make? How can she squeeze my pecker between her breasts and still move? How about lubricants? Saliva doesn't seem to last too long.

We realize your column is not a how-to manual, but please, can you offer my wife some suggestions?—R.J.

As it happens, I also have 38C breasts, and my lover also looks forward to an occasional tit-fuck, especially when I am having the first day of my period and am not really into vaginal sex. We get very inventive and find all kinds of positions for him to get his rocks off other than inside my pussy. He'll masturbate in the crack of my ass or, as in your case, between my tits. A great position is in the bath. Put some bubbling bath oil in the water, which not only makes the bath water bubble but also makes it soft and oily. Then use some nice soap and rub that around your cock and on her tits. Lean in front of her on your knees and shove your cock in between those big mamas.

TUBBY HUBBY

I have never read about my problem in ten years of following advice columns. My husband gained fifty pounds-plus during our first year of marriage and has maintained it for more than ten years. I really love him very much but sex with him is less and less enjoyable because I am so aware of how fat and flabby he has become. Twice he has lost the excess but only very briefly.

I have no desire to look elsewhere for the much more fulfilling sex life I once had with him, because I keep thinking he will change. I am becoming increasingly uninterested in sex. At times, I view his physical state as a form of rejection of me—that I am not deserving of more than that. If I had to envision a sexy fantasy, it would include two people physically fit for sex. I dream of good sex with him but it shatters in reality. I haven't had a real good orgasm more than five times in the past ten years, although he thinks I have. Should I see a therapist? What can I do to restore the relationship? I should add that he loves to screw me and is very interested in sex.—M.B.

Have you ever mentioned to your husband how much you love him but how fed up you are with fucking an unappetizing, overweight slob? Are you so timid as to go on suffering in silence, hoping for miracles? Don't think I'm being unsympathetic, as I also love my food (maybe a bit too much from time to time), but the answer is to experiment with diets and start cooking less for him. Avoid buying junk food. Does he drink excessively? That may also be causing the problem. Obesity is not only generally unappealing but also unhealthy. Carrying all that excess weight around is a strain on the heart. *Lysistrata*, a play from ancient Greece, is about women who go on a sex strike to stop their husbands from fighting wars. You could follow their example and go on a sex strike if your husband refuses to fight his weight.

CUBED LOVER IS SQUARE

Please help me. My boyfriend and I have

been living together for almost a year now and we both enjoy making love very much. We have recently decided to get married, but I'm afraid there is one slight problem on which I could use your advice.

My boyfriend, Rod, is very intelligent and mathematically minded. He truly enjoys pondering problems and solving all sorts of puzzles. This Christmas he got a Rubik's cube. Now he sits for hours scrambling it and solving it in different manners. He even makes cute patterns with it. Since he's busy with work most of the day, the only time he gets to play with his little toy (his cube, that is, not me) is at night, before we go to sleep.

Our sex life has really gone downhill. Whenever I want to make love, he's either late for work or he wants to finish a few more moves on his cube. This has happened before with other puzzles. I've tried everything from kinky outfits to telling him straight out that I need more sex! I know it's not my fault, 'cause I've made it with lots of other guys who don't get preoccupied with puzzles. Do you have any idea what it's like to be passed up for a lousy toy? Nothing I do seems to work. Within two days from the time I try something new with Rod, Rubik has him occupied again! Please give me some ideas or some kind of help.—L.T.

My heart bleeds for you—it happened to me too. I gave my lover a cube for Christmas. He loved it and, like your boyfriend, spent most of his time playing with it. Immediately I regretted having given it to him, and after a day or two it was as if he was in love with someone else. It was the most unsatisfactory threesome I have ever taken part in. Rubik's cube was just too square for me. Finally I stole the cube and hid it. Then the troubles really started. He was furious and spent his days searching for it or begging me to give him back his toy. When I refused to give it back to him, he bought himself a new cube and the game started all over again. Then I purchased another cube with the booklet that had the solution in it, studied it thoroughly, and learned it by heart. Then, one night, I bet him that I could solve the cube quicker than he did. Though he was delighted to see that I, too, was stung by the bug of this toy, his male pride made him accept my bet. We fiddled around and of course I found the solution first. Whoever lost the game had to do whatever the winner wanted. I'm happy to report he began paying proper attention to another equally movable, and not at all puzzling, box.

NO-FAULT AFFAIRS

I am having an affair with a married man, which is giving me a new view of sex. I met him through a friend who is also having an affair with him. Joan told me that she was screwing a married man and that it was purely physical.

A couple of months back I was staying at her place for a short while and I saw him around now and then. He's sexy, with a tall slender body, dark hair, and nice eyes. I felt a bit hostile when I caught my ex making out with a neighbor's daughter, so I don't like cheaters. But this man was sexy-looking and sometimes I caught him giving me the eye while he was waiting to take out Joan. He's a charmer and it was easy to talk to him.

Anyway, one day I was feeling sort of horny and lonely because I had just been stood up by a guy who was going to take me out that evening. Joan's lover came by to see if Joan was in. She was out shopping, and he and I began talking and drinking. I was wearing a black dress with a slit up the front, and since I have nice legs, that gave him a good show. The rest of me is nice, too, but he was really going for my legs. So I began teasing him, partly because I was down from being stood up and partly because I enjoy flirting anyway. I wasn't going out that evening, so I decided to change. I put on a pair of shorts and a blouse tied under my bust.

After a while we sat down on the couch and began to neck. He put his free hand down between my legs and then up against my crotch and began to rub me with the palm of his hand. I felt very hostile to him but it was coming out as a come-on.

When I took off my blouse I made a big thing out of it. The shorts went off the same way. I stood up in front of him and eased them down.

I said he should undress too. I was wearing high heels, so I made a calendar-girl pose by putting my hands on my hips and standing with my legs apart while he undressed for me. I have never acted that way before. I like romance, and seduction. Just coming out like that is so odd for me.

By the time he had undressed completely his rod was stiff, and when he grabbed me and began to kiss me it was sticking out between my legs. The sex was fantastic. We screwed there on the floor and then went sixty-nine for a while. Both times I came better than most times. I found I didn't want to talk to him at all afterwards, so I sucked him until he was hard again. He had me get on him and ride him until he came. Afterward he was still large and I rubbed my clit with my hand, with him still in me, until I came.

After that we took a shower and dressed and he left. Joan guessed what had happened when she got home, but she said she doesn't care, because all she wants from him is sex. She doesn't mind if I get some too. Since then he and I have screwed several times, and that is all there is to it. There is no romance at all. I still dislike him, and the hostile feelings I have only make the sex better. Yesterday he came by to pick Joan up and I screwed him on a chair in the kitchen when she was late from the hairdresser.

I know I have never been as uninhibited as I am being with this guy. I am using him in a physical way. But I usually like to have some feelings in my sex, even if it is a casual thing. Hostile feelings with sex seems very contradictory. I am not too worried about this, since I know there will be no bad feelings when we end this affair. But I wonder if romantic sex will be too tame for me.—B.H.

Your case is quite common amongst people who have been hurt by previous partners. It is a subconscious means of getting back. As so many men are interested in a purely physical relationship and not that concerned whether or not the woman puts any love in what she does, I guess you don't do any harm to anyone. However, if someday you are in love with a man who treats you as just a sex object, I wonder what will happen then. As long as your attitude toward men has not changed, you may even add to your cool attitude. How about trying some mild bondage? That way you can really live out your love-hate dominating fantasy. I remember an incident very similar to yours.

I was driving along the Côte d'Azur when I picked up a young hitchhiker. It turned out that he had heard about me. I was in no mood to carry on a conversation and told him to just shut up. As I had my mind in neutral, my body energy was racing. When we got to my hotel I gestured to him to come up to my room and ordered him to clean up.

After I too had freshened up, we fucked like minks for about an hour, making the necessary noises that go with fucking but with no real words exchanged. Then I ordered him to get dressed and hit the road. I think I even gave him a fifty-franc note to get himself a good meal that night. I treated him like a whore, and I loved it. I seldom sleep with someone I cannot stand. I'd rather bite his balls off.

ARE YOU TICKLISH?

I'm a twenty-six-year-old woman, single, and I can think of nothing more erotic than the sight of another woman screaming with laughter as she's tickled. I am by no means a lesbian. I merely enjoy the sight of a normally self-composed woman reduced to helpless giggling and squirming by the mere application of a finger to the ribs or a feather on the bare sole of her foot.

When I was in high school I used to double-date, and I'd be sure to inform my girl friends' dates that the girls were really quite ticklish. Few boys could resist testing this information. I enjoyed the sight of one of my girl friends thrashing around helplessly in the back seat as her date fingered her ribs. I remember the time we ganged up, three to one, on a petite brunette with terribly ticklish feet. Her boyfriend held her arms while my date held

her small bare foot so I could inscribe all the dirty limericks we could think of on the sole of her foot with a ball-point pen. The effect of a ball-point on bare feet is known to all tickling connoisseurs.

Now that I'm a mature adult, that sort of horseplay is denied to me. If male ticklers think trapping a woman in a position to be tickled is tough, it's almost impossible for a woman to engineer it. A man can at least approach tickling as foreplay but a woman can't do that unless she's a butch, and probably not even then. The last time I indulged in my tickle fetish was when a friend was visiting for coffee. She slipped out of her slippers while we were talking and the sight of her bare feet was too tempting to resist. I blurted out, "I have a sudden urge to see just how ticklish you are!" and before she could figure out how to react I'd grabbed her ankle and was making her kick and shriek with laughter. I enjoyed every minute of her ordeal and I'm sure she thinks I'm crazy now.

Until they start producing tickle porn cassettes, how can I enjoy the beautifully erotic image (currently restricted to men) of women writhing in tickle-torture?—C.G.

Tickling and being tickled are not yet listed as part of normal sex play, nor are they regarded as fetishism or S & M, so we seem to be breaking new ground. To the masochist, the ultimate might be to be tied and tickled rather than to be bound and beaten. The ball-point on the soles of the feet appeals to me as a most refined form of torture, but I don't think you are really a sadist. Your problem lies in your statement "Now that I'm a mature adult . . ." You know, you don't have to stop being a kid in some ways, especially when it comes to sex.

Invite some friends over for coffee and tickle-rape them. Place an ad: "If you're female and fancy a tickle, I can tickle your fancy."

KIND TO BE CRUEL

I met this man Ted at a party. He's very good-looking but terribly shy, while I'm outgoing. I talked and flirted with him at the party and he was very receptive to my attention. He was too shy to ask me to his place, so I invited him home with me.

When we got there, I put on a low-cut blouse that barely held my tits in and Ted couldn't keep his eyes off my chest, although he pretended not to be looking. Finally, I asked him if he wanted to feel me. I unbuttoned my blouse and my breasts popped free. Quickly he was stroking, licking, and sucking my tits and I was moaning my pleasure. When I couldn't stand any more, I slipped out of my jeans and panties and urged his kisses lower. Soon he was on his knees with his tongue working wonders on my throbbing pussy. I was rocked with an explosive orgasm and pressed his face hard into my cunt.

Ted started to take his pants off and that's when this feeling came over me: I wanted to tease and torture him. I told him to stop lowering his pants and to come sit next to me. I put my arm around him and told him that what he had just done was so good I didn't want to spoil it by having any more sex.

There was this look of frustration that came over Ted's face, and I became aware that I was enjoying seeing him suffer. I experienced this great sense of power. He started begging me to let him fuck me. I finally guided his lips back to my nipples and told him he could masturbate. He began stroking his cock while he sucked my tits. In seconds he was shooting his come all over my thighs and he was crying like a baby.

When he finally looked up at me after a few minutes, I could tell he was feeling embarrassed and almost humiliated by what had happened. I felt guilty but I was very turned on. I told him to go get a washcloth and clean up, and then I said I was sleepy and sent him home.

I've been out with Ted twice since then, and both times I've teased him, made him lick my pussy, and beg me for sex. Although I feel like I've been cruel to him, it turns me on incredibly. I don't think of myself as being a mean person and I'm having trouble understanding why I get so much pleasure out of causing frustration to this gentle and shy man.—B.R.

There is nothing really the matter with you. You have just discovered a hidden streak of sadism in your makeup, especially when you find yourself in the company of someone who is shy and nervous. Maybe deep down he digs your bossiness and bitchiness and probably, unbeknownst to himself, has hidden masochistic feelings. I bet there are many more such men you can manage to frustrate and tease but still satisfy in your own peculiar way. You ought to read up on sadomasochism. The writings of the Marquis de Sade might give you some insight into your attitudes toward men and sex.

LEFT HANGING

I am thirty-five, my wife is thirty-four. When we were married twelve years ago, I had a good amount of experience with several women. She had had sexual relations only with me.

Over the years she has blossomed into a sensual, sexual woman who really enjoys sex with me. We have never swung, and I don't know if I would even like to. She definitely would not, although she has expressed slight interest in watching others. We do have a few problems that someone with your vast expertise could perhaps offer some advice on.

Once or twice a week we devote an entire evening to sex. After putting the children to bed, we engage in a nice dinner, a sensual dance (which may include a striptease), a few joints, and some wine, erotic movies, and/or a whirlpool bath together. And then to bed.

After heavy foreplay, this is the usual routine and hence the problem: my wife likes to have "triple" orgasms. She is capable of climaxing either clitorally, anally, or vaginally. Sometimes she just wants one or two of these separately, when we don't go through the entire routine mentioned before. But on the nights when we are both really up, she wants a triple. The triple is accomplished by her manipulating her clitoris while I probe her anus and vagina. I may use fingers, prick, vibrator, or tongue; usually it is with the vibrating dildo in her butt and my prick in her vagina.

I truly enjoy this. I love every second of it. When she finally climaxes, which she usually wants to do very quickly, it is earth-shaking, sometimes leaving her unable to speak or move for a long, long time.

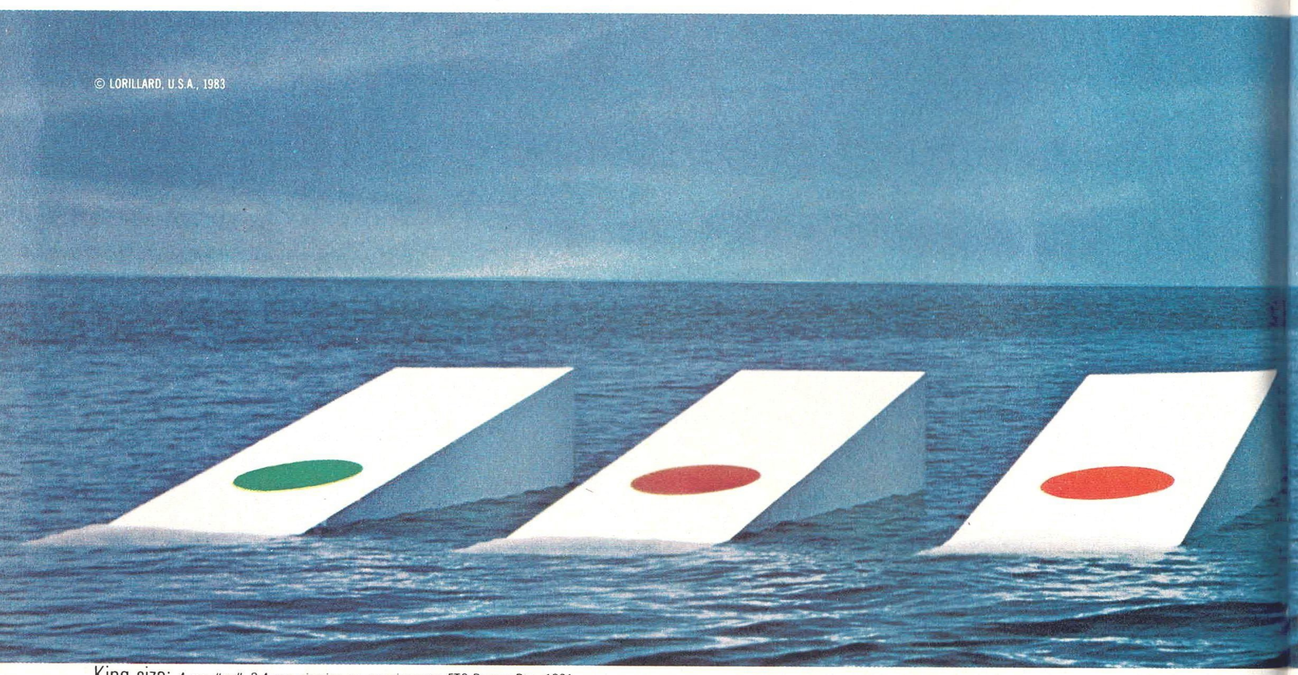
The problem is that when she finally comes to, she is usually so exhausted that she is not the least bit horny anymore. She is usually like a corpse, while I would like to continue ad infinitum.

How can I get her to enjoy a long, leisurely petting session, with her eventually getting her triple, and then revive her for more fun and games?

Also, I know that she likes a little pain when we are fondling in preparation for intercourse. I sometimes squeeze and pinch her cunt lips (which we keep smooth-shaven) or bite her quite hard in other places, and she moans with pleasure. But when I ask her if she would like a little bit of pain, or when I broach the subject of spanking or light discipline (we are into light bondage), she always refuses and says she doesn't like anything that hurts. Yet her actions, or reactions, to slight pain belie her words. How should I approach this?—T.D.

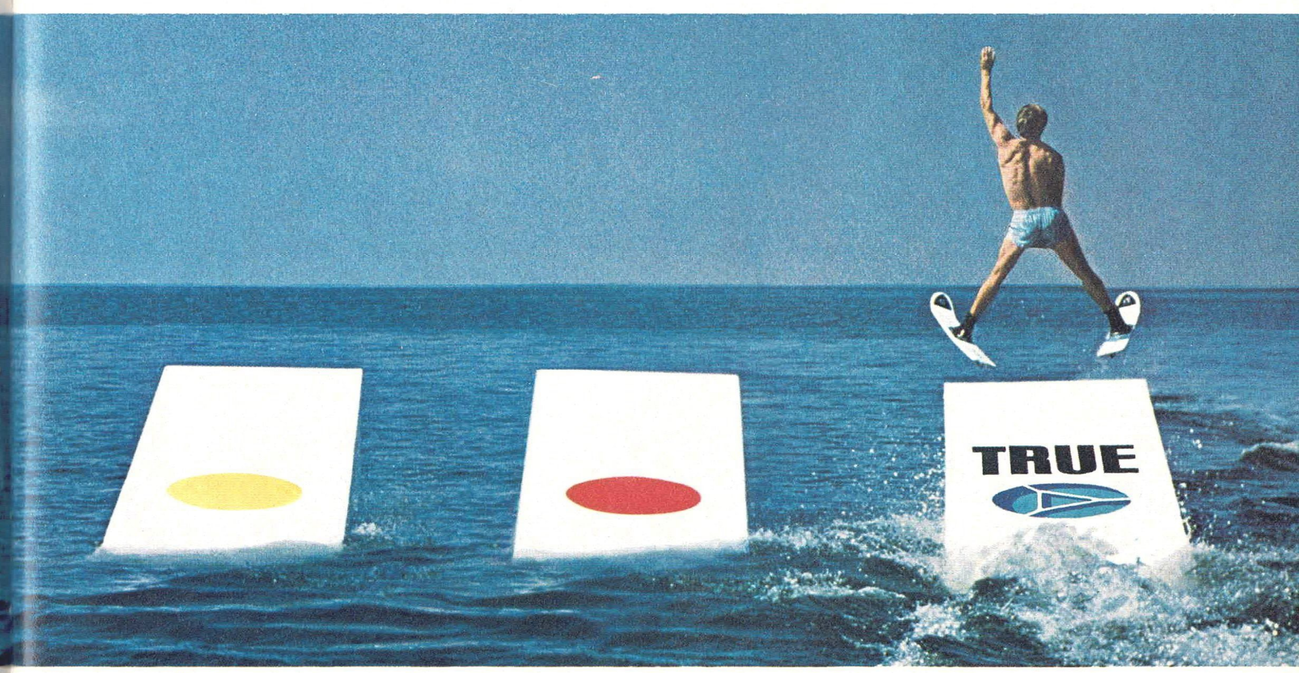
Any man would give his right hand to have such a sexy, high-powered wife, who actually reaches as many as three orgasms. Don't you think that getting there would be rather exhausting for just about any normal human being? It drains you totally. Maybe there are a few women who are multiple-orgasmic, in the sense that they don't like their nipples or clit bitten, and maybe they don't shave their pubis. I don't think you ought to complain that you are not getting enough or that it is over too quickly. My suggestion is to hurry up yourself or else hold off her orgasm until you are both ready to explode.

As far as her mild masochistic tendencies are concerned, the fact that she accepts slight bondage from time to time and you're hurting her somewhat already during foreplay means that she probably, in due course, will be able to gradually accept more pain. Often women don't put their mouth where their words are. When she says no, it may well mean yes.



King size: 4 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1981.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



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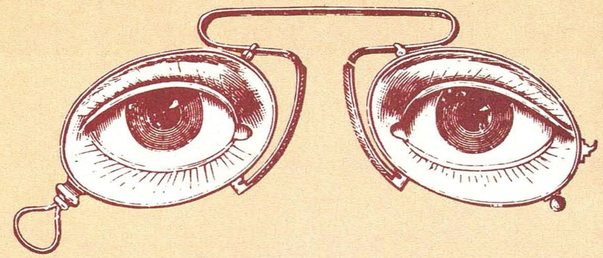
Technics
The science of sound



VIEW FROM THE TOP

INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE

BY EMILY PRAGER

Several months ago, Michael Deaver, presidential aide, announced that he would soon be publishing a book entitled *The White House Diet.* Immediately after the announcement, the book, a compendium of top-security slimming tips and bar graphs of the Cabinet's caloric intake, was postponed. Mr. Deaver, it was deemed, could not make money on his position in the White House until after he had left it. A government panel investigating this controversy soon realized the folly of their decision. If those in politics insist on writing books, it is clear they should be encouraged to do so while *in* the White House, with the government taking a hefty percentage of the royalties to bolster the sinking budget. If this had been done with all Watergate books, our economy would be in a lot better shape. As a result of the panel's recommendations, the American government has founded its own publishing company, The White House Press, and has forwarded to us its first fall catalog. It's definitely a very snappy lineup. On behalf of all jobless Americans, we pray that this scheme succeeds.

THE WHITE HOUSE PRESS, FALL/WINTER, 1983.

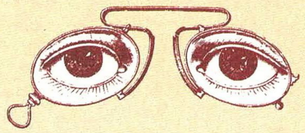
Ronald Reagan's Electric Train Book; 100 pages; 9" x 12"; 70 photographs; nonfiction; $21. The head of the American government tells you all you need to know about setting up and playing with vintage electric model trains. No one knows more about electric trains and less about economics than President Ronald Reagan, who, as is well known to his staff, would rather while away the afternoon with the Lionel B & O than bone up for a news conference anytime. This handsome book contains more than 100 photographs of Reagan dodging budget meetings with the Southern Railway, avoiding jobs bills with the Twentieth Century Limited, and ignoring foreign policy decisions with the Silver Meteor. A pictorial memoir all Americans will cherish.

The Ice Queen Cometh by Anne McGill Burford; 224 pages; 6" x 9"; fiction; $12.95. This dark and haunting first novel, reminiscent of Gabriel García Márquez and John Dean, relates the saga of a mighty government agency rife with corruption and intrigue, and the fall from grace of its directress, a classically beautiful career woman known only to her coworkers as the Ice Queen. Written with passion, integrity, and clarity of purpose, this book vividly describes the inner sufferings of Anne, a woman driven by her devotion to toxic waste and yet trapped in a profession that dictates she must clean it up. It is a gripping story of superfunds, shredders, and sweetheart deals. But it is also the story of a love so strong that even a congressional probe can't stop it. How the Ice Queen engineers her marriage in the midst of violent controversy and confuses government subpoena servers is a feat the critics will be discussing for years to come.

150 Campbell Soup Casseroles by Elizabeth Dole and Sandra Day O'Connor; 170 pages; 6" x 9"; nonfiction; illustrated; $6.95. 150 fabulous quick-fix dinners from two of America's most famous working wives. The secretary of transportation and the Supreme Court judge tell how they do it all with wit and verve. Elizabeth Dole's wonderfully eclectic and imaginative recipes include her much-discussed tuna noodle, cream of asparagus, and ham, and, of course, her Manhandler surprise casseroles. Meanwhile, Sandra Day O'Connor's chicken-with-rice mousse and her golden mushroom torte dispense justice to even the most litigious of stomachs. A delectable way to blend the demands of career and home. "I ate like a pig."—James Beard

The Queen's Visit, An American Keepsake; 128 pages; 12" x 14"; 100 photographs; nonfiction; edited by Nancy Reagan and Ed McMahon; $50. A sumptuous and elegant coffee-table book commemorating the 1983 visit of Her Majesty, Elizabeth II, queen of England, to these once colonial shores. A full-color portfolio by some of Rupert Murdoch's greatest photographers captures for all time Her Majesty with Perry Como, with Frank Sinatra, bored into oblivion by George Burns, up to her knees in mud in Santa Barbara, greeting starving animals at the San Diego Zoo, and picketed by depressed transvestites in San Francisco. A modern fairy tale come true as Queen Elizabeth wisely refuses to ride in a helicopter, and, with a gracefully stiff upper lip, allows the Reagans an anniversary night on the *Britannia.* Let them eat Dramamine! The stunning centerfold portrait of the queen with Ed McMahon is simply priceless. No American can afford to be without a copy.

DETAIL OF PAINTING BY DONALD ROLLER WILSON



SCENES

SURREEL

Nude young women, beautiful, small-breasted, and slim-hipped, march, prance, swim, dance, run, slide, and swing across the movie screen. They appear as transparent billboards, perform suggestive gymnastic feats on outthrust gun barrels, jiggle to hit records, and sometimes just float in midair. And you love it. We all do. The fantastic title sequences that **Maurice Binder** designs for the James Bond films evoke the spirit of the 007 pictures while maintaining a style and panache all their own.

Limited by time—each of his title montages runs only three minutes—Binder packs in dozens of provocative images, creating a mood that will set the tone for the picture to follow. His mixture of surreal, never-never-land settings (you see no floors, walls, or other tangible spatial presences in a Binder sequence) and nonstop motion heightens our sense of anticipation. And yet direct images from the picture (a golden gun, a scuba diver, a Russian spy girl) set us up for what is to follow, transporting us into the fantasy world of superspies and their lovely companions.

Since creating the titles for *Dr. No* in 1962, Binder has expanded them from film to film, and today his sequences rival the full-length movies for ingenuity and creativity, actually surpassing them in terms of nudity and erotic content.

The Bond pictures have never depended on nudity, and yet since *Thunderball* in 1965, Binder has had his models perform in the buff.

"I handle things very carefully," Binder says. "I'm very careful about pubic hair and things like that, but bikini lines show when you're shooting in profile or silhouette, so the girls have got to be starkers." Ironically, the full frontal nudity in *Thunderball* didn't elicit any sort of shocked response from the public, though Binder's montage outstripped the "daring" display of a woman's breasts that same year in Sidney Lumet's film *The Pawnbroker*.

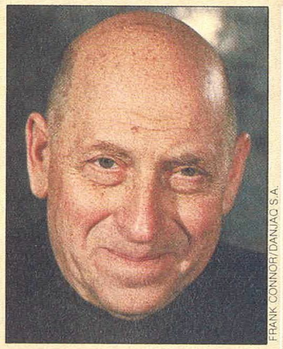
"I've never thought of myself or my work as innovative," says Binder. "But others must think so, because my techniques have been copied endlessly in television commercials, title sequences ('Charlie's Angels' being the most blatant), and in other pictures. My attitude has always been that by having others snapping at my heels I have to keep thinking instead of being allowed to stagnate and become a relic. That's why the Bond films have been around for twenty years. We've been copied so much that we've had to come up with new ideas in order to remain fresh. The audience may know what to expect in terms of style, humor, action, and gimmicks, but we're always killing ourselves to make things better than they were the last time."

Typically, Binder works off the top of his head as he shoots, consulting a few notes he may have jotted down on scraps of paper prior to arriving on the sound stage. "But it all really happens when I'm there," says Binder. "Just me, the girls, and the camera. I try to just let things happen. If a girl is doing something fabulous, I just tell her to continue that or do this, and maybe I'll zoom out or do something different to make it exciting. The most fun, of course, is when Roger [Moore] comes down to appear in a title sequence. He's always pinching the girls to make them laugh, so it takes longer, but he really has the right spirit of the situation."

The counterpoint to Binder's visuals is the title songs that top composers and lyricists write for the pictures. "That's my only tie to reality," says Binder. "Whatever they say in the song can't be totally different from what's on screen. If someone's singing, 'I see your eyes in a thousand dreams,' and I have a big behind on screen, I have to rework the section.

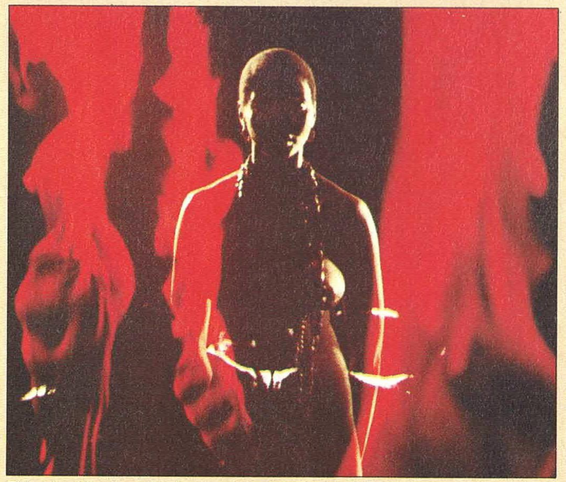
"The best situations, of course, are those where I can work directly with the composers to create a seamless montage. That happened on *Live and Let Die* (1973), when Paul McCartney wrote the title song. I sat down with him and explained what I was going to do, showing him the titles from the other Bond films. Then we discussed the particulars of *Live and Let Die*. It had voodoo and West Indian stuff in it, so I said, 'There are times I would like a break to fast voodoo beats that then return to the slow rhythm you could start off with.' And Paul was just great. The song started with a nice, slow introduction, then cut to a very fast rhythm, and then went back to the slow beat again. It worked absolutely perfectly."

Maurice Binder's contribution to the James Bond pictures has been a tangible and deep-rooted one, yet his taste in women's bodies is almost the opposite of that of the producers. Where they have tended to choose big-breasted, statuesque amazons, Binder has resolutely stuck with his coltish collection of slim beauties. His sense of humor, however, meshes with that of the main unit, and his visuals, though dreamlike, really capture the essence of Bond. "My title sequence for *Octopussy*, the latest Bond, is like a miniature musical," he says. "But instead of *Singing in the Rain* I have my girls diving into the audience's subconscious."—*James Delson*

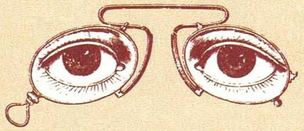


FRANK CONNOR/DANJAQ S.A.

Binder: miniature musicals.



Titles by Maurice Binder: evoking the spirit of the James Bond films.



COMPUTERS

HOME EDUCATION

Most of us know that home computers can be used to play video games. There are hundreds of game programs for the most popular game-playing home computers, which are the Atari 400 and 800, Apple *II*e, VIC 20, and Texas Instruments 99/4A.

Home computers can assist us in a variety of other fields as well. There are programs to help us prepare and balance a budget, calculate federal and state income taxes, catalog and file stamp, coin, and book collections, and keep Christmas lists and kitchen recipes.

One field in which computers are becoming quite valuable is education; teaching programs are available for both children and adults. Computers can help us learn in ways that texts and workbooks cannot. In many cases, they can be even more effective than a private tutor.

Computers make learning fun. There are programs that put arithmetic problems inside of space aliens (such as $4 + 6$, 5×7, etc.). When the student types in the correct answer on the keyboard, the menacing alien noisily explodes in a colorful cloud of space shrapnel. The student must respond quickly and accurately to prevent the alien from reaching the bottom of the screen and "destroying his planet." While the child is learning arithmetic, he's totally preoccupied with a space battle. There are dozens of programs that combine entertainment and learning. Children often become totally mesmerized with the game, spending hours with the computer, not even realizing that they're learning anything.

There are also learning/entertainment programs for adults. One program that teaches typing prints words in each of the four corners of the screen. Each word gradually approaches a box in the center. The words are destroyed if the user types it in correctly. If the word reaches the box, an "explosion" occurs and the player "loses." I've played this game for hours (and I know how to type); it's fully as much fun as a Space Invaders battle.

Computers grade students instantaneously. Computers can tell the user how well he did—responding in milliseconds. For example, in the above typing program, the words-per-minute is calculated and shown by the computer. Another typing package capitalizes on the lightning speed of computers and displays the student's typing speed while he's typing!

Immediately after completing a spelling or arithmetic exercise, the student can be graded on the number or percentage of right and wrong answers; there's no need to wait for tests to be returned by the teacher the next day.

Computers can serve as patient and helpful personal tutors. If the student gives an incorrect reply, the computer can assist him in finding the right answer, most commonly by displaying verbal or graphics clues on the screen. Messages can be personalized. Many programs ask the student to type in his name at the beginning of the exercise. Subsequent messages then say, for example, "Congratulations, Debbie. That was real good!"

Computers make the student want to study. Rather than reading a dry textbook or writing answers into a workbook, the child sees bright colors, hears humorous sounds or pleasant music, or watches animated characters on the screen. He often continues the exercise just to see what the computer's going to do next.

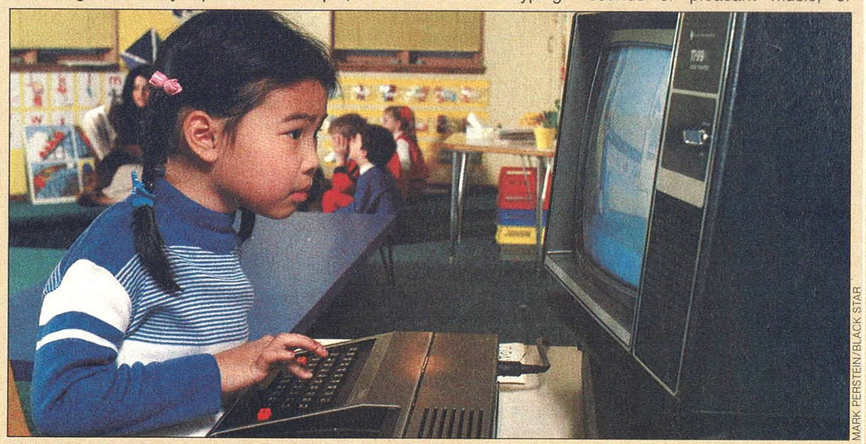
Children's programs cover a variety of subjects. Toddlers can learn nursery rhymes by singing along with their mother as they watch colorful pictorials on the screen acting out the story line.

Elementary school children are taught spelling, reading, and arithmetic. More advanced subjects include algebra, trigonometry, calculus, geography, physics, chemistry, and biology. Adult education programs teach over a dozen languages, how to read and write music, diet analysis, and advertising techniques. There's even software that instructs one in how to program a computer.

Currently the best computers for learning, in my opinion, are the Atari 800 and Apple *II*e. This is because of the many educational programs of excellent quality available for these computers.

These computers are not inexpensive, however. The Atari 800 costs around $500; the Apple *II*e sells for about $1,300. Many of the better learning programs come on little disks (called floppy disks or diskettes), which require the purchase of a disk drive. These generally cost $400 to $500.

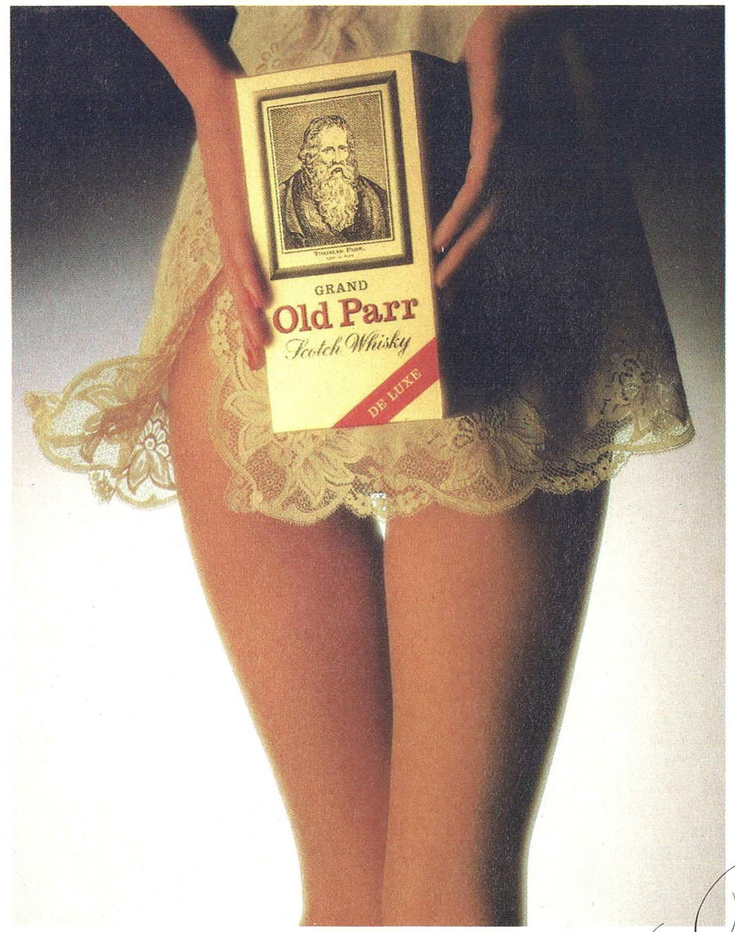
For less expensive learning, Commodore Business Machines manufactures the VIC 20. This popular computer (more than one million have been produced) sells for $150 and up. No attachments are required, since Commodore produces cartridges that slide into the computer console. VIC 20 programs are limited in number and versatility, but educational games are available in most fields of interest. Educational cartridges are also produced for the Texas Instruments 99/4A computer (which sells for $150 and up) and the Radio Shack Color Computer 16K ($300).—*Ken Uston*



MARK PERSTEIN/BLACK STAR

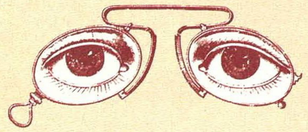
Better than a private tutor: computers help us learn in ways that textbooks cannot.

"All I can give a man who has everything is more of the same".



Old Parr De Luxe Scotch Whisky

Old Parr



FILMS

NEW JERSEY ROMANCE

Until now the John Sayles phenomenon has been hard to ignore but easy enough to resist. Still in his early thirties, Sayles has already published two novels and a collection of short stories, received a National Book Award nomination, and written several schlock screenplays, including two of the silliest in the history of cinema—*Piranha* in 1978 and, last year, *The Challenge.* All this might have been easy both to resist *and* to ignore if it weren't for Sayles's own films—serious, low budget, and popular beyond all expectation. *The Return of the Secaucus 7* (1980) and *Lianna* (1982) both deal with articulate, intelligent academic professionals or near professionals turning thirty and now facing the first unsurmountable disillusionments of their lives. They are characters with whom many people who write about movies—and a lot of the people who go to movies—can identify. So there have been rave reviews. There have also been lines to the end of the block, for months, at the theater where *Lianna* has been playing in my Manhattan neighborhood.

I've stood in that line twice now, and *Lianna* remains a profoundly incompetent movie that does not improve with a second seeing. But John Sayles improves, spectacularly, with his latest feature. In everything but its awful title, ***Baby, It's You*** looks like the emergence of a major talent. In some ways it doesn't represent such a new departure. It is, from the Hoboken-based Sayles, another New Jersey movie. It's another movie built partially around the experience of being in college. And, though it meets them at an earlier age, it is another movie about the people of his generation.

Baby, It's You takes place mostly in Trenton, in the mid-1960s, when its middle-class Jewish heroine is ending her last year in high school before going on to study acting at Sarah Lawrence, and its blue-collar Italian hero is ending his last year in high school with an expulsion, a late-night amateur burglary, and a one-way ticket to a dishwasher's job in Miami Beach. Compared with *The Return of the Secaucus 7*—antiwar protestors hold a reunion ten years later—or *Lianna*—a young faculty wife falls madly for the woman who teaches her child psychology—this is conventional movie stuff. Love across the social barriers has been done before. So has the story that runs: boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl in the end.

And yet that ending, a college dance where the rock group plays "Strangers in the Night" at the boy's request, because he worships Frank Sinatra, while he and the girl slowly circle the darkly lit dance floor, remains open enough to satisfy anyone's sense of irresolution. Sheik (Vincent Spano) has driven all the way up from Florida in a car he's stolen. Jill (Rosanna Arquette) welcomes him partly because she has nobody else; the cleverest girl in high school is proving a resounding dud in college. But the terms of their reunion are one thing; the emotional aura that surrounds it is something else. The something else makes this film different from what's gone before. Sayles has never lacked for verisimilitude. The recognition values in *Lianna* and *Secaucus 7* have been perhaps their principal recommendation to an audience of literate, liberal young adults. Those values remain but are filtered through some qualities you won't find even in the most sophisticated social-studies texts. And if they make *Baby, It's You* a more typical romance, they also provide an elegance, a depth of feeling, and—the first I've seen of this in Sayles—a bid to transcend mere detailed observation of its world.

Sheik (his nickname—after a brand of condom), an incongruous high-school Lothario with slicked-back hair, narrow tie, and sharkskin suit, belongs as much to fable as to real life. One night, out of frustrated desire, he kidnaps Jill, and the adventure (he doesn't use bullets in the kidnap pistol, and of course he gets her home early so her parents won't worry) becomes the centerpiece of her life. She tells the story to impress friends one drunken night at Sarah Lawrence, and she impresses nobody except us, because the scene is of a heartbreaking nervousness, pathos, and beauty. There's nothing like this in the earlier Sayles movies—though there is plenty of reaching for effect—nothing so complex in its ironies and sympathies, and nothing so expert as filmed drama. The difference comes partly from the brilliant performance of Rosanna Arquette, a relative newcomer and Sayles's first actress of any consequence. It comes also from the skill of cinematographer Michael Ballhaus, who shot most of the better Fassbinder movies over the past dozen years. And it comes because the Amy Robinson story on which Sayles based his screenplay actually completes an action rather than just opening up situations, like the lesbianism of *Lianna* or the pre-midlife crises of *Secaucus 7.* As lovers, Jill and Sheik may not have much future, but they have a past and a rather glamorous present. In the John Sayles films, people talk a lot; that's what they mainly know how to do. Jill and Sheik have fewer words but more to talk about, and their movie has a sad and funny and lovely tale to tell.—*Roger Greenspun*

Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano in John Sayles's Baby, It's You: *love across the social barriers.*

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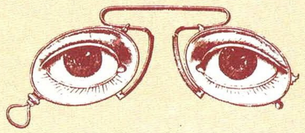


WORDS

HIGH SUSPENSE

If a heavy social life allows you to read only one book this summer, better make it a mystery. Mystery and suspense books are all the rage, anyway, with authors in these once plebeian genres now dominating the best-seller lists.

Horror master Stephen King has conjured up his most devilish villain to date in ***Christine*** (Viking). The coyly named fiend is a 1958 Plymouth Fury with a customized red and white bod, flashy grillwork, and the macabre power to repair her own parts by running backward in time. It's love at first sight for Arnie, the pimply teenager who rescues this little beauty from the junk heap.

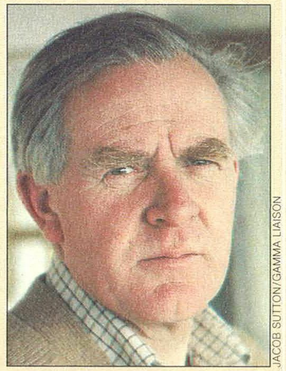
Ever the self-indulgent stylist, King pisses away half his book in developing Arnie into a mythic-sized symbol of what he calls the "downtrodden class" of teenaged losers. But when Christine finally rolls out of the body shop in all her revitalized splendor, the horrifying plot finally switches into high gear. Haunted in some unexplained manner by the old sleazebag who once owned her, Christine goes on a vengeful rampage, bashing and smashing in loathsomely colorful fashion all her "enemies," who promptly hop into the backseat as ghost riders.

King has really pulled it all together: the transcendental coupling of kids and cars; the '50s nostalgia nuttiness; the timeless antagonism between teenagers and adults; and that final, brilliant connection between rock 'n' roll, old cars, and danger.

Dick Francis is also back on the track again, after last season's uncharacteristically lame *Twice Shy*. Despite its title, ***Banker*** (Putnam) splendidly indulges its author's obsession with the horse-racing world, a subject in which he continues to find fresh variety and vigor, even after two dozen novels.

It is one of Francis's amusing quirks to introduce drably dull protagonists among the more animated eccentrics who normally populate his turf. Here, it's a young banker who gets involved with the horsey crowd when his bank risks a chancy $5 million loan on a breeder who wants to buy a champion racing stallion. The chap turns out to be a closet fan of the sport and a knowledgeable guide to its interior workings.

The roughest stuff in *Banker* is not, as one might suppose, the obligatory murder scenes but the grisly accounts of diseased and deformed foals that mysteriously result from the breeding efforts of the thoroughbred stud.



JACOB SUTTON/GAMMA LIAISON

John le Carré: alien territory.

Francis arrives at the solution of this nasty mystery in his usual efficient style. But not before he has won our thorough absorption in horse breeding, veterinary medicine, and other unlikely matters of profound fascination.

The animals are out in force in Joseph Wambaugh's ***The Delta Star*** (Morrow/Perigord), a tangle of lunatic plot threads that makes a tenuous connection between a murdered streetwalker and a Soviet submarine.

Of course, the *real* action takes place in Leery's Saloon, where the battle-scarred Rampart Station cops take what is laughingly known as their leisure. On a typical night, the Bad Czech will be screaming philosophical obscenities and smashing up the bar. Hans and Ludwig of the K-9 Corps (guess which one's the dog) will be sucking on the same beer and puking on the pool table. Amazon policewoman Jane Wayne will drag some sex object onto the coffin-sized dance floor. And one of the druggies is sure to get blasted.

DAN MCMULLEN

New mystery-and-suspense novels: three hits and one miss.

Wambaugh's portraits are crude, cruel, and insanely funny caricatures. But for all his wildly comic excesses, he never neglects to make the human connection between his mad-dog cops and the grim reality of the shitty work they do for a living.

It's sad to report that John le Carre's ***The Little Drummer Girl*** (Knopf) is not in the same class with such recent triumphs as *Tinker*, *Tailor*, *Soldier*, *Spy* and *Smiley's People*. For one thing, it's too easy to follow what's going on. No light criticism that, since the pleasure of Le Carré's plots has always rested on their intricate superstructures and byzantine byways.

The situation here is straightforward: an Israeli intelligence plot to penetrate a Palestinian terrorist organization through the artful device of brainwashing an English actress to act as a counterspy. The intrigue is an elaborate one, and its subtle details are drawn out in Le Carré's usual meticulous and thoughtful manner. But for once, it's easy to nod off without missing any crucial plot twist.

More critical, though, the novel offers no character on the astounding mental order of—let's say it—George Smiley. There's an Israeli intelligence officer who keeps promising to turn into a figure of intriguing complexity. But Le Carré keeps him cooped up behind cryptic hints and tantalizing evasions. We learn more about what's going on in the actress's mind, but it turns out to be such girlishly romantic stuff, and of such dubious intellectual quality, that the author's interest in her seems both misdirected and mystifying.

Le Carré shows lots of guts to venture into such alien territory; but at the risk of sounding less intrepid than he, we'll just pass, thank you, until the great man gets over his aberrant enchantment with pretty actresses with doughnut-hole brains.—*Marilyn Stasio*

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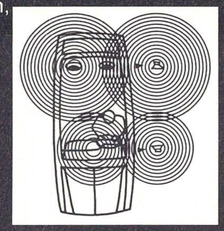

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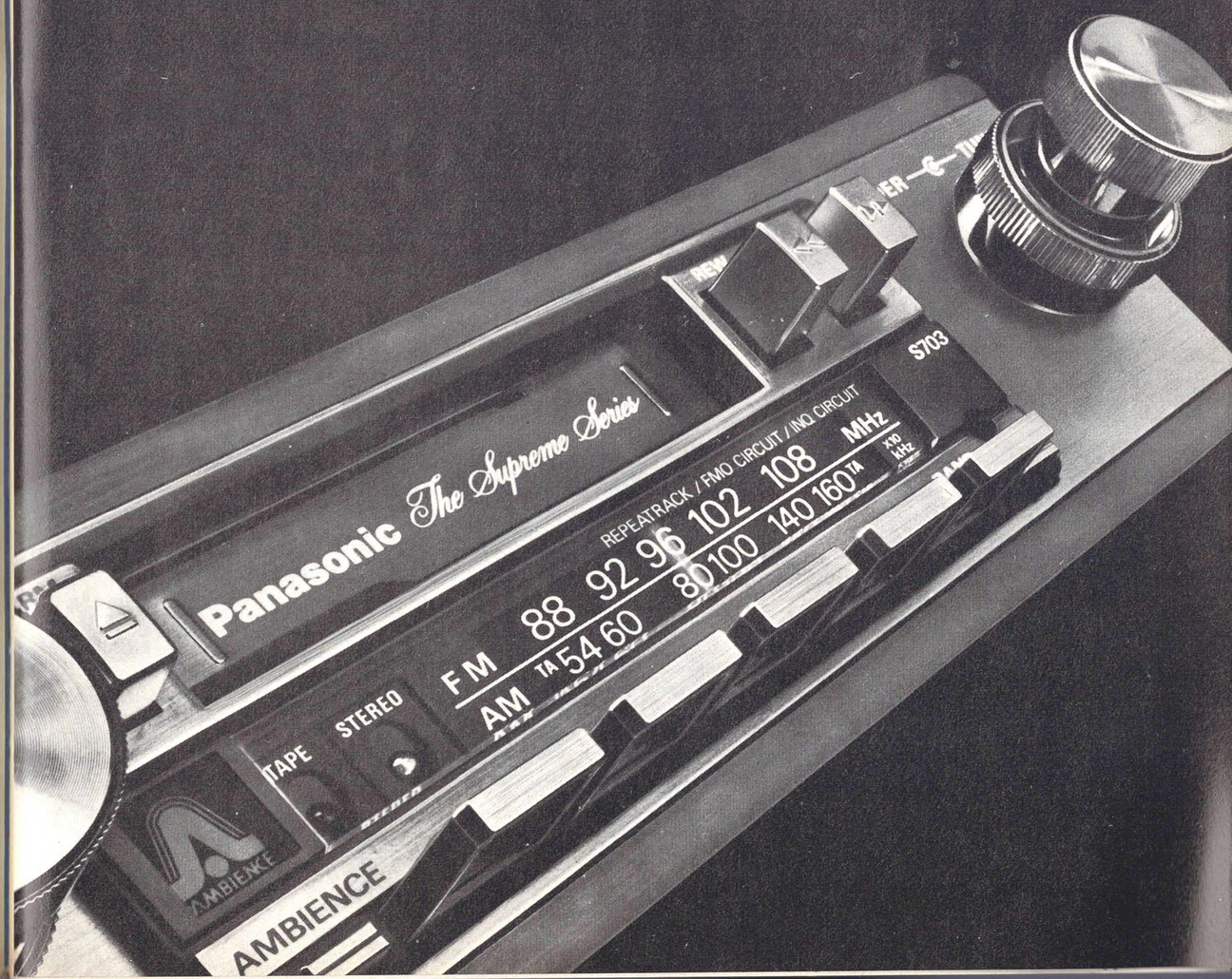
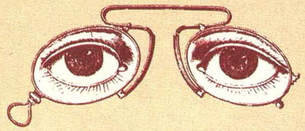




SOUNDS

AND THE BEAT GOES ON Halfway into the first show of his triumphant American tour, Nigeria's **King Sunny Ade** stopped picking his guitar long enough to raise his hand and wipe the sweat from his brow. But he wasn't quick enough. Before he could complete the gesture, a man from the audience who was wearing traditional Nigerian garb leaped onto the stage, a wad of dollar bills clutched in his hand. And as Ade smiled broadly, the man plastered one of the bills onto his sweaty forehead. The Nigerians in the crowd roared their approval, Ade smiled broadly, and the man jumped back into the audience. Ade's eighteen-man band didn't miss a beat.

By the end of the three-hour show, the stage of New York's Savoy Theater was littered with paper money, and King Sunny Ade, already a major pop star in West Africa, was the talk of New York City.

King Sunny Ade and his African Beats were an unknown quantity when they first arrived in the U.S. Their first American album, *Juju Music* (Mango), had won almost unanimous critical acclaim following its release last year. Many pop music critics named it one of the year's ten best albums, and some began searching record store import bins for copies of Ade's earlier discs. But no matter how keenly a few fans anticipated Ade's visit, they were hardly prepared for the overwhelming experience of seeing him in the flesh.

There was so much to see, and to hear. The African Beats usually number between twenty and twenty-five musicians, and though Sunny Ade had brought only eighteen men with him, his band was still larger than many American big bands and orchestras. Five robust singers stood along the front of the stage, blending their voices in the rich traditional harmonies of Nigeria's Yoruba people. Four electric guitarists played four separate rhythm parts that always interlocked tightly. There were a drummer, an electric bassist, and several percussionists, including two African talking drums, which vary in pitch, sounding a little like deep, resonant timpani. And to top it all off, a man in colorful tribal clothing sat behind a regulation Nashville-style pedal steel guitar, which added twangy lead lines, fed through echo devices and various other electronic modifiers.

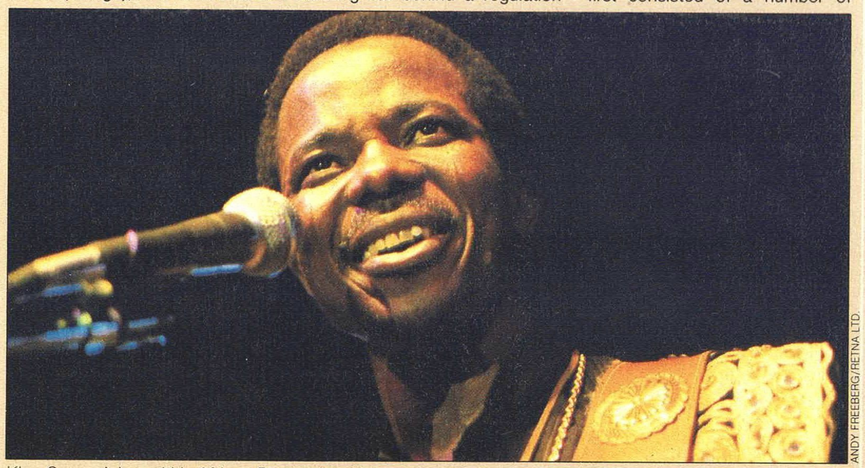
But the size of the band wasn't as impressive as its tightness. The African Beats were the tightest band most American listeners had ever heard, as tight as the tightest American trio or quartet and much tighter than any larger group.

The booming bass patterns, which sounded like the work of one musician, proved on closer inspection to be the work of four—the bass player, the drummer (using his bass drum), and the two talking drummers. The four guitars meshed seamlessly, though Sunny Ade himself was picking a guitar with a capo halfway up the neck, and using some well-chosen electronic modifiers. His watery, high-pitched picking sounded something like an electric harpsichord, and when he dueled with the steel guitarist, the two of them fleetingly recalled early-sixties surf bands like the Ventures.

At most of their American concerts, Ade and the African Beats played two hour-long sets. The first consisted of a number of short, concise pop songs, with catchy melodies carried by one of the several lead vocalists and answered by the chorus, and with room for occasional solos from Sunny Ade or the steel guitarist. The rhythms didn't charge or push along like American funk or rock 'n' roll; this music flowed with a mighty, pulsing power, like a great river. If you listened carefully, you could hear a number of different rhythms, all syncopated against a basic cowbell part and reminiscent of the clave rhythm that's the rhythmic basis of much Latin music. Nothing in American popular music begins to approach the complexity of Sunny Ade's juju music. But his music fits together so perfectly that it doesn't *sound* complex—just strongly kinetic and purposeful.

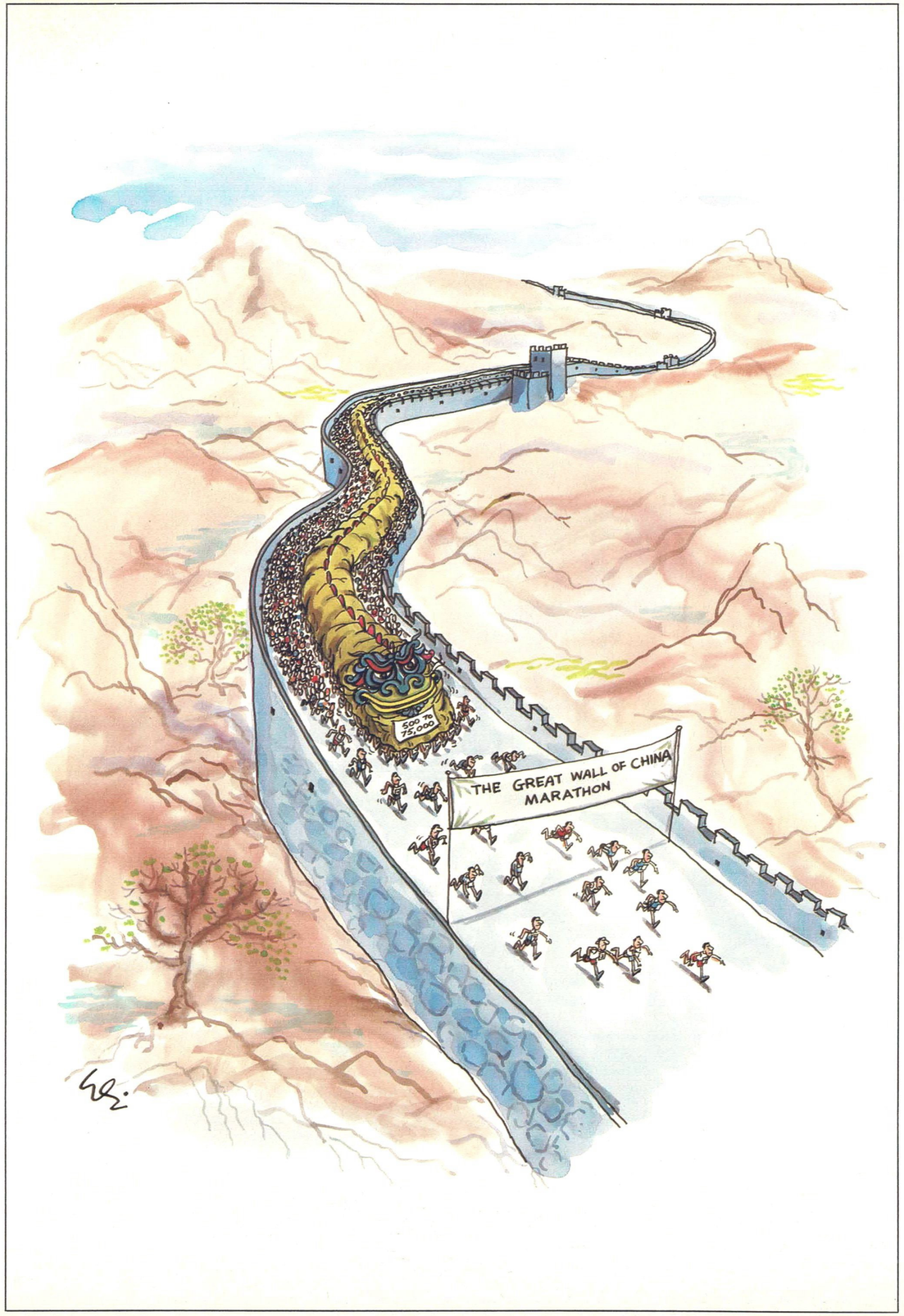
Many listeners felt drained after the first set and wondered if the second would be an anticlimax. Instead, it was even more powerful. It was something like an improvisational performance by the Grateful Dead—a kind of medley but without breaks between tunes, with plenty of improvised solos, and with those irresistible rhythms pulsing along throughout.

Chris Blackwell, the president of Island Records and the man who built Bob Marley into an international superstar before Marley's death in 1981, is responsible for Ade's recording career in the U.S. Shortly after the Savoy concert, someone asked Blackwell whether Ade is going to be the next Bob Marley. Blackwell was so overcome by the performance he could only nod his head mutely. Ade has a bit of Marley's remarkable stage presence, his charisma. His smile looks like it could light up several city blocks, and when he is onstage leading his band he is, like James Brown, in complete control. With any luck, he'll be the next Bob Marley, all right, and soon.—*Robert Palmer*



ANDY FREEBERG/RETNA LTD.

King Sunny Ade and his African Beats win critical acclaim: Bob Marley's successor arrives.



PART ONE

Yoko Ono's psychic
and tarot card reader reveals for the first time his account
of the temper tantrums
and strange disappearances that characterized rock music's
most bizarre and
tumultuous marriage. John and Yoko. If only they could
give peace a chance.

JOHN AND YOKO: THE FINAL YEARS

BY JOHN GREEN

I first met John Lennon on Groundhog Day of 1975. I had been lured out of my Fifth Avenue burrow for the occasion by Yoko. It was, she said, an emergency.

I was used to Yoko's emergencies. They happened day and night. They came in two varieties: routine and titanic. "The cat is under the sofa and what should we do?" was a routine emergency. A $60 million lawsuit was the other kind.

The phone call came at an atypically civilized hour: 6:47 P.M. I immediately assumed the worst. Having been conditioned by long months of 2:00 A.M. calls waking me from a dead sleep to ask if I "had some time," I instinctively mistrusted the convenience of the hour. Convenient emergencies are generally the worst kind.

"John's home!" Yoko rasped.

This might not have qualified as an "emergency" but it certainly qualified as news. Fifteen months earlier, in October 1973, John had walked out the front door saying he was going for a paper. There had been a few phone calls since then, but for the most part his exact whereabouts during that time had been more or less a mystery. According to Yoko, his return was as sudden and unexpected as his departure. Apparently he simply showed up

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at the door and said, "No papers!"

"And . . .?" I urged, bracing myself.

"And I think he's been poisoned!"

"And . . . ?"

"And you have to read for him right away. It's an emergency."

"I'll be right there," I answered, but Yoko had already hung up. She knew I would come. I got paid for this sort of thing. I was Yoko Ono's Grand Exalted Number One Wizard, Tarot Card Reader, and All-Round Panjandrum, on call all day and every day, and every night as well, all for the purse-wrenching fee of one hundred dollars a week.

It's a living.

Half an hour later I was sitting with Yoko in the "White Room," one of the ten large rooms in the Lennons' apartment in that grand old New York landmark building, the Dakota. The White Room, so called because every last thing in it was white—walls, ceiling, blinds, rug, piano, and the two large sofas that filled the corner of the room nearest the door—was the apartment's formal living room. The fact that I was to read tarot cards there, rather than in the bedroom or the kitchen, indicated the seriousness of the moment.

"John's here," Yoko said, as if that explained everything.

"You said that."

"You have to read for him."

"You said that, too."

"But he doesn't know who you are."

"Tell him," I suggested.

"You don't understand! If he thinks you have the same name as he does he will be jealous."

"I'll leave," I volunteered.

"No, no! You have to read for him." This was going to be difficult. "Remember when John was in Florida and you kept giving me information from the cards about what he was feeling and where he was so I could always find him?"

I nodded. Guessing which motel your client's husband is holed up in that day is a neat trick. I was rather proud of our success. Yoko would collect the names of every likely motel in the area and then we would read cards on each one of them in succession to see where John was most likely to be. Our success rate had been good, which was important, because a call to the wrong place asking for John Lennon could easily start undesirable rumors as to why he was there and with whom. As pleased as I had been at our success, however, I was unsure as to why Yoko was referring to it now. She explained.

"Well, he asked me how I could always find him, because he thought I was having him followed and I wasn't, you know. So I told him that it was my new psychic, because he likes psychics too, and he asked what your name was and I told him and he said, 'You know, if we ever get back together again I want you to get rid of that psychic.' So now we're back together and I told him I did—get rid of you, you know—so now I can't tell him who you are, so you're Charlie Swan. That's what I told him, see?"

"I'm Charlie?"

"Yes, you have to do it. I told him, you see? No, promise! I'll get him now." So saying, she launched herself from the sofa. Pausing briefly, she turned to warn me, "Remember, you're Charlie Swan, Charlie," and then she was gone.

She was gone only a few minutes. When she returned she was leading John like a prize Holstein-Frisian. There he was, John Lennon, somehow larger than life. There were the famous little round glasses, bent nose, and tight smile. Less expected was the curious visual impact he made: he radiated.

"Hello, Charles," he chimed as he stuck out his hand in his best hail-fellow manner.

We clasped hands while Yoko smiled on with motherly pride. Looking straight at me, she asked, "Would you like to come to the kitchen for some coffee, John?"

> "The press is a weird critter and the public loves babies," said John. "Sean will be so famous no one will remember who his father was."

Then she sucked in her breath a little to underscore her error.

"John?" whooped John. "You call ol' Charles here John, Yoko? He's not John, *I* am! He's Charles. Aren't you, Charles?"

"So I'm told."

We silently made the mile-long trek to the kitchen, where John and I drew up chairs. Yoko got the coffee. No one spoke.

I was more than a little nervous. This was, of course, *John Lennon*, megacelebrity, and I was going to read his future with seventy-eight little pieces of cardboard—the tarot deck.

"This is John's reading," I said. Yoko knew spectators weren't allowed in tarot readings. "Perhaps you'd excuse us?" It wasn't really a question.

"It's all right, John," Yoko insisted. "I know what you are going to ask about: being poisoned."

This had the effect of suddenly reminding John that he was supposedly poisoned, and that his previously buoyant demeanor was perhaps not quite the best impression to convey under the circumstances. He promptly slumped in his chair, trying to look pale, with the identifiably sickly expression of a man who had been off with his girl friend May Pang for a year and was wise enough on his return not to appear too happy too soon. All was *not* forgiven.

"It's all right, John," pressed Yoko. "You can ask anything. We don't have any secrets, do we?"

"Okay," he answered. By now, he looked genuinely ill.

I shuffled the cards and laid each with care in its proper position. The result looked something like a cross between a stained-glass window and the molecular structure of a compound salt. "You'll have to give me a minute to read this," I said to John. "They're not in English."

"We think John's been poisoned," volunteered Yoko.

I squirmed and twitched in deliberation, following the map of cards. "Well," I said, heaving a sigh and dragging lengthily on my cigarette for effect. "You haven't been poisoned."

Yoko, used to more elaborate answers, wanted more. "What else does it say? We think she put it in John's tea."

But there was nothing in the cards that said poison and I *always* trust the cards, so I chose to stand pat. John looked down at the twenty-two cards laid out on the table and I could see he wanted more. I suspected that the poison story was a ruse to get sympathy. He now stared at me mistrustfully.

"How do you know I haven't been poisoned?"

I turned toward him so that Yoko couldn't see my face and said, with a smile but in a very grave tone, "The same way I know it was jasmine tea." I had made that up. No one had mentioned jasmine tea, but playing the hunch that the story was fake I used it as an opening to show John that I had found him out and wasn't going to betray him.

His eyes grew wide with understanding. "That's amazing," he cooed, echoing one of Yoko's favorite expressions. The pact was formed. "How did you know it was jasmine tea?"

"I'm psychic."

"It's good you weren't poisoned," said Yoko, a little disappointed by the anticlimax.

"A great relief," agreed John. Then he seemed to fall to musing, his gaze roving about the room patiently, whistling under his breath.

"I get it," snapped Yoko. "You want me to leave the room."

John folded his face into an engaging smile and fluttered his eyelids at her. "I'll be in the White Room if you need me," she huffed, and left.

"Good night, dear," he called after her.

John held his expression fixedly on the closed door, waiting for her reentry until experience told him she had passed the point of no return. Then he turned his attention toward me.

Drawing a breath and brightening, he said, "You know, Charles, this is a histori-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

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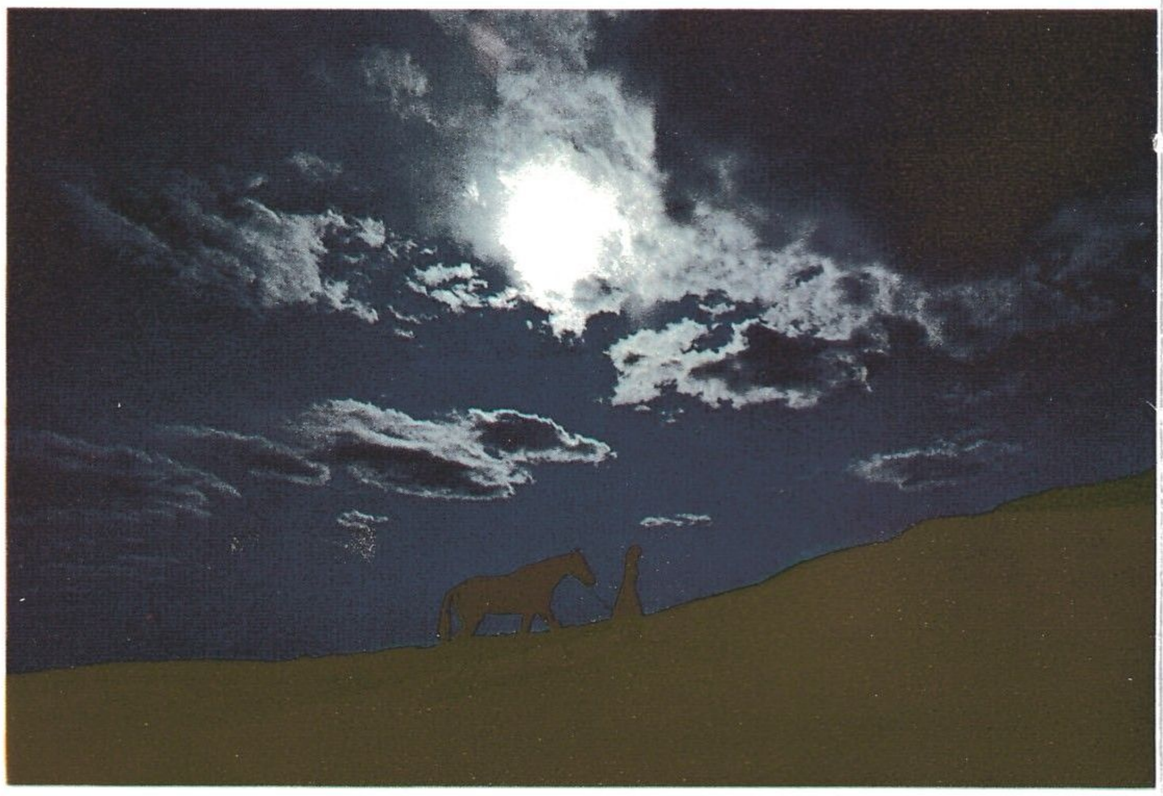
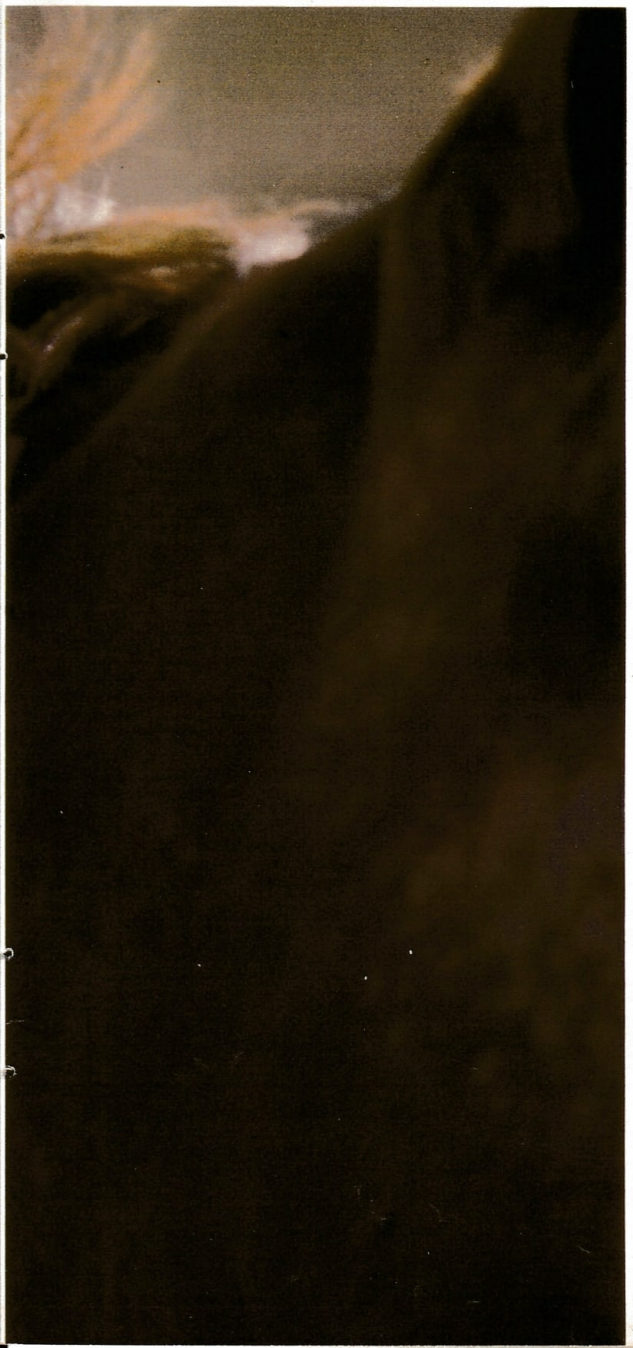


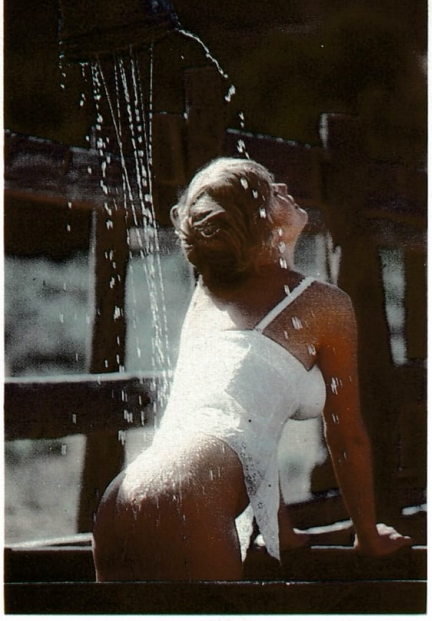
ALL'S WELL WITH HER WORLD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE WAYDA

Men come and go in the short, happy life of Francis McAmish, but Patches, her stallion since childhood, remains a constant companion. A native of Biloxi, Miss., our Pet has the best of both worlds: a neck of woods to wander in, a sandy strip of beach to bask on. Small wonder Francis describes herself as a product of her dual environment: earthy, but also rather salty.

Just turned twenty this spring, our lovely Lady Godiva's still a free agent. "Patches is my mane man," she puns, "but a handsome knight on a big white charger might give him a run for his money."

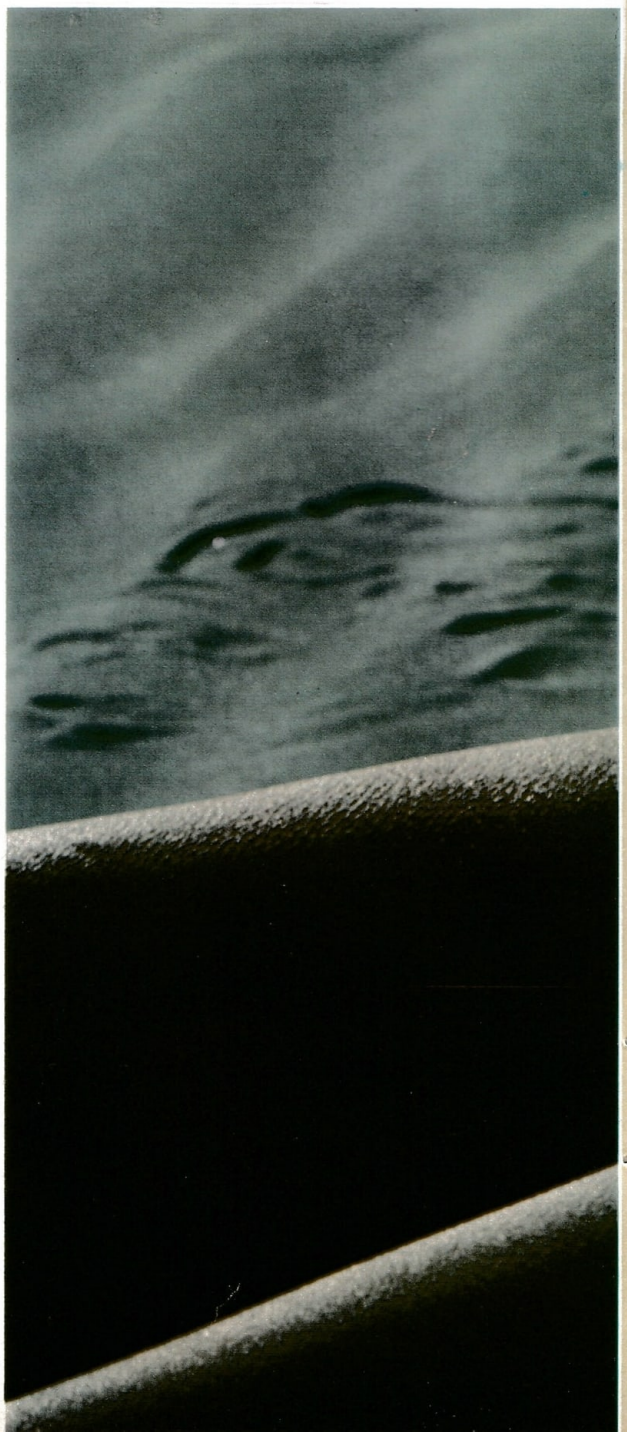




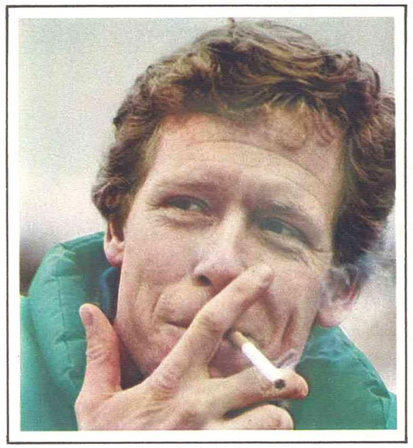
But how does a knight compete? Settle, like Patches, for cold oat husks and dried grass at every meal? Let Francis get on top whenever she wants? "That's a *start*," smiles our 35-24-36-inch equestrienne, washing off after a ride.

The sight of Francis in the hay inflames the southern imagination. "A boyfriend once called me his barn-burner, à la Faulkner; another simply said I'm a long, tall drink of water..."

On weekdays, our Pet's a buyer for a local boutique. ("I'm told I look great in clothes.") But day or night, dust or sand, land or briny foam, it's clear that for this blond bit of heaven, all's well with the world.



All Out Taste.



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There are nearly half
as many convicts on parole as there are
in prison. Is it any
wonder our streets aren't safe?

BY JOHN GODWIN

PAROLE
WHOSE LIFE IS IT, ANYWAY?

The three gunmen hit the Landover, Md., liquor store just as it opened for business. The men drenched the elderly proprietor, his wife, and a delivery man in flammable liquid, set them on fire, and burned them to death. They mowed down another employee as he tried to escape. A veteran homicide detective called the holdup scene "the goriest sight I've ever laid eyes on."

One of the bandits turned out to be a freshly paroled cop killer. He had served exactly six years for shooting a D.C. policeman over a traffic violation.

In October 1978, Dennis Chubbuck raped sixteen-year-old Boston high school student Denise Daly. When she screamed he used two large rocks to pound her head to a pulp. At the time, Chubbuck was out on parole after doing ten months for attempted rape and assault with a dangerous weapon. If he had been made to complete only half of his original sentence, the girl would still be alive.

Stanley Nelson of San Francisco is a black man with an apparently obsessive hatred for black prostitutes. He burned, slashed, and gouged four of them, killing two in the process and dumping their mutilated bodies in dark streets. Brought to trial, he pleaded guilty on two counts of second-degree murder and drew "five to life"—one of those indeterminate sentences that leave the actual duration in the hands of the parole board.

The parole board members decided that seven years behind bars was sufficient punishment for a couple of torture killings. They sprang Nelson, although the judge had labeled him "totally unredeemable." In February 1982, Mr. Nelson was back in court. His latest victim was still breathing, though badly scarred on her face and breasts. This time he got a straight sentence of twenty years . . . a determination that again leaves Stanley Nelson eligible for parole at some future date.

Richard Speck is serving eight consecutive life sentences—one for each of the eight Chicago nurses he slaughtered back in 1966. But by some miracle of legal mathematics he became automatically eligible for parole after ten years, with special credit for good behavior. So now the Illinois Pardon and Parole Board meets annually to decide whether to free a man supposedly imprisoned for eight lifetimes!

The same Alice in Wonderland ritual is performed year after year over Charles Manson (doing life for five murders), Herbert Mullin (life for eleven murders), Edmund Kemper (eight murders, including his mother), John Frazier (five murders), Sirhan Sirhan (life for shooting Robert Kennedy), and scores of less illustrious killers, some of them carrying double, triple, and quadruple life stretches.

The whole procedure reads like a satire on the U.S. judiciary. Recent figures from the federal Bureau of Justice Statistics showed there were nearly half as many convicts on parole—223,800—as in federal and state prisons—509,308. But behind the farcical front lies a deadly serious national conflict.

"The basic problem is that we can't seem to decide on what to do with our criminals," explains sociologist and lecturer Lomond Hutton. "We're constantly wavering between the opposing principles of rehabilitation versus retribution. And the resultant contradictions are tearing apart our entire criminal justice system.

"You might say that guys like Speck, Manson, and Sirhan fell through the cracks in the system. Originally they were all sentenced to death. Then, when the Supreme Court suspended capital punishment, they got life imprisonment. Only we don't have genuine life sentences. Every lifer or multiple-lifer fits into some kind of parole slot. Why?" He shrugged. "Because we still shrink from warehousing people until they die. We feel we should at

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least uphold the pretense of rehabilitation. Anyway, there's not much chance of those fellows being paroled for a long while yet."

Hutton may be wrong on that score. Sirhan already had his parole date set for February 1984 when a tremendous public outcry forced authorities to rescind the date and keep him in a bit longer. Just how long seems to depend mainly on the degree of public fury his release would engender.

Leslie Van Houten, prettiest member of the Manson family, came within an inch of freedom at her fourth parole hearing last spring. She is doing "life" for helping in the butchery of the pregnant Sharon Tate and four other people. Outside supporters had gathered 900 signatures on petitions urging her release, and several law officials told reporters that they thought her "a good rehabilitation prospect."

Unfortunately for Leslie, Doris Tate—Sharon's mother—stepped into the act. She collected more than 10,000 signatures in her own petition drive, demanding that her daughter's killers stay in prison. The parole people promptly postponed Leslie's next hearing until 1985, and one district attorney was heard to growl: "We seem to have reached the point where prison releases are decided by popularity contests."

Jimmy Lee Smith was luckier. Together with Gregory Powell, he kidnapped two Los Angeles policemen, drove them to a remote area, and cold-bloodedly executed one. The other escaped in the darkness. Both killers were paroled convicts. Their crime achieved worldwide notoriety through the best-seller and subsequent movie *The Onion Field*.

Both went through the customary rigmarole: sentenced to death, retried, commuted to life. In February 1982 the parole board decided that nineteen years could pass for a life sentence. They freed Smith, and set a June 1982 release date for Powell. But then the widow and the daughter of the slain police officer learned what was happening. Too late to prevent Smith's discharge, they generated 33,000 signatures and a flood of telegrams protesting the parole of Powell.

Lo and behold: parole officials suddenly received evidence revealing that "Powell's psychiatric makeup presents a substantial likelihood he would pose a danger to others if released." They canceled his discharge.

The two women weren't through yet. They joined with others to form a group called the Justice Administration Watch Society. Their purpose is to press for drastic changes in the parole laws, and the idea has caught on. Similar bodies are mushrooming throughout the United States, organized by relatives and friends of murder victims with the aim of leaning on state legislatures.

As one member, a white-haired New York house painter, tells it: "It's a goddamn shame when private citizens like us have to try and keep a bunch of killers locked up. But I'll do anything to stop them springing the bastard who stomped my little girl to death."

This groundswell of public anger has already achieved some important changes. In several states parole hearings need no longer be conducted annually, but can now be held every three years, at the discretion of the board. Furthermore, relatives of the victims must now be notified of these hearings on request and their views heard by the parole authorities. But these reforms are mere nudges in the right direction. The parole principle has become so embedded in American law enforcement that it would take an earthquake to shake it loose.

Parole is an ancient Anglo-Saxon tradition, first extended only to prisoners of war. Much later parole came to be granted to certain select civilian felons who displayed "possibilities of lasting reformation." It was a special favor, not a right, and one handed out sparingly until the advent of the indeterminate-sentence law about sixty years ago. Regarded as a major act of humanity, this statute had criminals sentenced to anywhere from two to 200 years, with the actual release dates set by parole boards. The idea was to encourage prisoners to reform and earn early releases. The results were nothing short of disastrous.

> Parole board decisions about prisoner rehabilitation are little more than guesswork. One in every four freed convicts lands back in prison within three years.

Sentences came to resemble secret codes devised by a gaga mathematician. Parole boards used their own private formulas to "aggregate" varying stretches, and their conclusions could make a lay person's head spin. For example, a man who murdered his three children and attempted to kill his wife was handed three sentences of five years to life and one sentence of one to fourteen years, to run consecutively. The parole board compounded all this into a single ten-years-to-life term. Which, believe it or not, made him eligible for parole consideration after three years and four months!

Being eligible, however, doesn't mean being paroled. Prisoners have to convince the board of their "release readiness." To do this they must, among other things, "act rehabilitated"—a process criminologist Hans Mattick described as "turning jails into drama schools." Some inmates develop uncanny skill at this game, others never learn it. Consequently a safecracker can end up doing more time than a murderer.

Most of the ex-cons voiced hatred for indeterminate sentencing. "The hardest part was the uncertainty," says a former inmate of Reidsville, Ga., "this never knowing *when*. No use striking days off a calendar, because you don't know how many more days you got. You see other guys get out—guys who might be doing the same stretch as you. But they get free and maybe land back again while you're still inside prison. They're no more ready than you are, but they get around that board again and again while sad assholes like me can't do it even once. Drives you nuts sometimes. I'm telling you: I'd rather do six years flat time than five years dangling, like I did.

"See, you gotta sound *positive* in front of that board. Like maybe find religion. Religion is always good. You bring in Jesus, and that goes over great, mostly. The main thing, though, you have to let on you'll put up with any amount of shit once you're out; really kiss ass. What I mean is you don't walk in there upright. You sort of crawl in and crawl out again. And talk real soft and sweet . . . that's the part I wasn't so good at."

The 1960s and most of the '70s were heydays for the parole boards, the period when they virtually ruled the U.S. justice scene. Since then, their wings have been clipped somewhat.

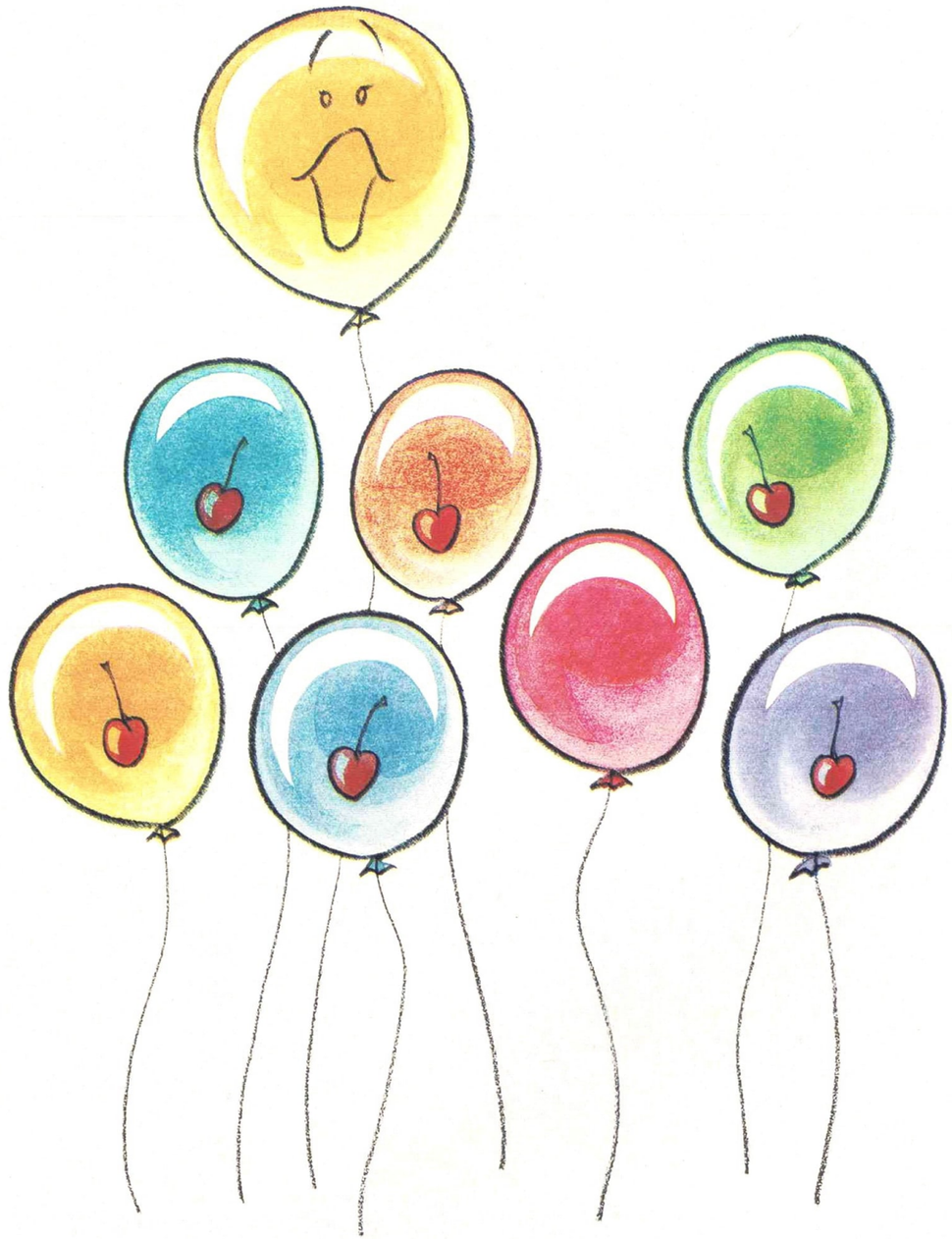
But during those halcyon years the boards developed an attitude of almost feudal arrogance that often defied the expressed will of the courts. Judge and jury decisions didn't matter, public safety didn't matter—all that counted was *their* assessment. In New York they held strangler-rapist Charles Yukl for just five and a half years, then released him so that he was free to strangle and rape another young woman. In Washington they twice paroled Olen Lebby on assault-with-a-dangerous-weapon convictions. Lebby used his second parole to kill a D.C. policeman. In October 1975 the California board quietly released David Seiterle, unfazed by the fact that he had received *three* death sentences and one life sentence for his part in a double robbery-murder. They even gave him a new name, Michael Malone, which complicated matters when Seiterle/Malone pulled a gunpoint rape exactly a year later.

In Connecticut a board sprang double rapist Robert Carr after two years although he told them he was liable to kill someone unless given psychiatric care. Within four months he murdered a prostitute in his home state. Carr then went to Florida, where he strangled two eleven-year-old boys and a girl aged sixteen, after raping the girl and sexually molesting the boys.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Now, class, who has the most interesting vacation story to tell?"

The cold winds of Depression are blowing through Beverly Hills, and this time Dreamland may be in the grip of its final crisis. Things are so bad that some studio executives are actually trading in their Mercedes for Porsches.

HARD TIMES IN HOLLYWOOD

BY BENJAMIN STEIN

There are straws in the wind, this year in Hollywood. Here are some of them, captured quickly as they fly by:

• At the Tiffany in Beverly Hills, a customer asks about a pair of diamond earrings for his wife. The clerk quotes a price. "That's too much," says the customer.

"Just tell me," says the clerk. "How much would you *like* to pay?"

This is at Tiffany.

• When a newcomer to Hollywood calls the office of the union that handles "readers," workers who read scripts and prepare reports for the creative execs to use in deciding which scripts to develop, the new arrival asks how long it will take to get a job as a reader at a studio.

"Honey," says the union maid, "there are readers with twenty-five years' seniority waiting for a month to make fifty dollars a week reading a script. How long would you like to wait?"

• At Beverly Hills Mercedes, the service manager actually asks each customer if he is satisfied with the repairs. Then he follows up with a call to make sure that the job was done right. "It's a different business now. People shop around. We have to be competitive. Everybody's looking to save a buck."

• At the commissary of the Burbank Studios, home of both Columbia and Warner Brothers, young producers once, within recent memory, looked into the Blue Room, where the heavy hitters eat, and talked about how long it would be until

PAINTING BY WOLFGANG HERZIG

they had a three-picture deal, a house in the Malibu Beach Colony, and "two big ones" ($2 million) in the bank. Now they pick at their food and talk about how well their brothers are doing in the shoe business.

• In a smoke-filled apartment in a neighborhood filled with Russian Jewish immigrants, a young screenwriter takes such a deep drag off a cigarette that in one puff he turns a third of the butt to ash. The young screenwriter tells a visitor that he earned almost $100,000 in the first six months of 1980 ". . . without leaving my apartment." There were so many script deals around that he just fell into enough of them to keep himself afloat on a sea of Alfa-Romeos, dinners at Giuseppe's, and weekend trips to Cancun. Since the third quarter of 1980, he has not earned a dime. "Someone just called and offered me six and a quarter an hour to write the copy for a catalog selling hiking equipment. I just might take it," he says. "On the other hand, if things get worse, if I have one more script turned down by a reader who doesn't even know how to spell my name, I'm going to stick up a liquor store."

These are straws in the wind, but also something more. They are palm fronds blown off majestic royal palms along Sunset Boulevard by a raging wind, a tornado of fear that Hollywood is not simply going through a cyclical crisis but, this time, is in the death grip of its last and final crisis. There is deep terror, in other words, that the gravy train has stopped running, or at least is making a much smaller loop through the community of dreams and getting-rich-quick.

Despite the few giant superhits, the *E.T.*s and the *Rocky III*s, despite the occasional items out of Hollywood about certain producers earning $5 million per day during the past summer, times are very hard in Hollywood. Burt and Goldie and Richard and Clint may still get $5 million per picture, but for the mass of toilers in the Hollywood vineyard, the grapes are getting more bitter with each passing month.

Item: In the largest union of motion picture employees, the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees, the union that represents the stagehands and the makeup men and the lighting men and the sound men and all the little people who you meet on your way up and on your way down, unemployment is now edging up close to 70 percent.

Item: At annual meetings of the holding companies that own most of Hollywood's studios, red ink has flowed out into the rows of stockholders' chairs like the Red Sea engulfing the armies of the Pharaoh. Every major studio reported lower earnings from movies for the twelve months ending in June 1982.

Item: Every single one of the independent companies that emerged with such fanfare in the late 1970s has either disappeared or gone into a greatly reduced mode. CBS Theatrical Films, an arm of the immensely wealthy CBS Television Network, announced two years ago that it would make twelve movies per year. Last summer, almost every executive in the Los Angeles office was dismissed. The new team ended development of 95 percent of the pictures they were working on and announced that they would now plan to make "about" *one* picture per year.

Item: The condominiums and apartment houses along Fountain Boulevard in West Hollywood that were once the haunt of the young and eager who came to Los Angeles to make their fortunes are now going begging. Even rental units in the area that traditionally served as the launching pad for the future famous directors and writers and actors of Hollywood are empty, awaiting followers of the Lubavitcher Rabbi instead of followers of Jean Harlow. The would-be stars are staying in Cleveland.

Item: Of the approximately eighty films released by the seven major studios in 1981, 85 percent lost money. In 1982, the studios released only about sixty films. If current plans hold, major studio releases will only be about fifty films in 1983.

> "Nowadays," said the Hollywood hooker, "things are so bad I tell everybody the price as soon as they walk in. No more of that free coke or caviar shit. Let *them* bring it."

In other words, Hollywood is suffering from an authentic crisis of the pocketbook, which translates directly and without one instant's hesitation into a crisis of depression and anxiety. When the money spigot is turned off or turned down from a torrent to a trickle, when most of the money that comes into town goes to a small handful of people and everyone else starts eyeing cents-off coupons instead of Maseratis, things are bad not only at the banks but in the cerebrum.

But Hollywood in transition from the era of golden bathtubs to the era of mass transit is still fascinating, bewildering, and maddening. A glimpse of the town that beats Detroit in terms of unemployment in its most visible industry is a vision of both heaven and hell, in a place where there is no line between sane and insane.

For easy reference, each "picture" is arranged by Hollywood category. For example: THE UNHAPPY HOOKER—or How Did Things Ever Get This Bad?

They are so bad that Janet, an authentic high-priced call girl, the kind who wears a sable coat and drives a Mercedes convertible and has her food sent in from a shop where a pound of hamburger costs six dollars, has had to offer a whole new price plan to her customers.

"The way we used to run things at my apartment was that if a producer came in and was really tired and feeling kind of low, I'd go down on him while another girl kind of nuzzled him, like a horse. Then we'd all do a few lines and it would be like two hundred and fifty bucks for the whole thing. If he was somebody who was really a heavy hitter, like who had gross points in a big picture, then I might get caviar and maybe we'd really party out a few times before we called it quits. That might be about five hundred bucks and the main thing was that I never had to say how much it was. Whoever I had over just sort of knew that the floor was two-fifty.

"Now, guys don't call. They go out of town and they don't tell me when they come back. When they come over, they like leave me a hundred dollars and I'm supposed to just not notice that it was supposed to be five hundred or something," she says.

"Nowadays, I tell everybody the price as soon as they walk in the door. No more freebies. No fucking way. If it's just me, sometimes I'll do it for seventy-five. And if there's just me and Raquel, I'll do it for maybe one twenty-five as a kind of package deal. But there's no way that I don't let everybody know what the price is coming in and going out. And another thing: no more of that coke or that caviar shit. If the guy can lay it off against the budget of the picture, fine. Let him bring it. I'm not giving out any presents. I expected to have a new Porsche Turbo by now and I'm still driving a two-year-old Benz. I'm not doing any charity cases."

THE STORY EDITOR—or Why All Those Movies No Longer Have Any Plots.

INT. A POWERFUL STUDIO: DAY

A plump woman sits in an office wearing an immense jeans skirt that looks like a sail for a Levi's schooner. She has her hair in a bun. She smiles at a producer who walks in and asks him if he would like to tell her his idea. She is in charge of story development at the powerful studio.

PLUMP WOMAN

So what's this idea you wanted to pitch to me anyway?

PRODUCER

It's really a sort of twist on *My Fair Lady*.

PLUMP WOMAN

What's *My Fair Lady*? Is that a new book? Is this a lesbian theme?

FADE on the PRODUCER's flushed face

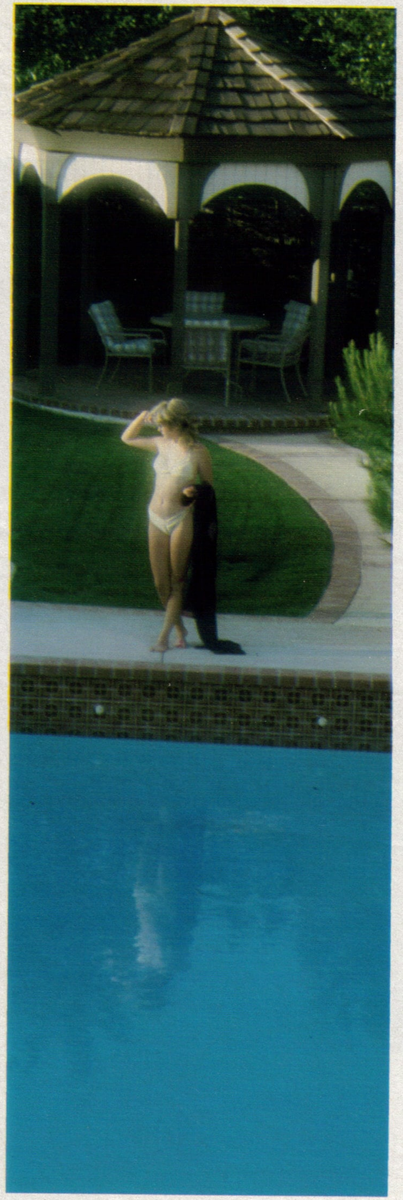
MALIBU DAWN PATROL—or Why Movies No Longer Make Sense.

About the middle of summer, somewhere around the Fourth of July, a Hollywood prince had a party at his beach house in Malibu, right smack in the Colony, where the cheapest house is for sale

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

KRISTA

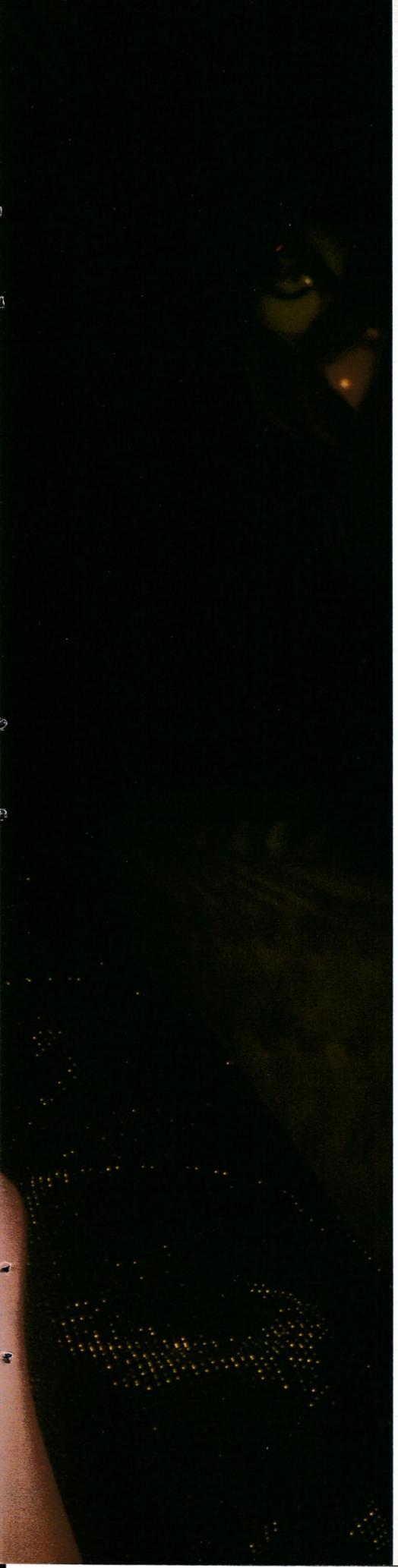
"I don't need a man to lean on, but it sure is great to have a man to sleep with."



Heaven help the working girl? It's an awfully nice thought, says charismatic Krista Simon, but she'd rather do it herself. Raised by her mother in a fatherless family, July's Pet of the Month is not a woman of independent means–but she does mean to stay independent.

NINE TO FIVE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER



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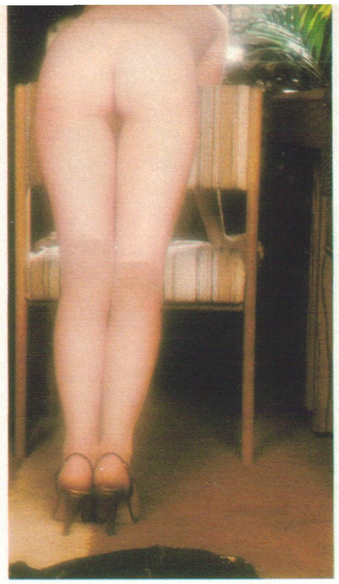

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The ideal partner in bed, she feels, is aggressive but sensitive, passionate but patient, "and he never steals the covers!" Not yet twenty-one years old, our bountiful blonde isn't quite sure of her future.

"But I'd like to have a business of my own—also a husband and child. Otherwise, I don't require a lot of luxuries." We'd say any man who has Krista has found himself a priceless possession.

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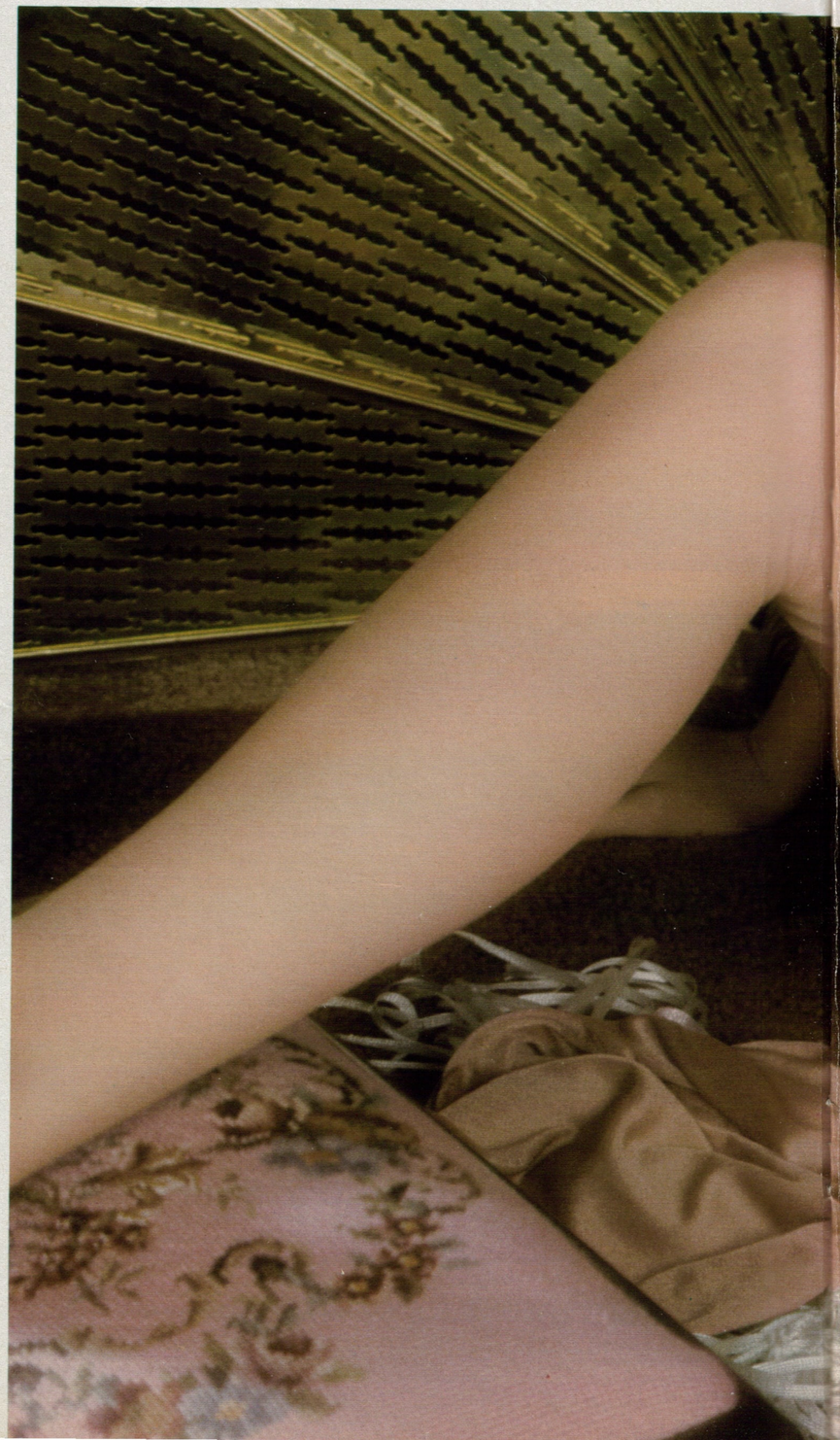

MISS KRISTA SIMON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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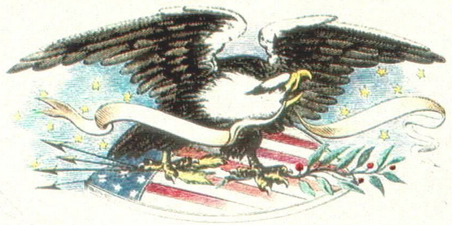

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Earlier this year, on an ABC-TV news program, David Brinkley questioned leaders of a blue-ribbon coalition of businessmen and bankers who had formulated a plan to control government spending. In discussing the plan with Peter G. Peterson, a former secretary of commerce, Brinkley asked just what Peterson meant when he referred to "people who treat society as if citizenship consists of standing in front of a vending machine and seeing how much they can get." "Is that civil service pensions?" Brinkley asked. "Is that military pensions?" Peterson's astonishing response was: "They include Social Security, civil service pensions, and other benefit programs."

Ed Galian, national commander of the Disabled American Veterans, was repulsed. He said to the House and Senate Veterans' Affairs Committees, "I was amazed by such a statement, for it displayed an appalling ignorance, or disregard—I don't know which—for the financial and sacrificial contributions made by the beneficiaries of such programs. Furthermore, I find the 'vending machine' analogy to be highly insulting. I would love to inform Mr. Peterson of another type of vending machine. It is called war. It takes, in its maw, healthy young men and women in the prime of their lives and returns them by the thousands, dead, torn, and shattered."

Galian, who is one of the most outstanding advocates of veterans issues to appear in decades, is right on the mark. The Petersons of the world, and the "best and the brightest" who have never put their own lives on the line, have no right to call for further "sacrifices" on the part of those who risked all by answering JFK's call to do what they could for their country. We, too, find Peterson's vending-machine analogy offensive.

A better way of understanding the Vietnam War might be to liken it to a board game. In this game, out of 100 possible "players," only ten or twelve received greetings from their draft boards or chose to enlist in the armed forces. These ten or twelve were then required to roll the dice. For most, there was no "square" that allowed them to "Take a Ride on the Reading." Rather, they were told, "Go directly to Vietnam."

In Vietnam, for the next 365-plus days, they rolled the dice to see whether their fate was to fall on a punji stick, be blown away in a L-shaped ambush, or, if they were lucky, take time out with five days of R and R in one of the Orient's fleshpots. Many never made it around the board at all. They landed instead on "Chance" or "Community Chest" and were directed to spend six months in an orthopedic ward and the rest of their lives in a government-paid-for wheelchair.

For those who actually made it around the board, and returned home, the stigma of having played "Vietnam" was sufficient to prevent them from receiving even a modicum of respect or decent treatment from their countrymen. The truth is that, with notably few exceptions, the Vietnam veterans who made it home suffered indignities of the mind and spirit and were somehow made to feel that their wartime service was dishonorable and part of a giant conspiracy no right-minded American would join. This condition has only now begun to change somewhat.

At a conference concerning the Vietnam War and its consequences, which took place February 6–9 on the campus of the University of Southern California, the panel on "The War and the Veterans" made explicit the extent and nature of the personal suffering Vietnam veterans have endured. Forest Lindley, Jr., writing of the conference in *Stars and Stripes*, reported that the litany of abuse was not new, original, or proscriptive in nature. The veterans' comments were sufficiently eloquent and powerful to provoke a remarkable response from Adm. James R. Stockdale, USN (Ret.), who had spent nearly eight years as a POW in North Vietnam. According to Lindley, Admiral Stockdale commented that he had spent "ten years in Vietnam: two years fighting and eight years in a dungeon." Stockdale spoke of broken bones. Nerve damage. Regular beatings. Years of solitary confinement. Despair. Stockdale described his ordeal with remarkably little emotion. But, he said, he has been moved by what he has found since he got home.

> The establishment elite needs to be reminded that veterans have paid a high price for their benefits and pensions. For those who served in Vietnam, there are no corporate "golden parachute" deals.

Stockdale, who received the Medal of Honor for his courage as a POW, said, "I spent my forties in Vietnam. I think we had it better as POWs than these poor soldiers. Within those prison walls, we built a society. And all of this change that the world was involved in, we missed. The virtue of the war never crossed our minds. None of what happened to us is competitive in sheer misery with the stories I'm hearing now."

Admiral Stockdale, no latter-day antiwar activist, understands firsthand what war is all about. We cite his remarks because the Petersons of the establishment elite need to be reminded that America's veterans have paid a high price for their benefits and pensions. In the "game" called war, there are no corporate "golden parachute" deals for those who were called upon to oppose the North Vietnamese. So, we say to those who would balance the budget on the backs of the entitlement recipients: "Americans are not a mean and ungenerous people and will oppose those who want to take something away from their fellow countrymen who have earned it . . . the hard way."—*William Corson*

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0 .2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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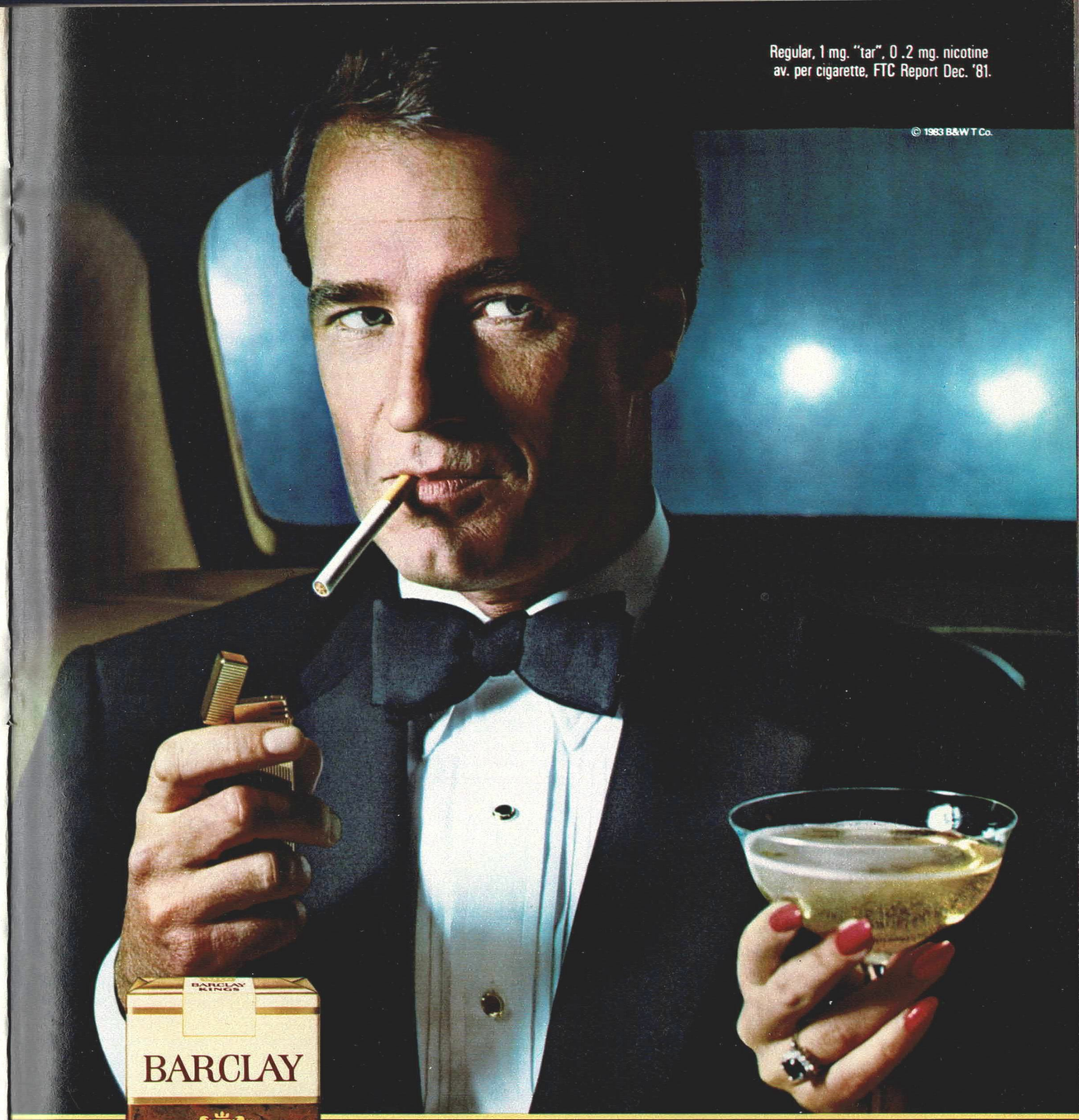

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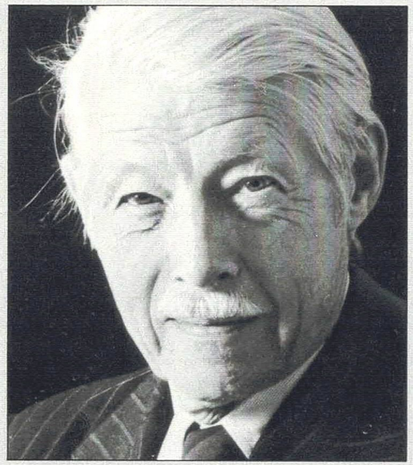

BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY

The author, who was an editor and correspondent for the *New York Times*, won the Pulitzer Prize for his reporting from Russia. This article is adapted from his new book, *Journey for Our Times* (a Cornelia & Michael Bessie Book, Harper & Row), which was published in May.

THE RUSSIA NOBODY KNOWS

Now that Yuri Andropov has taken over as top man in the Soviet Union, there has been the usual rush by Sovietologists and Kremlin experts to tell us what this means for Russia, for the world, and, most of all, for the United States.

The old clichés have been dusted off, passages of Marx and Lenin are being scrutinized, Andropov's speeches are being put under a microscope, and frightening scenarios are being constructed.

There are new analyses of Soviet military capabilities but, as usual, no one is taking a look at "the other world," the real world of Russia that lies beyond Pravda and Party pronouncements and actually limits the perspective of any Soviet ruler whoever he may be.

"The other world" is that real, living Russia that forms a seamless link with the past, that Russia of flesh and blood, of passion and superstition, which has changed remarkably little in habits and attitudes, despite sixty-five years of Communist rule—a lumpy mass that acts as an ever-present drag, limiting and conditioning the acts of the Kremlin leaders.

In the years I spent in Russia it took me a long time to realize the nature of this world. At first it seemed just a hodgepodge of impressions, stories, anecdotes—no headlines, no news. But as years passed I came to realize that these bits and pieces constitute a collage of Russia itself, not the cardboard facade of Communism and the cold war.

In this other Russia, they laughed, they joked, they suffered. They were ridden by ills and plagued by superstition. They were, in a measure, still the "dark people" whom naive revolutionaries of the nineteenth century hoped to enlighten.

I loved this Russia, but it was a long time before I understood that it was the real thing, that I was getting a glimpse beyond the starched pinafore with which Communism sought to conceal the Russian figure and hide the manacles Stalin had fettered to her wrists and ankles. It was a long time before I understood that Lenin and Stalin had failed, that Russians were still Russians and always would be Russians, whether ruled by a "little father," the czar, so distant and so high; by a Mongoleyed intellectual who possessed a Victorian dream of a "better life"; or by a stone-hearted novitiate who fed their bodies by the millions into the meat grinder of his paranoia.

In this world, old Russia lapped at the end of Moscow's pavement, and sometimes crept right into the city. I had been struck that brick and mortar and steel halted at Moscow's limits; running water, steam heat, electricity dissolved into wooden huts, hand-drawn wells, mud paths, and kerosene lamps.

It was not just these tangibles. Only the summer before, three Moscow boys from good—that is, middle-class—families went camping in the forest 100 kilometers from Moscow, near a *dremotnii*, a drowsy village that lived as it had for centuries: everyone knew everyone, everyone was related to everyone, doors not locked, no locks on doors. Suddenly came a wave of petty thefts—clothes vanished from a line, a chicken from a yard, an ax from beside a door. The villagers met at evening. They were of a mind as to the thieves. They armed themselves with clubs, descended on the camp of the youngsters, and methodically beat them to death. The story became the talk of Moscow. Muscovites did not venture into the backcountry of the Upper Volga or the Oka, the land of the "dark people."

Better not to get involved. This was the law of Moscow. I had heard it first in wartime. Hurrying to the Foreign Office one cold morning, I saw a woman, babushka, lying on a snowdrift, unconscious or dead. No one halted. No one gave more than a glance. People didn't want to get involved. If they stopped, if the police came along, they would be questioned, maybe even blamed. Better not to notice. This was life behind the dingy walls of Moscow, the gray buildings I passed and repassed as I walked the streets, people with their heads down, leading their lives as they could amid crime and squalor and passion and violence.

In this city of frustration, a yearning for miracles seemed natural, even inevitable—a yearning for solutions of the unsolvable.

Moscow talked of the sixteen-year-old who had worked wonders, so it was said, and then died. Muscovites flocked to his grave, gathered sand from it, put spoonfuls into little sachets, and wore them for good luck on a string around their necks, like asafetida. The fad grew and grew. Finally the authorities circulated a rumor that the teenager was just a gangster who had been killed in a street brawl. That brought this "miracle" to an end.

I learned about Gypsies. I had seen few in Moscow, although I knew that once they had been Russia's favorite entertainers; "going to the Gypsies" had cost many a nobleman his fortune and even his life. After the Revolution, enthusiastic idealists worried about them. They didn't fit into the new system; they had no fixed residence, no jobs, no role in society. They were what they were—Gypsies, moving freely about the country, living by their wits, by tricks, by stealing. One comrade had an idea. Give them a house in Moscow for the winter. They would be glad to escape the cold. Leave them alone. By spring they could be organized into Soviet life. So a fine house was provided and the Gypsies entered it with delight. Spring came. The comrades asked the Gypsies how they had fared. Wonderfully, they said—a warm house, no cold winds. The comrades beamed. The plan was working. Then they entered the house. They found a shambles—furniture gone, floors ripped up, woodwork pulled off. There had been campfires everywhere and the fires fed with the furniture. Next morning, the Gypsies loaded their wagons and vanished.

Fortune-telling was a pastime of young Moscow women as it had been in the time of Pushkin. On Orthodox New Year's Eve, not Western New Year's, they told fortunes in the traditional way. They put a diamond ring into a glass of water, set candles to each side, and peered in the glass until they saw the image of their husband. Then they dropped wax from the candles into cold water. The shape of the wax foretold their future. They spun a saucer on a paper marked with the alphabet to find the initials of the person who was their love-to-be.

I found little difference between youngsters in Moscow and those in the U.S.A. The wife of a prominent general, I heard, was complaining about her fifteen-year-old daughter. The girl got fine marks in school—all fives. Her friends had equally good grades. They came home together each afternoon, finished their homework in no time, and disappeared until midnight—jitterbugging (the latest American craze). One girl had half a dozen American records and a phonograph. They did the boogie-woogie for hours. When the mother complained, the girl said, "Why, Mother, you know all the smart youngsters in Moscow are doing this." And they were. On summer evenings, I heard American music floating down from apartment windows as I strolled Moscow's streets. As time went on I became certain that there was no way in which the pharaohs of the Kremlin could halt the successful assault of Western, predominantly American, "pop" culture on Russian youth. To ban it simply gave it the cachet of forbidden fruit. It was irresistible. Even the Tarzan movies left their imprint, Russian boys calling their girl friends "Zhayne" and cavorting in trees, shouting war cries so loudly that collective farmers wrote letters to *Pravda* complaining that it upset the cows and interfered with milk production.

This other world was not the world of the Kremlin, not the world of the Sovietologists, not the world of the cold warriors in Moscow and Washington. It was the private world of Russia, which went on regardless of who occupied the Kremlin—bending here, yielding there, compromising in another place, but as eternal as the Volga, *Volga matushka*, Volga the mother, as the Russians called it. I did not know the value of my impressions, but as time passed, and particularly after I had begun to live in and explore and understand Saltykovka, a village near Moscow where soon I was to acquire a dacha, I began to grasp some strands of the Russian fabric, strands in a pattern that would be elaborated as the years passed, as I exposed myself to Russian life, to the breadth and depth of this continental country, a process, still in progress, that reached its apogee in the remarkable years of 1953 and 1954, when, after Stalin's death, I was able to crisscross the entire land, penetrating into its heart, as had rarely been possible since the days of Sir Bernard Pares (though it was far more limited in access than the Russia seen in the 1880s by the first George Kennan, the distinguished early relative of our contemporary George Kennan).

I did not think of it at the time, but as years passed I realized that it was this cross-grained knowledge of Russia—of its people, its geography, its folklore, its literature, its past and the projection of that past into the present and into the future—that I came to possess and that would form the fundament of my so-called expertise about Russia. It was this that so often and so sharply distinguished my judgments, appreciations, and attitudes from those of what are called Sovietologists or Soviet specialists.

For the most part (I don't want to generalize too widely), these specialists approached the Soviet Union from a contemporary and ideological position. They had (at least some of them) studied Marxism, whatever that is, and the "philosophy" of the Soviet government, its political jargon and all that.

From the beginning I was skeptical of there being any "key" to Soviet policy. I remember Soviet specialists and others of that time who liked to talk about the "operational code" of the Soviet Union. I recall endless discussions, particularly with American military men, who believed there was a "blueprint" of Soviet intentions or at least a list of Soviet priorities. "How

CONTINUED ON PAGE 175

"If we are serious in wanting to understand the Russia of Yuri Andropov, we must peer deeply into the soil in which Russia's fears, hopes, frustrations, and real goals are nourished."

PAROLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

When Carr was arrested on charges of raping three women, he obligingly led police to the graves of his child victims and helped in digging them up.

But far worse than these spectacular miscalculations is the overall failure rate of the system. One in every four freed convicts lands back in prison within three years. Nearly one half are returned within six years, frequently for offenses much more serious than their original ones. All of which has led lawmakers to the belated conclusion that parole board decisions about prisoner rehabilitation are little more than guesswork, and not very intelligent guesswork at that.

The fault, however, doesn't rest entirely or even mainly with the men and women who sit on the boards. All too often they face no-win situations dictated by legal and political conditions.

"People are amazed when I tell them: there's no two ways about it, when a guy goes to prison he's coming back. He'll be out at some point in time," says Robin Dezember of the California Board of Prison Terms. "There are some, of course, that won't, but by and large that's a fact of criminal sentencing today.

"Take a conviction for second-degree murder, which carries a sentence of fifteen years to life. Now the law stipulates an automatic one-third reduction from the minimum term for good behavior. So he's required to serve ten years, unless he screws up inside. We are required to hold a parole hearing on him after nine years—one year before his earliest possible release date. That's when we decide whether to free him then or postpone release to some later hearing."

Parole boards use a matrix on which to base their decisions, a kind of chopper into which relevant data are fed: circumstances of the deed, behavior in prison, psychiatric evaluations, etc. "This matrix cell," Dezember continues, "sets forth a range of suggested terms, and the board then imposes whatever term they consider appropriate. They have very broad discretion."

Unfortunately there are other influences at work as well. Pressures that don't show up on the matrix but play hell with any rational assessment of "release readiness." One of them is cell space—or rather, the lack of it.

American prison facilities are hideously overcrowded, and getting more so every day. In what Judge Seymour Gelber called "a stampede away from permissiveness," courts are imposing longer sentences on more and more felons. The combination of mounting crime rates and stiffer sentencing has led to an 88 percent increase in the number of state and federal prisoners since 1972. But taxpayers have shown little inclination to foot the bills for new prison constructions, which would go into billions of dollars.

Hence the pressure exerted from above on parole boards to somehow make room for new prisoners, regardless of the risks involved. The sentence reductions supposedly earned through good behavior, known as good time, have become sour jokes. Nowadays prisoners have to be very bad indeed not to get good time. They will get it despite frequent escape attempts, homosexual rapes, stealing, assaults, and outbursts of psychotic violence. Parole boards will discharge them in the face of the gloomiest prognostications, often in the hope that they will perpetrate their next offense in some other state and take up another administration's prison space.

Board members are only too vulnerable to being nudged. Most of them are honest mediocrities, appointed by the state governor, and chiefly concerned with hanging on to their $32,000-a-year jobs. Which, perforce, makes them highly sensitive to the fluctuating needs of the governor's office, where their jobs are handled. Thus whenever the governor requires a tough law-and-order image, say, just before an election, the parole tap is turned down to a trickle. Then, when the cages start bulging at the seams, there's a sudden wondrous increase in the number of convicts displaying release readiness, and the trickle turns into a flood. Expediency ranks first with the boards, with genuine parole considerations often lagging so far behind they're lost from sight.

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To make matters even murkier, public celebrities, especially writers, periodically get their oars in. For some reason certain literati seem fascinated by violent criminals. They tend to sponsor them, laud them, and, if possible, free them from the clutches of the law. These authors are by no means "bleeding-heart liberals," but belong to every shade of the political spectrum. Sometimes their only shared characteristic is a state of intellectual hubris that prevents them from recognizing they're being conned.

In 1971 arch-conservative William F. Buckley, Jr., succeeded in prying loose one Edgar Smith, who had actually been on death row in New Jersey for the bludgeon murder of a teenaged girl. Buckley used his media influence to get Smith a retrial of sorts, which resulted in his release. For Buckley, Smith's innocence had become an article of faith, the man himself the victim of a hideous miscarriage of justice.

Five years later Smith kidnapped a young woman, attempted to rape her, and plunged a knife into her when she resisted. After being arrested (with Buckley's help), he not only admitted the knifing but also confessed to having bludgeoned the New Jersey teenager.

Last year it was the turn of Buckley's philosophical opposite, Norman Mailer. Mailer had been vastly impressed by the razor-edged prose style of Jack Henry Abbott, a convict who spent most of his life in reform schools and prisons, including fourteen years in "the hole," meaning solitary. Mailer aided Abbott's writing efforts and in the publication of his jailhouse diary, which made the best-seller list under the title *In the Belly of the Beast*. Eventually he managed to get him paroled from his Utah prison.

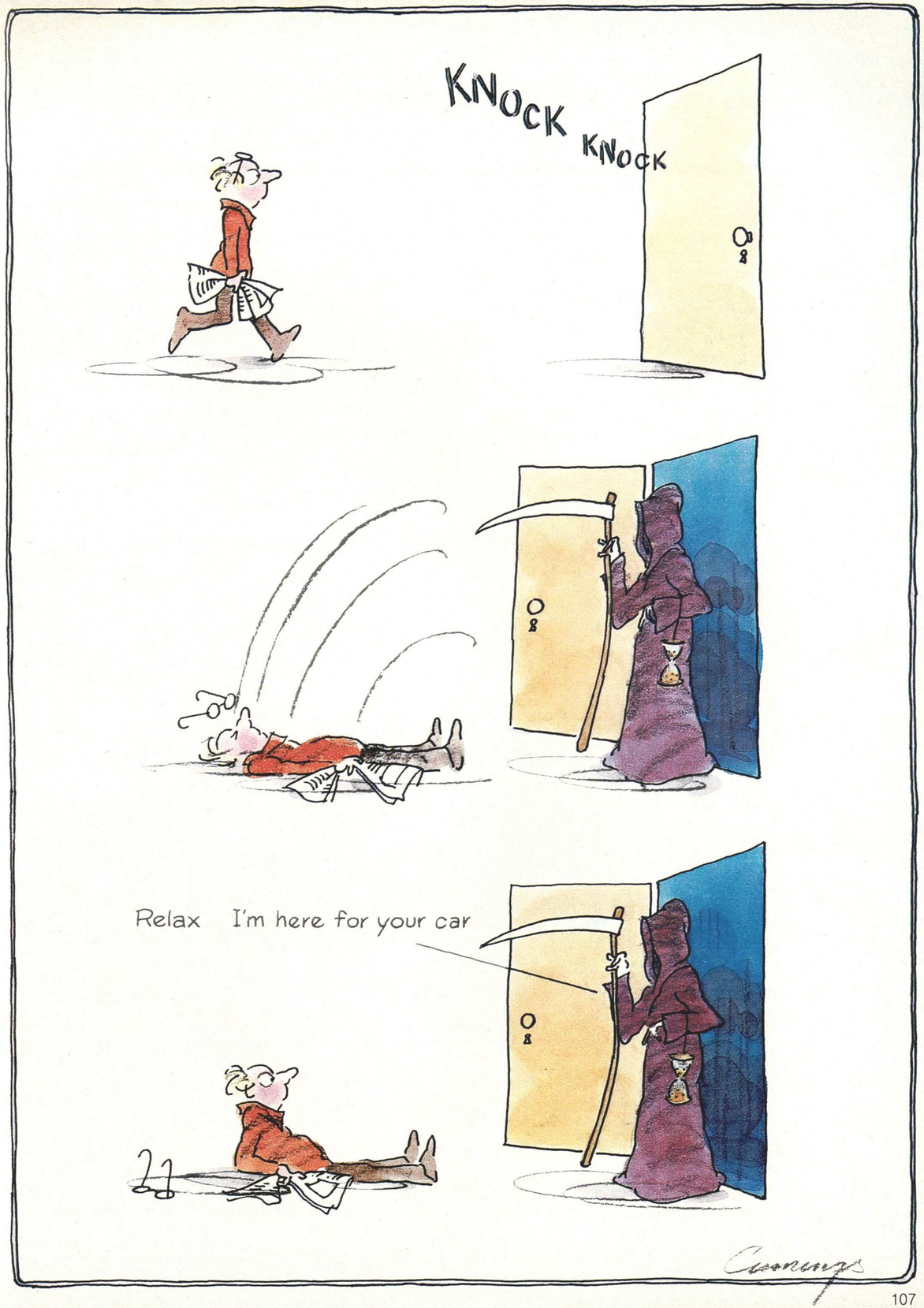
Abbott briefly blossomed into a New York literary lion, being wined, dined, interviewed, quoted, patted, and eulogized. The glory lasted six weeks. Then Abbott got into an argument with an East Village waiter, an aspiring playwright, over the location of a cafe washroom. Abbott stabbed him to death and ran away. A judge sent him back into "the belly of the beast" for fifteen years to life.

Mailer defended his own role in the tragedy as best he could, which was very well indeed. "Culture," he intoned to reporters, "is worth a little risk." The dead waiter was not available for comment.

Parole board members can rightly claim that outside interference often thwarts their own, much more knowledgeable, verdicts. Yet even without such interference, their record is generally dismal. California has piled up one of the worst, which may be why its parole authority keeps changing its name. Currently it's the Board of Prison Terms, no telling for how long.

A recent newspaper survey found that fifteen San Francisco policemen have been slain in the line of duty since 1965. But of the ten men convicted in connection with those killings, only five are behind bars today. The others were all paroled—one of them twice over. The stretches they actually spent inside ranged from a top eight years to just four and a half years . . . fair indication of how highly the parole potentates evaluate a cop's life.

While still operating as Adult Authority, the board demonstrated that they didn't rate civilian lives any higher. In a single year sixty-eight of its parolees were involved in homicides, among them several who claimed to have experienced "religious conversions" while in prison. The board also showed a blithe disregard for the recommendations of the sentencing



judges, an attitude that reached its peak with the springing of a lifer named James Reece.

Reece had a long list of convictions for violent crimes, coupled with a tendency to try and shoot his way out when cornered. He was arrested for robbery and kidnapping, and shot in the leg in an escape attempt from a county courthouse. While recovering from the gun wound he escaped from an Oakland hospital and robbed a local woman. Later he tried to kidnap a topless dancer in Bolinas, then crashed his car, and spent the next three years in a hospital for the criminally insane. He was then tried, went on a rampage in court, and had to be overpowered and shackled by five deputies. Judge George Phillips of Alameda County sentenced him to state prison for a term of five years to life, recommending that he should never be paroled again.

The Adult Authority thought otherwise. They paroled Reece in 1975, after three and a half years, claiming that he had made a "good social adjustment." Fifty-two days later Reece proved the full extent of his adjustment. He kidnapped Debra Rebiejo, aged twenty-one, from her college parking lot, raped her, shot her five times, and left her corpse in a drainage ditch. The following day he held up a beauty parlor, attempted to rape a woman clerk, and shot her when she screamed for help. Police chased and finally captured him after a shootout.

The D.A. of Alameda County, who had prosecuted Reece, learned only after the battle that his man was back on the streets. The Adult Authority hadn't bothered to inform him of the release.

Back in the days of gangster epics there was a standard movie scene in which a parole agent would yank Bogart/Cagney/Robinson/Raft from the arms of his lady love and send him back to serve the rest of his prison sentence for some minor breach of parole rules. Times have changed. For one thing, parolees cannot be made to serve the remainder of their sentences. For another, revocation hearings have become so time- and energy-consuming that a great many agents don't bother to report infractions at all Parolees have been caught armed, drunk, doped up, fighting, or in possession of entire burglar kits without earning more than a reprimand.

The reason for this is that America's 6,000 parole agents are so grossly overworked that if they were horses, the Humane Society would object. The agents are reasonably well paid, with salaries in the $23,000–$30,000 range, and quite efficiently trained. But they carry a staggering caseload of fifty to sixty charges each, and a duty roster so vast and varied that they can pay only minimal attention to individuals. It is characteristic of the system that while board members lead rather leisurely lives, agents in the field have hardly any private lives at all.

About one in nine agents is female. Women like Vicki (not her real name), a tall New Yorker with a blond page cut, and an automatic in her regulation holster. "We're considered a mix between police officers and social workers," she says. "So weapons are discretionary. I'd say about three quarters of us go armed, Means we have to take firearms training along with tear-gas training, crisis-intervention training, correctional-law training, defensive driving, and other courses.

"No, I didn't opt for a gun because I was worried about being attacked by parolees. That doesn't happen often. But I have to hang around some pretty septic neighborhoods, and I got mugged once. That's why . . ."

Female agents handle parolees of both genders, which can jar the macho make-up of some ex-cons. But sexual entanglements between them occur very rarely.

"I've heard of one instance in Maryland, that's all," says Vicki. "The atmosphere just isn't conducive to that kind of stuff. Besides, we never have time. Too much else on our plates." She ticks the items off on her fingers: "We've got to watch for parole violations. Arrange social welfare applications—you may have to sit down and fill out the forms for them; a lot of them can't read or write. Try and find jobs for them. Maybe find them a place to live. Organize mental care—a lot of these guys are psychiatric basket cases when they come out. Plus get through the piles of paperwork connected with everything."

Parole periods are much shorter than is generally believed. A discharged lifer, for example, may have a three-year "tail" during which he is under supervision. He has to accept certain restrictions, among them a ban against leaving the state, carrying weapons, possessing drugs, starting a business corporation, and associating with known felons. Infringements can mean a return to prison for a maximum of twelve months. But technical parole violations rate separately from any new crimes he might commit, which necessitate a new trial, conviction, and sentence.

How are violations detected?

"Oh, we've got ways," says Vicki. "We see parolees personally an average of once a month, depending on the individual. He can come to my office or I may drop in on him—unannounced," she adds with a slight grin. "But we also keep tabs indirectly. Check with the police. Talk with his employer or family—that's if he has an employer or family. Talk to neighbors. We get an idea of what he's up to."

And what happens if he breaks parole?

Vicki shakes her head. "Well, a few years ago if an agent found, say, a parolee

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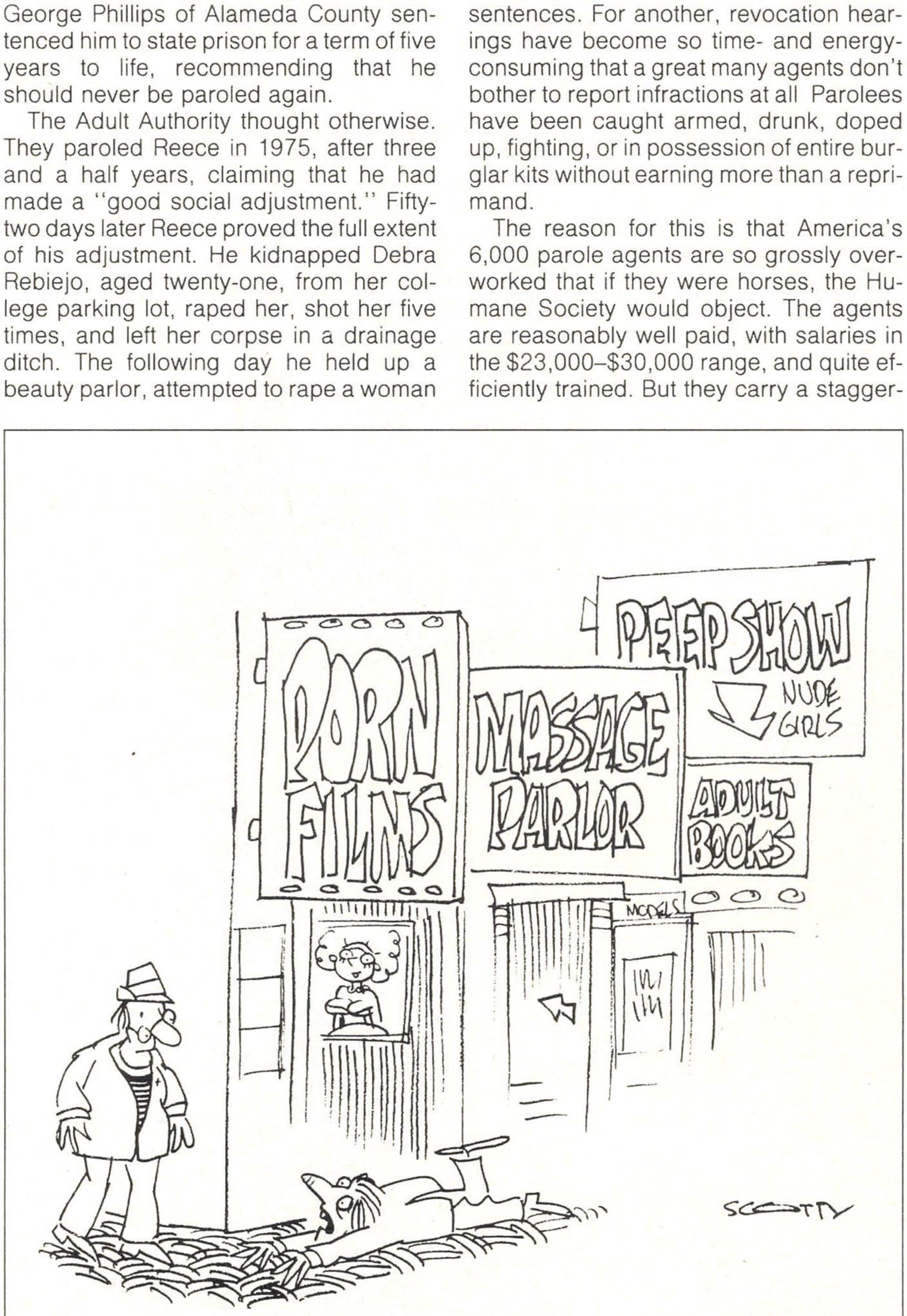
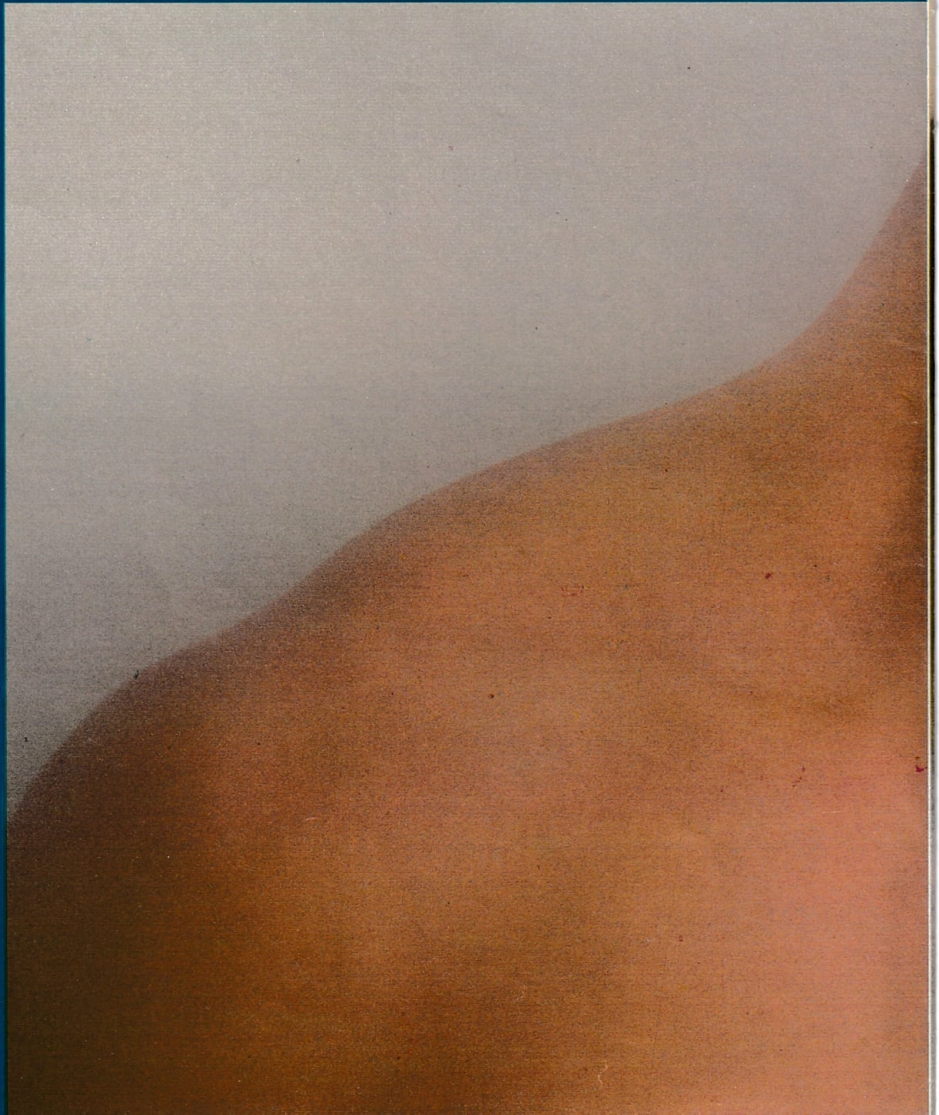


"For God's sake, Father, help me make it to a clean street."

RON AND LOIS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

"Humbled by her beauty, he becomes a mortal supplicant, she an omnipotent goddess of love..."



When he'd issued
the open invitation, she'd
feigned indifference.
This handsome young
Latin lover could
possess and discard her
heart in one day.
The secret crush she'd
long nurtured
seemed pleasantly safe,
but risking the
wounds of his touch left her
trembling with fear.
Especially now, when she
opens her door to
find him standing there and
embracing her all at
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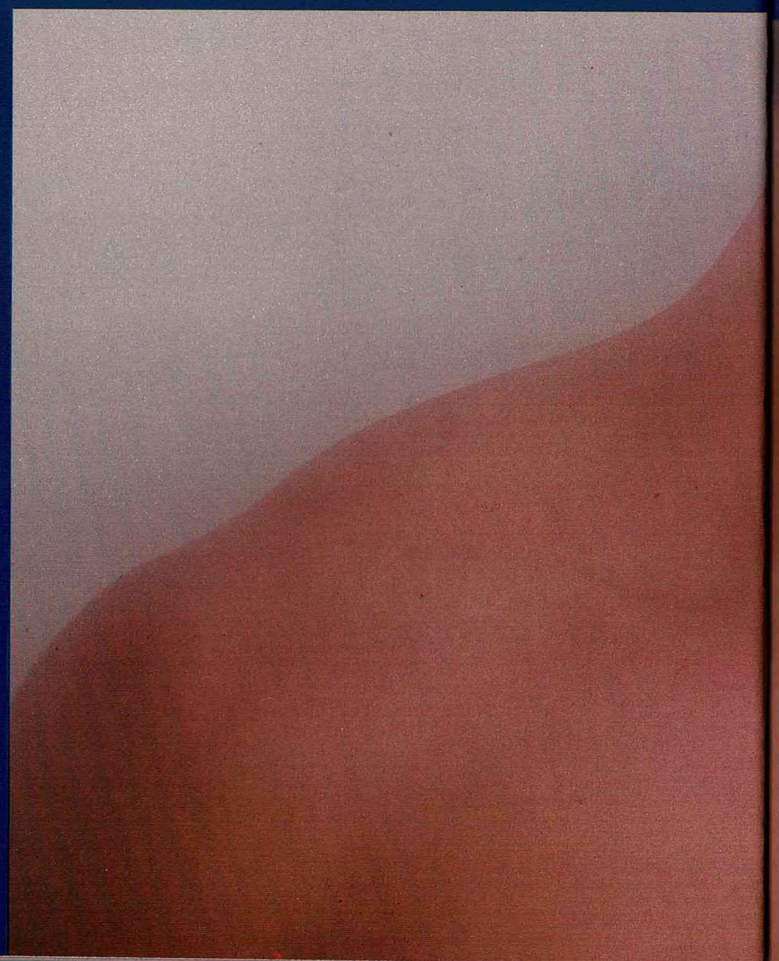
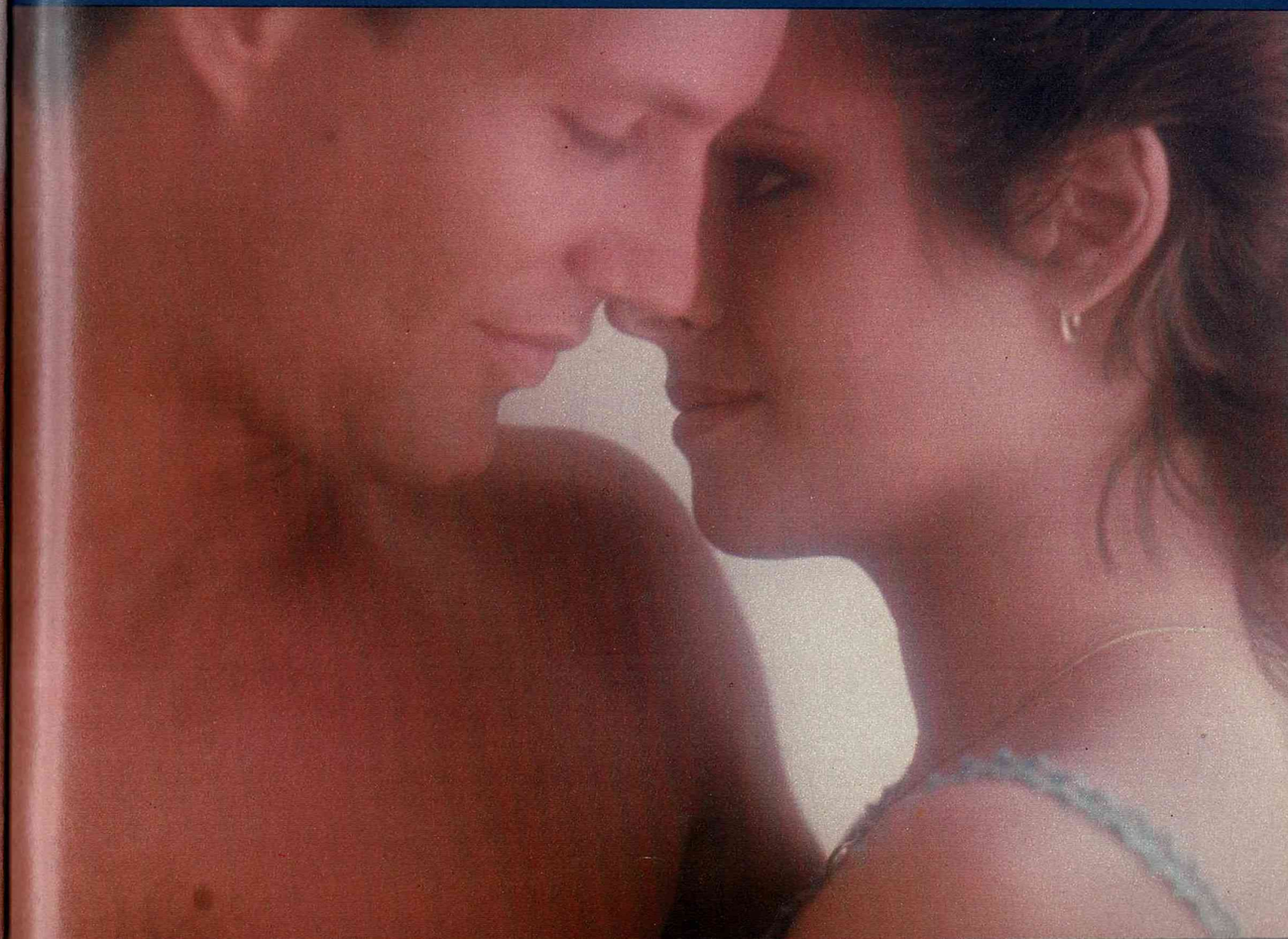
desires...





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her flesh like a chalice,
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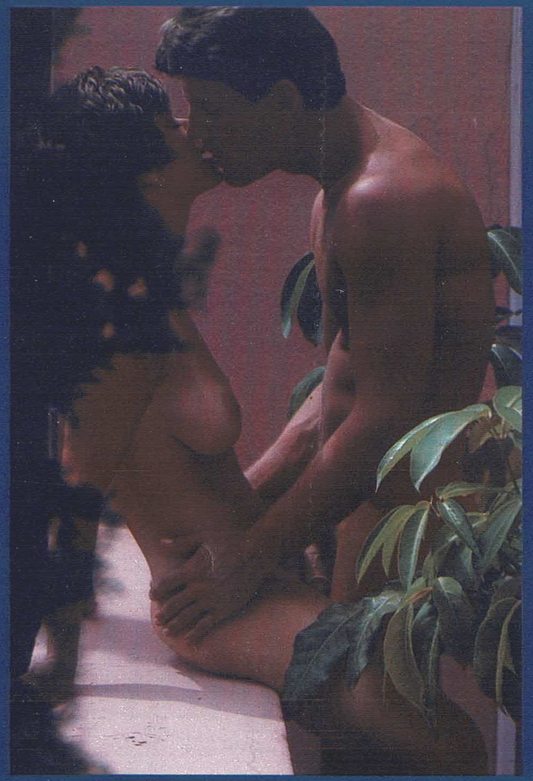
Pulling her into the afternoon sunshine,
he forces her to endure his brazen scrutiny, and
feels her sun-warmed breasts obediently
swell beneath his hands...as he does beneath hers...



Having worshiped him for so long, she is stunned by the sudden awareness of her own compelling power.

Humbled by her ravishing and receptive beauty, he becomes a mortal supplicant, she... an omnipotent goddess of love...

Their vivid contrasts excite them further: he is bold, she is shy; he is dark, she is fair; his unyielding muscle strains against yielding curves. Normally worlds apart, they have desperate desires in common, and a universe of feelings to explore.

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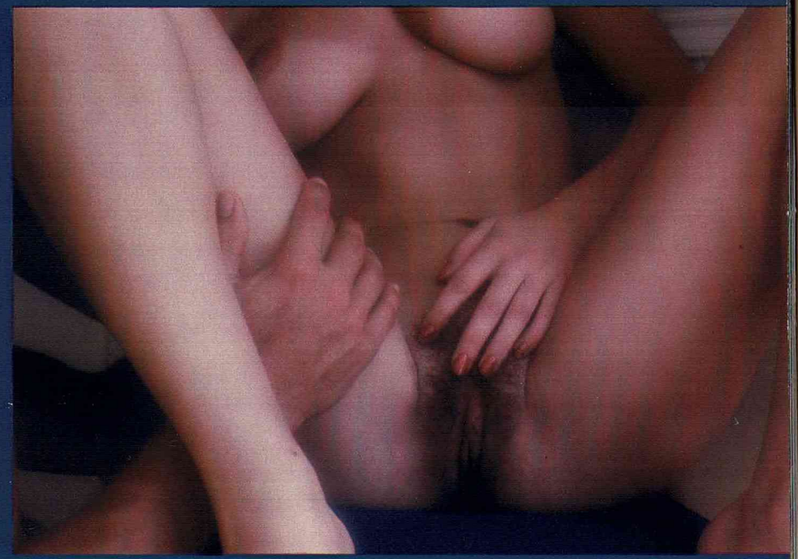

Gently, his lips brush her shoulder as his fingertips whisper against her, causing sudden sighs that echo in response.

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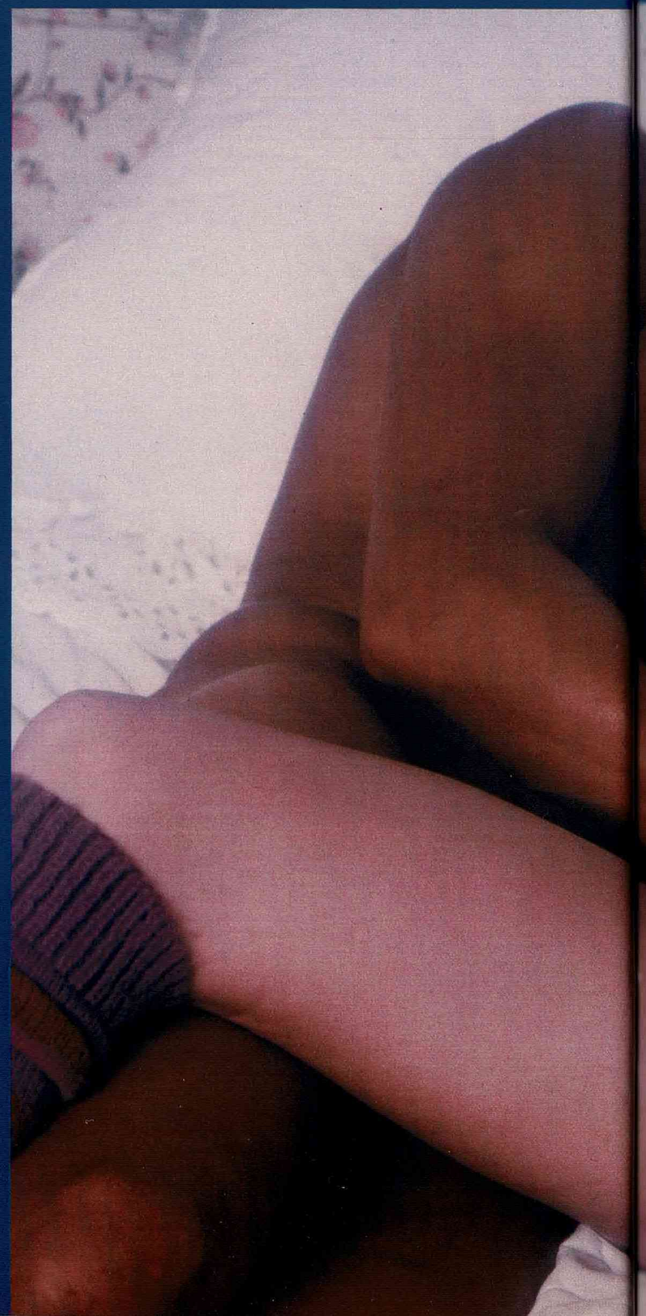
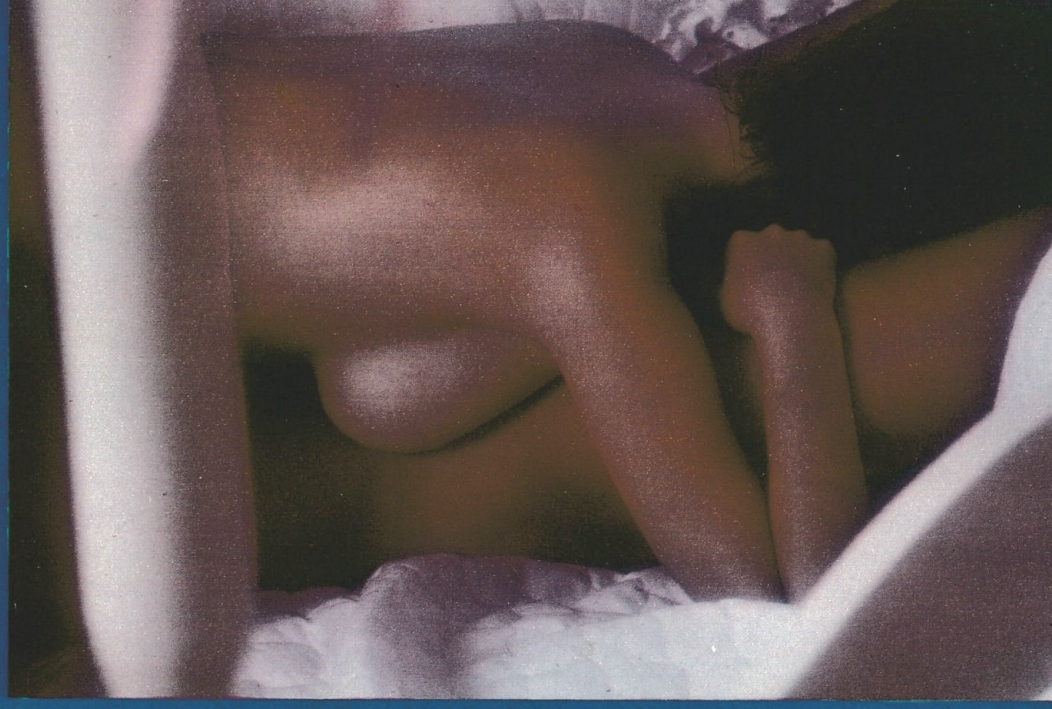


At daybreak, reality returns–indifferent to the difference this night has made in his plans. But waking, he embraces her tightly, answering her unasked question. This wild and improvised love song must never come to an end.



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"The one thing he
loves to be most of all is Prince Charles. The
Prince of Wales. He
enjoys the privileges, the attention . . . being the
center attraction.
. . . It's the only thing he knows."

STEPHEN BARRY

It is clear that even the most cynical citizens have an unceasing appetite for any information relating to the English royal family—this despite America's hard-won independence from Britain.

The newly wedded Prince Charles, his bride, and their $2 million wedding have only served to fuel the constant speculation about the real doings at Buckingham Palace. Modern fairy tale or sordid soap opera?

Even with the never-ending outpouring of books and television coverage, the questions remain: Who *is* Prince Charles? What, in this modern age of economic woe, rampant crime, and international conflict, does the royal family do to justify its lavish life-style, its seemingly limitless budget, and ceremonial pomp? And Diana herself—who in fact is she, this twenty-one-year-old bride who spends even more on her wardrobe than Nancy Reagan? "A spoiled brat," as many would have it, or simply a rich innocent in over her head?

One may never pierce the royal facade. Buckingham Palace is so cloaked in secrecy and protocol that employees, from footmen to personal secretaries, must now sign nondisclosure agreements, much like CIA agents. Likewise, leaks have been summarily punished, the transgressors fired. With one exception—Stephen Barry.

At age thirty-four, Barry has recently resigned after twelve years as valet to the Prince of Wales, his resignation coinciding with the royal wedding. And indeed, Barry has now gone public.

Barry first entered royal service at age eighteen. A commoner dissatisfied with his nine-to-five job, he applied for the position of footman by ordinary post. Hired as a junior staff member (there are 160 on staff catering to the needs of eight), Barry moved into his own room in the palace, where he continued to live until shortly before his resignation. He now holds a lease on an apartment given to him by the prince. To be suddenly on the inside looking out was a heady transition for a young man from the London suburbs.

Just three years after his inauspicious start he found himself traveling the globe, attending state functions, private weekends, and family holidays in the coveted position of valet to Prince Charles. Everywhere the prince went, Barry followed. What were his duties? He woke the prince each morning, prepared his clothes (including some forty different uniforms), screened visitors, handled all his personal shopping, and even sat in for the future King of England during royal portrait sessions. He became, in short, the prince's constant companion. Did he ever feel like royalty himself? According to Barry, "One always remembered that you're only in their shadow. There's none of this wishing to swap places or join in. I'd never want to do his job." Certainly if anyone should know Charles, it is Barry. As the old saying goes, a man is never a hero to his valet.

With the public announcement of his resignation, Barry was deluged with job offers, his face suddenly a front-page fixture in London's tabloids amid false speculation that he had been fired. Adnan Khashoggi, the international arms merchant, called on him to run his operations in England. Ditto for Turnbull and Asser, one of the country's leading clothiers, who offered him a position as PR consultant. Interview requests arrived daily, accompanied by offers of up to $150,000. And indeed, soon to be severed by his own hand from royal service, Barry was feted by the chicest clubs in

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MONTGOMERY

London. He had become a mildly unwilling overnight celebrity whom the world looked to as the source of the choicest gossip on Charles and his family.

Not surprisingly, then, his book *Royal Service*, published by Macmillan, has been the center of controversy since its completion last summer, causing a stir not only here in the United States but also in England, where publication has thus far been banned. His is the first look at the palace from the inside—an "Upstairs, Downstairs" of Buckingham Palace.

How much has Barry revealed? Enough, and yet here, sitting for the *Penthouse* interview, even more. Peter Manso, whose last assignment was killer-author Jack Henry Abbott, was assigned to probe, push, and peel away the English reserve. What emerged was startling, hardly the glittering portrait the royal family has been accustomed to.

Manso reports: "Barry is an altogether pleasant man—perhaps too pleasant. By turns affable, gentle, considerate, and impeccably mannered, he displayed a willingness to entertain *any* questions. It was obvious that he's already quite used to press interviews, though of the English variety, and so on the subject of, say, Lady Di's virginity, he'd just plunge in. The tensions in the royal marriage, Charles's bachelor days, the essential anachronism of royalty in England's era of near bankruptcy, even Koo Stark and Prince Andrew's affair—all was fair game, good sport, and yes, jolly all right, too.

"Given the success of Barry's book and its huge six-figure advance before publication, the only logical place to begin was at the end: did the former valet feel he had betrayed Prince Charles's trust?"

Penthouse: We live in an era of "kiss and tell" journalism, so it wouldn't be inappropriate to ask if it's occurred to you that in writing this book you're cashing in on your relationship with the prince?

Barry: Well, yes, when you put it that way, I am making a profit out of an experience, sure. But I'm not rich and I need an income—when I lived at the palace, I was on a very small income, £100 monthly, or $200. When I left, which was a year ago, I was taken care of to a large extent. Now I've got to stand on my own two feet and think about the future. This book will set me up for the rest of my life. If it's properly handled, it'll be my pension fund.

Penthouse: Has it compromised your relationship with the prince, however? The trust he put in you?

Barry: If your question is "Should I have done the book or not?", I think, yes, of course. I thought a lot about it beforehand and then after I wrote it I kept in touch with the prince. I haven't just written it and run away from London.

Penthouse: Charles read it, then? In effect, vetted it? And Diana as well?

Barry: That's right, before the book went to my publisher, and he made no requests to change anything. He's been aware of the project from the beginning. In fact, he was quite fascinated by it when I first went to tell him, which was during the same period I was being asked to do press interviews. He'd ask, "How much are they paying you?" When I told him, he was quite amazed at the sort of figures that were being thrown around. It came to be a joke between us. Each day he'd ask, "What's the latest offer?" As for Diana's reading it, I don't know. But I'm sure she must have, because they read everything about themselves they can lay their hands on.

Penthouse: A number of people have remarked that the book is quite tame, though. Aren't you constantly being asked, Where's the dirt? Where's the scandal, the sex? How do you answer that—by saying that there wasn't any?

Barry: Well, there wasn't. It was just a standard single man's life. Well, not exactly standard . . .

Penthouse: Not exactly, indeed. But while you talk about his girl friends you're never explicit, never say whether he spent the nights with them.

Barry: No. Because, of course, one assumed he did.

Penthouse: By the same token there's no mention of displays of temper on the part of anyone in the royal family.

Barry: In his own family? No, because they all get on very well together. At the risk of sounding sloppy, they get on too well together.

Penthouse: Too well? Explain that.

Barry: Well, outsiders would wonder, Why are they all so close? I mean, I argue with my sisters; I used to argue with my parents—but the same thing doesn't go on in the royal family. I mean, they're not sitting there all day smiling at each other, but they do keep totally to themselves.

Penthouse: Would you say that they're out of touch with the real world?

Barry: When they're working they're in touch totally with the real world. When they're off-duty, in their private rooms, they become a very tight family unit. They don't really trust many people and they therefore draw their strength from each other.

Penthouse: Or their insecurity, perhaps.

Barry: Whichever way you want to put it. I wouldn't say they're in an insecure position, but they do rely on public opinion. The reason the royals exist is the public opinion; they're not there by law. The prince, for example, has always said, "If they want me to go, I'll go"—meaning, if things ever changed that much. He's aware that public opinion can change radically, but all the royals know at the moment, certainly since Jubilee year, that they're very popular. The wedding proved it. Even the leftists in the British Parliament who had criticized the expenditure for the wedding have been silenced by this popularity.

Penthouse: What was your role on the wedding day?

Barry: Well, having planned for it, I was determined to make it as efficient as possible.

Penthouse: Did you dress Charles, prepare him for his big moment, as it were?

Barry: Yes, of course. It was the first time I ever went into his room to wake him and found him already wide awake.

Penthouse: What was he doing when you walked in?

Barry: He had put the radio on and was listening to the news buildup. It had started at six or seven in the morning. He was excited, of course, but nervous at the same time. You were conscious of the fact that this was the big, big day in his life. It was the biggest ceremonial day since his investiture. He was looking through the curtains at the mall, the street outside. Every time he peeked he'd be amazed at the crowds.

Penthouse: He hadn't anticipated the turnout? Come now!

Barry: The crowds, yes, but not the enthusiasm.

Penthouse: Did he eat breakfast alone?

Barry: Yes, as he always does. Prince Andrew, his best man, came along to say hello. All of the family came along . . .

Penthouse: Was there joking, kidding?

Barry: Oh, yes. Andrew was saying, "Are you ready for this, Charles?"

Penthouse: And what did Charles say?

Barry: "Of course." Then he added, "Andrew, behave." He's always remonstrating with Andrew to be good.

Penthouse: And Diana—when did he see her for the first time that day?

Barry: At St. Paul's. That is absolute tradition in England, that the bride stays separate from the groom the night before the wedding.

Penthouse: How cognizant was he of the responsibility he was putting on her?

Barry: Actually, totally. That's why he's very protective of her.

Penthouse: Did he say as much to you?

Barry: No, not as such, but I knew that he wanted her treated carefully. You see, the other thing you could have created under these circumstances was a monster. But he was always very considerate of her. It's in his nature to be considerate. When the press were living outside her house, before the engagement, he was constantly saying to me, "I wish the press would leave her alone. I'm so worried about her."

Penthouse: Diana has been presented as a great natural beauty, yet one wonders how much of this is her clothing, the jewelry, and all the rest of the royal trappings.

Barry: She has this terrific presence about her. She'll walk into a room, and boom! You know it's her. It comes from her height. She moves very purposefully. She doesn't come in posing; she doesn't practice walking or anything.

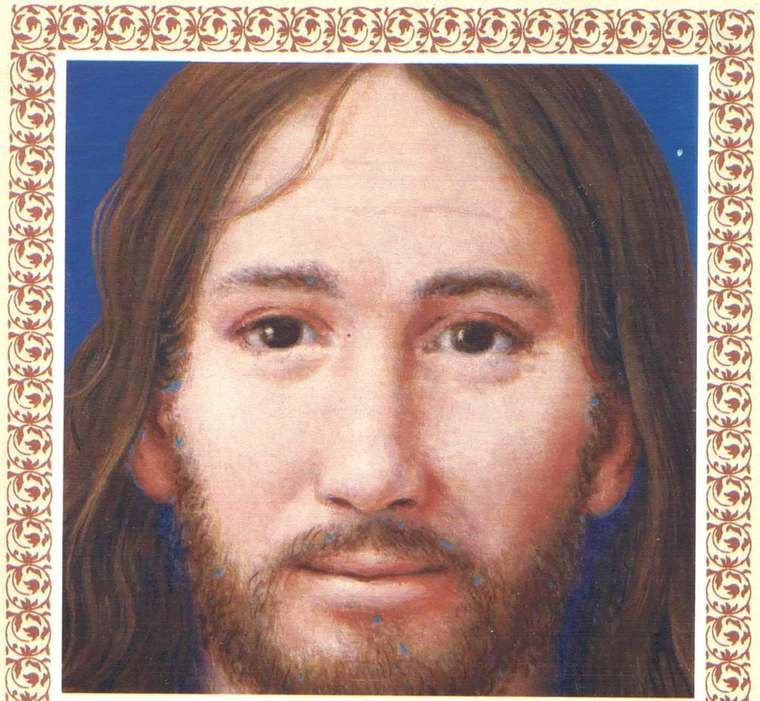
Penthouse: Still, what's so remarkable about her appearance?

Barry: Her brilliant eyes. The eyes are really the thing. They look wondering and, well, modest. She's got a wonderful smile;

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 3

There was an old thug from Beirut
Who finally was given the boot.
As he drifted to sea
He posed modestly
Saying, "Don't you think murder is cute?"



SLOW DANCING WITH JESUS

FICTION BY GARDNER DOZOIS AND JACK DANN

Jesus Christ appeared at Tess Kimbrough's door dressed in a white tuxedo with a blue cummerbund and matching bow tie. His chestnut-brown hair was parted in the middle and fell down past his shoulders, and his beard and mustache were close-cropped and neatly combed.

Tess's mother answered the door. "Come right inside. Tess will be down in a jiffy." She led Jesus into the front room. "Tess," she called, "your date is here."

Upstairs, Tess checked the bobby pins that held her French twist together and smoothed imaginary wrinkles out of her dress. It was the emerald-green one, with dyed-green shoes to match, that her urbane and sophisticated mother had helped her pick out, and she was somewhat nervous about it. But then, she was so nervous anyway that her teeth were chattering. She told her image in the mirror that this was going to be the most perfect night of her life, but the image in the mirror didn't look convinced. She practiced breathing evenly for a moment, flaring her nostrils. Then she walked down the stairs to meet Jesus, remembering not to look at her feet, and trying to maintain good posture.

Jesus stood up as she entered the room and presented her with a corsage, a small orchid on a wristlet. She thanked him, kissed her mother good-bye, promised that she'd be back at a reasonable hour, and then she was sitting beside Jesus in the leatherette seat of his Thunderbird convertible. Jesus refrained from laying rubber in front of Tess's house, as most kids would have done; instead he shifted smoothly and skillfully through the gears. Tess momentarily forgot about being nervous as the wind rushed by against her face and she thought that she was actually—right now—going to the prom.

"How are you doing?" Jesus asked. "Do you want a cap or something so the wind won't mess your hair?"

"No, thanks," Tess said shyly. She was almost afraid to look at him, and kept stealing sidelong glances at him when she thought his attention was elsewhere.

"You nervous?"

Tess glanced at him again. "You mean, about the prom?"

"Uh-huh," Jesus said, executing a high-speed turn with an easy, expert grace. The buildings were going by very fast now.

"Yeah . . . I guess so."

"Don't be," Jesus said, and winked.

Tess felt herself blushing, but before she could think of something to say, Jesus was bringing the car to a smooth stop in the lower parking lot of the high school. A kid whose Vaseline-smeared hair was combed back into a ducktail opened the door for Tess, and then slid into the driver's seat when Jesus got out. Jesus gave him a five-dollar tip.

"Jeez, thanks," the boy said.

Cinders crunched under their feet as they crossed the parking lot toward the open fire door of the gym, which was now framed by the paper lanterns that glowed in soft pastel colors. Tess walked hesitantly and slowly now that they were really here, already beginning to feel the first sick flutterings of panic. Most of the kids didn't like her—she had long ago been classified as uncool and, worse, a "brain"—and she didn't see any reason why they'd start to like her now. . . .

But then Jesus was surrendering their tickets at the door, and it was too late to flee.

Inside the gym, the bleachers had been pulled back from the dance floor, and the basketball nets had been folded up. Paper streamers hung from rafters and water pipes, herds of slowly jostling balloons bumped gently against the ceiling, and crepe-paper roses were everywhere. The band—five sullen young men in dark-red jackets that had "The Teen-Tones" written on them in sequins—had set up in the free-throw zone and were aggressively but unskillfully playing "Yakety Yak." Kids in greasy pompadours, crew cuts, and elephant trunks milled listlessly around the dance floor, looking stiff and uncomfortable in their rented suits. Only a few couples were dancing, and they jerked and twitched in lethargic slow motion, like people slowly drowning on the bottom of the sea.

Most of the girls were still standing by the refreshment tables on the other side of the room, where the punch bowls were, and Tess made her way toward them, feeling her stomach slowly knot with dread. Already she could see some of the kids smirking at her and whispering, and she heard a girl say loudly, "Just look at that *dress*! What a nerd!" One of the class clowns made a yipping, doggy noise as she passed, and someone else broke up into high-pitched asthmatic laughter. Blindly, she kept walking. As she came up to the group around the punch bowls, her friend Carol gave her an unenthusiastic smile and said, "Hey, lookin' good," in an insincere voice. Vinnie, Carol's bullet-headed boyfriend, made a snorting sound of derision. "I just don't understand why you have anything to do with that dog," he said to Carol, not even making a pretense of caring whether Tess could hear him or not. Carol looked embarrassed; she glanced at Tess, smiled weakly, and then looked uneasily away—she genuinely liked Tess, and sometimes hung out with her after school (in the classic teen configuration, encountered everywhere, of one pretty girl and "dog" doing things together), but as a captain of cheerleaders she had her own status to worry about, and under the circumstances she'd lose face with the cool kids if she stuck up too vigorously for Tess. "I mean, *look* at her," Vinnie complained, still speaking to Carol as if Tess weren't there. "She's *so* uncool, you know?"

Tess stood frozen, flushing, smiling a frozen smile, feeling herself go hot and freezing-cold by turns. Should she pretend that she hadn't heard? What else *could* she do? The clown had drifted over, and was making yipping noises again. . . .

Jesus had been a few steps behind her coming through the crowd, but now he stepped up beside her and took her arm, and all the other kids suddenly fell silent. "Leave her alone," Jesus said. His voice was rich, strong, resonant, and it rang like a mellow iron bell in the big empty hall. "She's here with *me*." Vinnie's mouth dropped open, and Carol gasped. All the kids were gaping at them, their faces soft with awe. Tess was intensely aware of Jesus' strong, warm fingers on the bare flesh of her arm. Jesus seemed to have grown larger, to have become huge and puissant, a giant, and his rugged, handsome face had become stern and commanding. He radiated strength and warmth and authority, and an almost tangible light—a clear and terrible light that seemed to reveal every zit and pimple and blackhead in the sallow, shallow faces of her tormentors, each slack mouth and weak chin and watery eye, a light that dwindled them to a petty and insignificant group of grimy children. "She's here with me," Jesus repeated, and then he smiled, suavely, jauntily, almost rakishly, and winked. "And if *I* say she's cool, believe it, she's cool."

Then, before anyone could speak, Jesus had taken Tess's hand and led her onto the dance floor, and they were dancing, slow dancing, while the band played "A Million to One." She had never been able to dance before, but now she danced with effortless skill, swirling around and around the floor, following Jesus' lead, moving with beauty and flowing, silken grace, shreds of torn paper roses whispering around her feet. One by one the other couples stopped dancing and stood silently to watch them, until they were surrounded by a ring of pale, gaping, awed faces, small as thumbnails and distant as stars, and they drifted and danced within that watching ring as the band played "Good-night, My Love" and "Twilight Time" and "It's All in the Game."

After the dance, Jesus drove her home and kissed her good-night at her door, gently but with authority, and with just the slightest sweet hint of tongue.

Tess let herself in and went upstairs to her room, moving quietly so that her mother wouldn't realize that she was back. She switched on a soft light and stared at herself in the mirror; her flesh was tingling, and she was sure that she must be glowing in the darkness like freshly hammered steel, but her face looked the same as always, except perhaps for the expression around the eyes. She sat down at her night table and took her diary out from the locked, secret drawer. She sat there silently for a long while, near the open window, feeling the warm night breeze caress her face and smelling the heavy, sweet perfume of the mimosa trees outside. A dog was barking out there somewhere, far away, at long intervals and cars whined by on the highway, leaving a vibrant silence in their wake. At last she opened her diary, and in a bold neat hand wrote, *"Dear Diary, Tonight I met—Him. . . ."*

Tess wasn't the prettiest girl at the prom, but she was the only one who had the Messiah as her date.

PAINTING BY CLIFF McREYNOLDS

If you steal, you're not a criminal; you're a "victim of society."

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING POOR

The PENTHOUSE
Humor Editor offers good news
about a bad economy

INVESTIGATIVE SATIRE BY BILL LEE

You own a lot of art deco furniture.

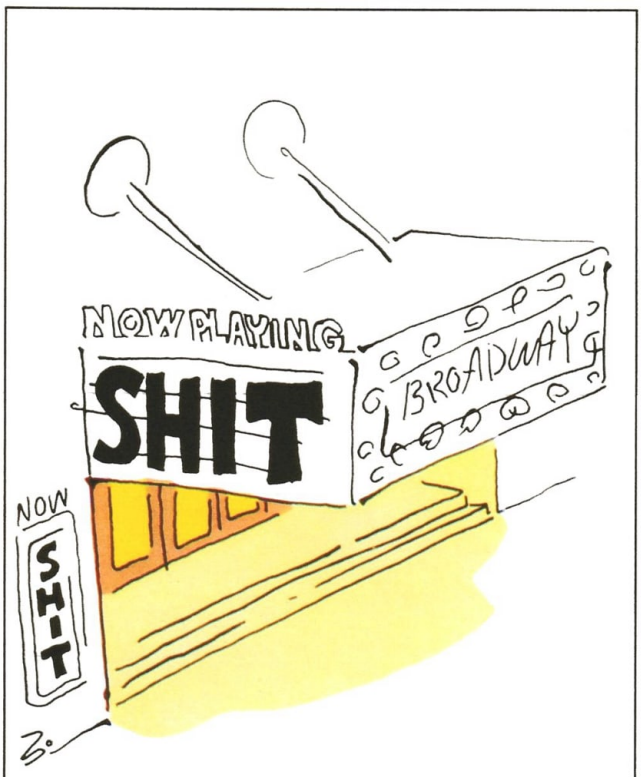
You are in full agreement with Catherine Deneuve when she says, "It's not easy to be Catherine Deneuve."

You'll never pay seventy-five dollars an hour to be psychoanalyzed by someone who's crazier than you are.

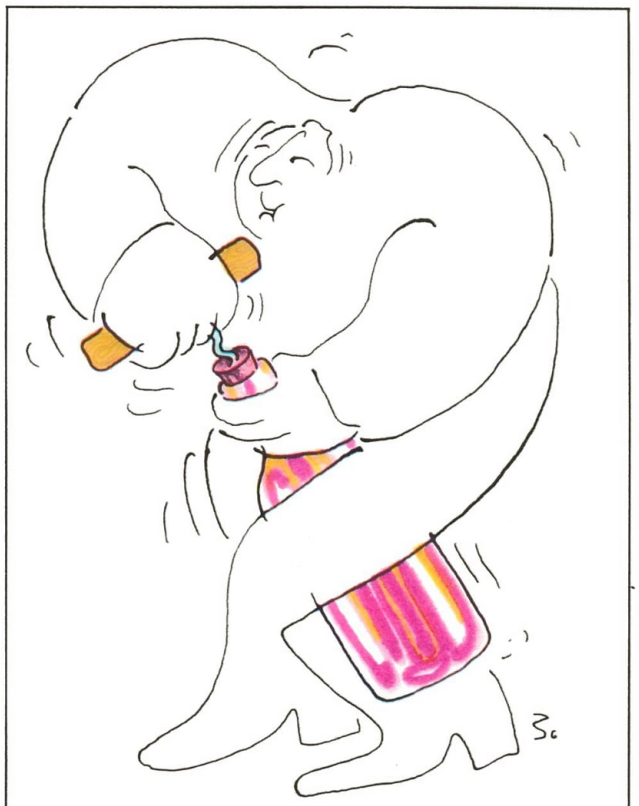
No worries about a cocaine bust. You can't afford it.

You'll never be invited to a cocktail party with Norman Mailer and Gore Vidal.

You'll never be obliged to see an Andy Warhol film.



You'll never spend fifty dollars (per ticket) to see a bad Broadway show.



Since all of your wine comes in screw-top bottles, you'll never spend twenty minutes trying to remove a dry cork.

Nobody asks, "What's your sign?"

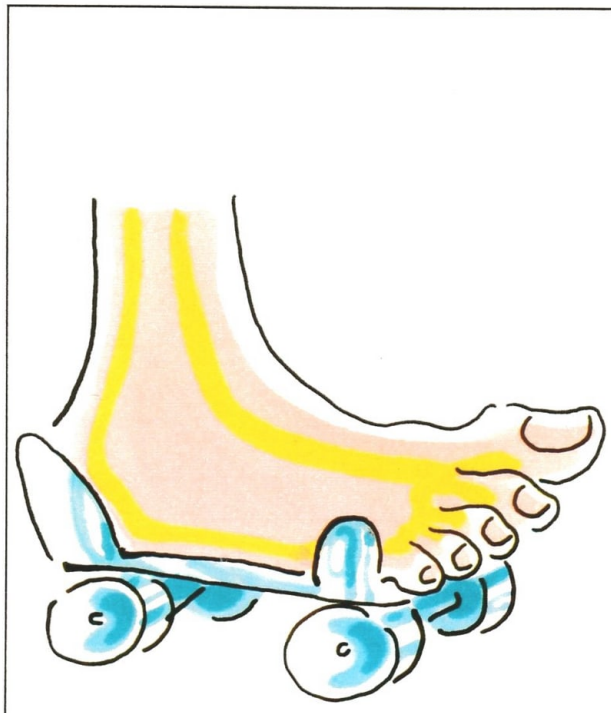
If you break up with your girl friend, Marvin Mitchelson won't sue you for palimony.

You can openly admit you don't understand anything that William F. Buckley says.

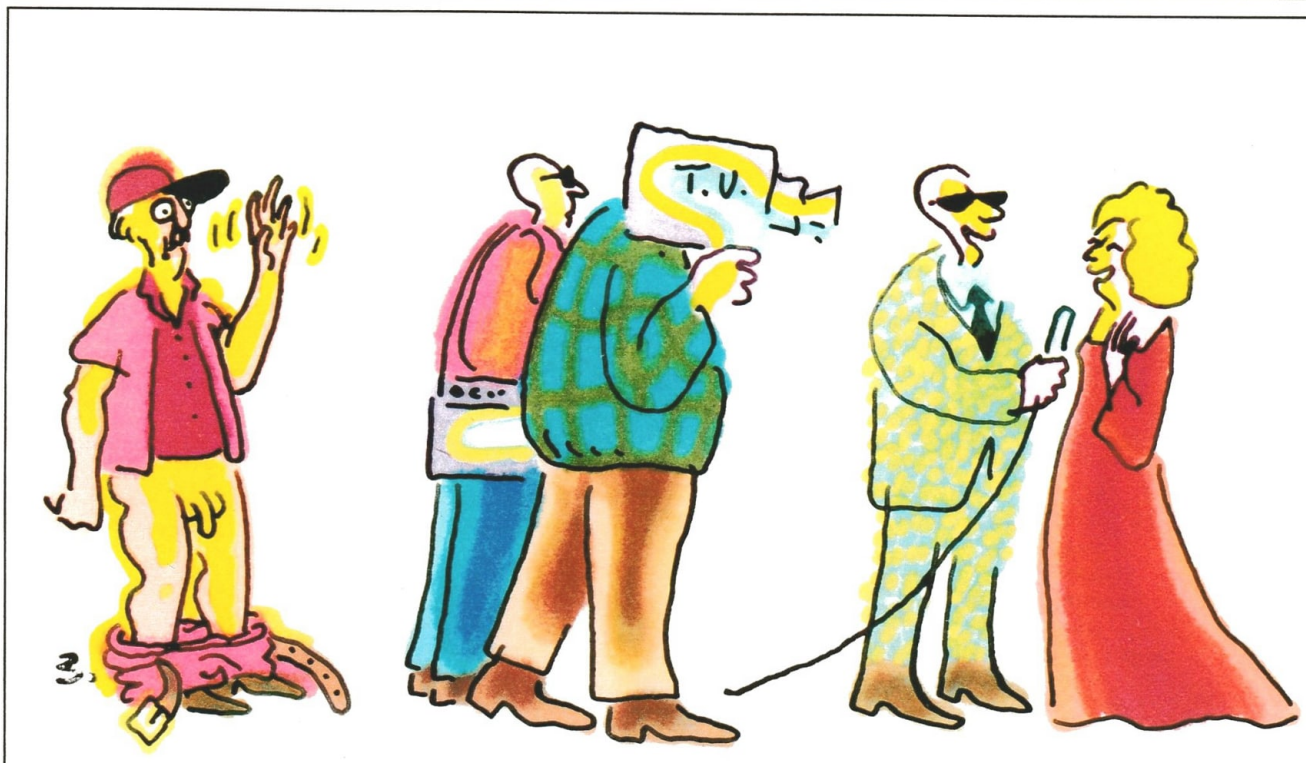
You'll never be kidnapped in Italy.

Your neighborhood is always integrated.

The stock market is the last thing you want to go up.



Automobile companies can't recall your feet.



If you drop your pants in public, you won't appear on the six o'clock news.

And God created
man in His own image. But man
wasn't entirely satisfied.

APHRODITE'S PLAYTHINGS

BY NICK TOSCHES

If we heed the
Levantine belief that the forbidden fruit
of Eden was a banana, we might
infer that it did not take long for Eve to
figure out that there were
more ways than one to get from
dusk to dawn.
We can only begin to wonder
how Adam might have reacted to such
a turn of events, as it is indeed
hard to imagine what it might feel like to
be the only beefcake in
Paradise and yet be dumped for a
banana while the tin cans are still
tied to the fender. We do
know, however, that the Lord most
definitely did not want any
false schlongs before Him, since
biblical scholars tell us that
a condemnation of the use of dildos is
to be found in Ezekiel: "Thou hast
also taken thy fair jewels of
my gold and of my silver, which I had
given thee, and madest to
thyself images of men, and didst
commit whoredom with them."
Unlike Yahweh's chosen
people, their snazzily dressed neighbors
to the west, the Egyptians,
bestowed a role of hallowed honor
upon the dildo, incorporating
that most ancient and venerable of
sexual accoutrements into the myth
of Osiris, sacred to
Egyptians since before the dawn of

PAINTING BY
CARLOS REVILLA

history. This myth tells how the evil and violent Seth murders his brother, Osiris, cuts his body into fourteen pieces, and scatters those pieces to the winds. Isis, the sister and wife of Osiris (believe me, "General Hospital" has nothing on Egyptian mythology), sets out to gather the pieces, all of which she eventually recovers, save one—his cock, which has been devoured by the scavengers of the Nile. Distraught but undaunted, Isis fashions an image of the missing piece, anoints it with oils, sticks it where it best fits, miraculously conceives, and in time gives birth to Horus, the successor and avenging son of Osiris. The consecration of the divine dildo was commemorated at the Pamylia, a solemn religious festival that was yearly celebrated well into the Christian era. (This is not the only instance of miraculous masturbation to be found among the sacred teachings of the Egyptians. The Pyramid Texts tell us that the predynastic solar deity Atum gave birth to the first holy couple by pulling his pud: "Atum became as one who fucks himself in Heliopolis. He put his penis in his hand to excite desire. The son and the daughter were born, the brother and the sister, Shu and Tefnet." Now *that* is religion!)

The ancient Greeks, who possessed the grandest and most concise sexual vocabulary that the world has ever known (what other language, for example, can boast a word equivalent to the classical Greek *phoinikizein*, meaning "to perform cunnilingus on a menstruating woman"?), used the word *olisbos* to refer to the leather phallus, popularly believed to have originated in the coastal city of Miletus, with which the lustful ladies of Hellas had thrilled themselves since the dark days of Homer.

The oldest mention that we have of the *olisbos* is in a papyrus fragment of one of Sappho's lost poems, dating to the seventh century B.C. Unfortunately, the first five letters of the word are all that remain of what was most likely a unique piece of explicit erotica by the greatest slut poet that ever lived. In *Lysistrata*, the comedy by Aristophanes that was the theatrical hit of the 411 B.C. spring season in Athens, the horny heroine of the play's title complains in act 1 that "since the day the Milesians left us in the lurch, not an *olisbos* have I set eyes on, six inches long, that might give us its leathern aid." The *Suidas*, the monumental Greek lexicon compiled near the end of the tenth century, looked back on the *olisbos* with medieval Christian eyes, defining it as "a virile member made of leather which was used by Milesian women, as being tribads and immodest. It was also made use of by widows."

The ancient Romans, too, favored dildos of leather, which they called *penes scortei* ("leathern penises"). The liveliest scene in Latin literature involving a *penis scorteus* is to be found in Petronius Arbiter's infamous first-century novel, *Satyricon*, where an old priestess shoves one that has been smeared with a paste of olive oil, ground pepper, and crushed nettle seeds up the ass of the impotent hero, Encolpius.

In old India, the use of the dildo, called *kritrima-linga* in Sanskrit, was prohibited by orthodox Hindu law books, on the grounds that such things were insults to the god Shiva, "whose lingam is ever-erect." This proscription, however, had little effect on what seems to have been a dildo industry so busy and varied that the irreverent among us might be led to suspect that Shiva's worshipers were not quite as ever-erect as the object of their devotion. Although the renowned second-century Hindu sex book, the *Kama Sutra* of Vatsyayana, advised that only natural objects, such as bananas, carrots, cucumbers, gourds, and mangoes, be used as dildos, there are plentiful accounts of *kritrima-lingas* artifacts' being manufactured from metal, bone, wood, baked clay, candle wax, and other inedible substances.

> The variety of modes in which the artificial vagina is sold today is an even greater smirch than Mr. Phil Donahue upon the honor of true men.

Even the Indians, however, were outdone by the ancient Chinese, whose fanciful diligence in the invention and use of all manner of sexual implements lends credence to the title of "the chosen people of debauchery" bestowed upon them by the great nineteenth-century anthropologist, explorer, poet, linguist, sexologist, militarist, and maniac Sir Richard Burton.

Chinese dildos, known as *so-yang*, were fashioned from wood, metal, bamboo shoots, bone, ivory, wax, jade, and treated roots. Though the old medical books taught that women who used dildos "always injure their livers and quickly age and die," the Taoists advocated dildos on the grounds that women who did not satisfy themselves in one way or another might be tempted to fuck demons (not to mention Ming the Milkman). "Since this method of intercourse is superior to that of humans," says one Taoist text, "when it is practiced for a long time, the woman becomes bewitched."

The Chinese also devised the double-dildo, a two-pronged implement of horn or ivory, with a long silk band attached to its middle. One woman could insert half of it into herself, fasten the ribbon around her waist, and go to town on a friend with the other half of it. There were wooden and ivory dildos that women attached to their heels with ribbons, thus allowing them by means of subtle leg movements to satisfy themselves while taking tea or reading, as depicted in several surviving prints from the Ming dynasty. Other, nonphallic devices were also employed. Small silken pouches of dried mushrooms were placed within the vagina; as the honorable skushgush flowed, the mushrooms swelled and stirred. The *mien-ling* was a pair of small hollow balls of silver, one containing a drop of mercury and the other a vibrating metal bell-tongue. Inserted into a woman's vagina, the *mien-ling*, activated by the least bodily movement, filled her cunt with a lush, vibrant tingling. The *mien-ling*, like other Chinese sexual paraphernalia, was eagerly taken up by the neighboring Japanese, who called it *ri-no-tama*. (The dildo proper went by the name of *harigata* in the Land of the Rising Sun.)

In Europe, wooden and ceramic dildos gained in popularity throughout the Middle Ages. Though the sexual contraption most associated with that dark era is the semi-mythical chastity belt, by means of which the Crusaders supposedly ensured the fidelity of their little ladies back home (the only possibly authentic example of a medieval chastity belt that we possess is that in the collection of the Armory of the Palace of the Doges, in Venice, where it is cataloged as the "iron pants of the wife of the Prince of Padua"; all others have been shown to be latter-day hoaxes), it is doubtless that the Crusaders did more in the way of advancing the cause of the dildo than they did in advancing the cause of Christianity.

The playfulness with which the Europeans regarded the dildo is reflected in the names they bestowed on it. In France, it was called *patte de chat* ("cat's paw") and *godmichet* (from *gaude mihi*, "give me pleasure"); in Italy, *passatempo* ("pastime") and *diletto* ("delight")—whence, it is believed, came the odd word *dildo*, which entered the English language sometime about the year 1500, and which we first encounter in literature in 1593, in "The Choise of Valentines, or the Merie Ballad of Nash his Dildo," wherein the British poet Thomas Nash views his subject through the grateful eyes of womankind, beginning with a farewell to the fickle cock of flesh.

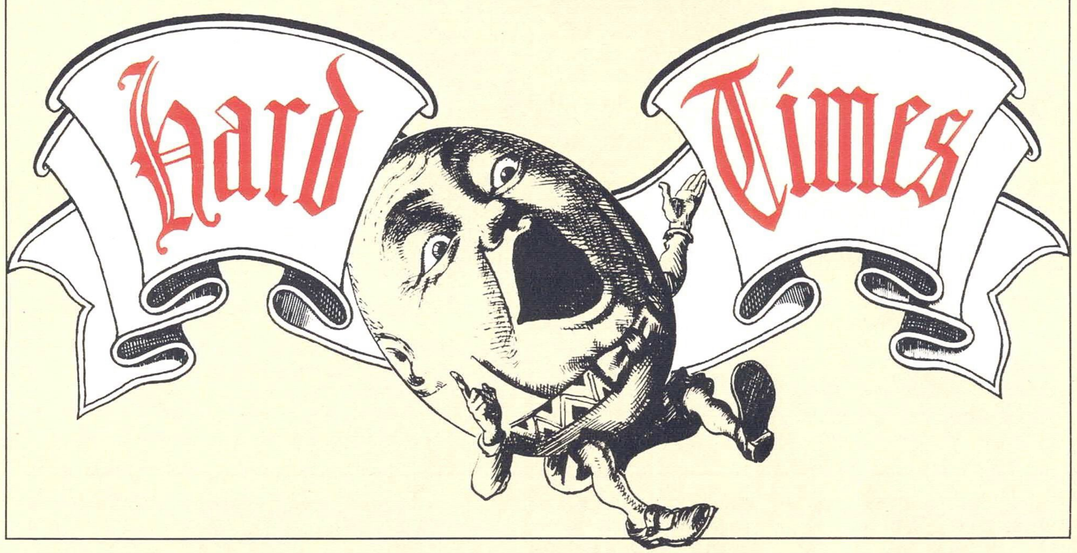
Adiew faint-hearted instrument of lust,
That falselie hast betrayde our equale trust.
Hence-forth no more will I implore thine ayde,
Or thee, or men of cowardize upbrayde.
My little dildo shall supplye their kinde:
A knave, that moves as light as leaves by winde;
That bendeth not, nor fouldeth anie deale,
But stands as stiff, as he were made of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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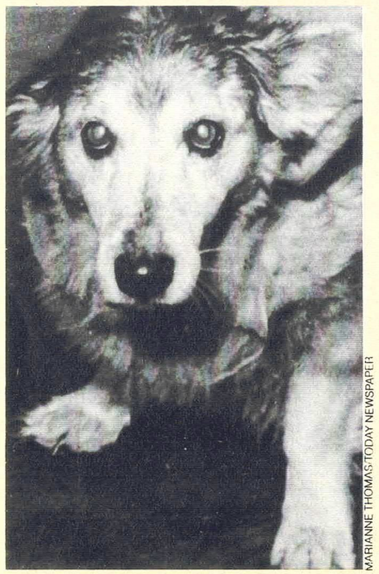
HE MARRIED A REAL DOG!



MARIANNE THOMAS-TODAY NEWSPAPER

"Spunky, do you take Clifford to be your lawful wedded husband?" "Woof, woof," went Spunky. Because Clifford Edwards of Merritt Island, Florida, married his dog. The wedding was attended by about 100 guests, who thought they were coming to a real wedding. Spunky and Clifford had been living together for 13 years before they tied the knot. The ceremony was complete with a best man, and afterwards Spunky licked Clifford's face and ran under the bed. (*USA Today*, submitted by Mike Gordon, Grand Forks, N.D.)

Here's one man who knows he'll be master in his house.–Editor

On Borrowed Time–And Money

Craig Boyden, age 32, was told that he was suffering from Crohn's disease and had only three months to live. He decided to live it up as long as he could. He embezzled $30,000 from his job at a carpet company in Elliot City, Maryland, and took off on a spree. Dining in the finest restaurants, buying drinks for everyone in every bar he went into, throwing thousand-dollar parties for his friends–these were but scant compensations for a dying man. But Boyden didn't feel like he was dying; he felt fine. A second opinion confirmed his worst hope–Boyden didn't have Crohn's disease at all. An allergic reaction to the first doctor's gloves had led to the wrong diagnosis. Turns out that the worst thing Boyden was suffering from was a hernia. Boyden explained his predicament in court, and was let off with a suspended sentence. He does, however, have to pay the money back at the rate of $5,000 a year. (*Examiner*–submitted by Steve Ellis, Tulsa, Okla.)
It's all part of the high cost of dying.–Editor

THE NUDE DEAL

UPI

From the south of France comes this pithy political comment: The headline reads "As promised, after 21 months of socialism, I have nothing left." (New York *Daily News*–submitted by Allyn Stranzenbach, North Plainfield, N.J.)
And that's the naked truth.–Editor

PANTY RAID, ANYONE?

A student working in the steam room at Central Michigan University uncovered a hoard of unmentionables in a locker. Inside two lockers in the steam room, were 1,117 pairs of panties, 78 bras, 38 camisoles, three pairs of nylons, two pairs of women's gym shorts and a sheer one-piece bodysuit adorned with three feathers positioned at the appropriate places. Mark Adams, the student who found the underwear, counted them and turned them over for investigation to the Department of Public Safety. Adams says he became suspicious when he found a Playboy magazine in the locker next to the ones containing the clothes. (*Central Michigan Life*–David Erway, Mount Pleasant, Mich.)
That would make us suspicious too.–Editor

KEN STEVENS

CAP CARPENTER/SAN JOSE MERCURY NEWS

A JOKE THAT BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE

The state employment office in San Jose, California, received a call from a man who identified himself as Gil Candell of Gil Candell Construction. He said he needed 70 to 80 workers to tear down a vacant house. 75 men, eager for the $5 an hour job, showed up at the house the next day and tore the house down to the foundations. Then the real owner showed up. "He told us to get off his property," said one worker. "We didn't know we were tearing down somebody's house we weren't supposed to." Mark Campbell and his attorney were unable to discover who had made the prank call that resulted in the destruction of an $80,000 house. Of course, no one paid the men for their work. (*Philadelphia Inquirer*–submitted by Mr. J. Whitehead, Penns Grove, N.J.)
Yes, but they'll go down in history as the first destruction workers.–Editor

HOUSE IN SPLITSVILLE

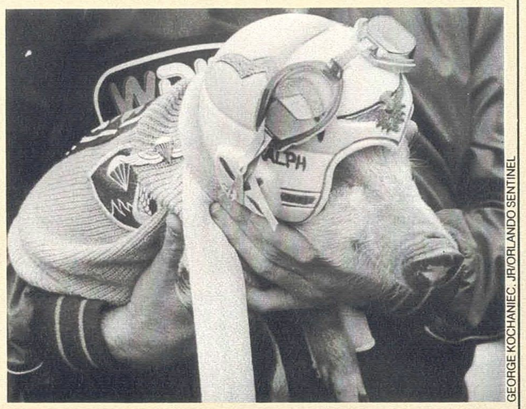
Virgil M. Everhart of Central City, Kentucky, cut his house in half because his wife had asked for an even property settlement in their divorce. Everhart chopped through the floor, walls and ceiling to make a line dividing the house into two equal portions: "His" and "Hers." Then he was hauled into court where the judge told him, "Mr. Everhart, you've pulled a mighty cute trick. The only thing standing between you and the jailhouse door is your job." Mr. Everhart started his task after receiving a summons restraining him from disposing of "marital property" and ordering him to pay some of his wife's and children's expenses. (*Newsday*–submitted by Lorie McGraw, Port Jefferson, N.Y.)
Let's hope he doesn't want the kids.–Editor

WIDE WORLD

AND NOW, THE WINNER OF THE 1983 SCHOOL SPIRIT AWARD...

At halftime during a basketball game between two Kansas colleges, a masked man burst onto the floor and lofted a dead black cat at the Southwest College players, whose mascot is a black cat. The cat-chucker got away, because the crowd was busy watching two young men dressed like referees with dark glasses and canes, who tapped their way onto the floor. It wasn't until the Southwest players saw blood that they realized that they had had a real cat volleyed at them. "I can't believe they took a pet's life for a basketball game," said Brad Smith, a junior. "He came in and started running around in circles and threw it right in front of everybody, and blood went everywhere." "There is no doubt that it was freshly killed," said Paul Steele, a sophomore. "That cat went limp. It didn't stay stiff." Coach Mike Sandifar said the incident was "kind of gross" but said it had no effect on his players, who led 26 to 20 at the time of cat-tossing but who lost the game in double overtime. (*Wichita Eagle-Beacon*–submitted by Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Hiller, Jr., Wichita, Kans.)
Now that's really gross.–Editor

PIGS IN SPACE


GEORGE KOCHANIEC, JR/ORLANDO SENTINEL

This little piggy went to market, this little piggy went skydiving ...or they're trying to anyways. Betty, Mabel and Ralph have been prevented from making the porcine plunge by overcast skies and the Florida SPCA, which claims that making pigs skydive is an unnatural act. The parachuting pigs were to be a featured attraction at "The Great American Pig Out" music festival in Orlando, Florida. (New York *Daily News*–submitted by David S. Brodsky, Bronx, N.Y.)
Great moments in aviation hamstrung by the SPCA.–Editor

A SURPRISE IN EVERY BOX

In Huntington, West Virginia, an 8-year-old girl got a special prize in her box of Cracker Jacks. When she opened up her box she found a pamphlet entitled "Erotic Sexual Positions From Around the World." The girl's grandmother was with her when she found the booklet. She said the girl remarked, "Wow, look at this!" "Her eyes got great big," says grammy. "I don't think she even realized what it was. She thought it was an exercise book." The Borden company, which distributes the candy, said several similar pamphlets had been discovered in boxes of Cracker Jacks. A company official said, "It was someone with a sick sense of humor. We're really appalled." (*San Francisco Chronicle*–submitted by Phil Spivak, Fortuna, Calif.)
And all we ever got was a compass.–Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

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BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions to help you measure if you've become a slave to pleasure.

PSYCHOGRAPH

Just because you're not mainlining heroin in the basement of a slum tenement doesn't mean you're not an addict. There are all sorts of junkies in this world—food junkies, sex junkies, work junkies, gambling junkies, sports junkies, TV junkies, sleep junkies. This psychograph may tell you how likely you are to be one of them.

Not every addict has exactly the same personality or social background. Nevertheless, psychologists have found that addicts of all types tend to share a remarkable number of traits. Psychologically speaking, the street-corner junkie is not always so different from the workaholic company president or the man with an obsessive need for continual sexual conquest.

The number of possible addictions is limited only by the human imagination. One man's casual pleasure can be another's self-destructive compulsion. People can become addicted to everything from sunsets to mountain climbing to dirty socks, hell, and even to psychology (many a shrink's patient can't cut the cord that binds him to his therapist, because he'd get the mental equivalent of the d.t.'s if he tried it).

Some of the strongest evidence pointing to an underlying addictive personality comes from former addicts themselves. They often "cure" themselves by substituting one addiction (often a more socially acceptable one) for another. Such people replace extremely self-destructive addictions with ones that are less likely to cost them home, job, or marriage; but the basic addictive impulse can be as strong as ever.

Psychologists theorize that most people with addictive personalities tend to have high levels of anxiety. They use the kick of their addiction to mask that anxiety rather than deal with the causes of it. The questions below focus on the psychological and social characteristics that frequently correlate with the compulsive behavior exhibited by many types of addicts. If you are an addict, you may not have admitted it to anyone, including yourself. In that case these questions, if answered honestly, could lead you to some important insights about yourself.

1. Which of the following statements most closely describes you?
   (a) I'm a spur-of-the-moment-type person. When I want something, I want it immediately. If I wake up in the morning and decide I'd like a new stereo, there's a good chance I'll go right out and buy it (even if I can't really afford it). When it comes to going places, I'm the same way. I just like to get up and go—no long-range plans or reservations.
   (b) I'm a fairly cautious person. If I'm going to make a major purchase, I think about it for a long time, save for it, and consider the alternatives. I like to make long-range plans. I may admire people who can act on the spur of the moment, but I'm not one of them.
   (c) I'm about midway between the two extremes.

2. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
   (a) The most important people in society are those average guys who do their jobs, raise their kids, and don't call a lot of attention to themselves.
   (b) The most important people in society are the nonconformists, visionaries, freaks, and weirdos. If you didn't have people who were willing to take chances and go against the accepted order of things, society would never advance.

3. In your own life would you say you're basically a conformist or nonconformist?
   (a) very nonconformist
   (b) quite nonconformist
   (c) quite conformist
   (d) very conformist

4. Do you like to do things that are physically dangerous?
   (a) yes, it's exhilarating
   (b) sometimes
   (c) only occasionally
   (d) no, I'm a confirmed coward

5. Do you feel that you don't fit in well with most groups of people?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no

6. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?
   (a) I'm quite at ease with my life. I like the way things are going and I don't feel much stress.
   (b) I feel quite a bit of stress. Sometimes I'm jumpy or I worry a lot. I'm not really sure where my life is headed.

7. How often do you get depressed?
   (a) very often
   (b) quite often
   (c) sometimes
   (d) not very often
   (e) rarely or never

8. Were you physically abused as a child?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. Were you sexually abused as a child?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. Do you have definite goals that you are seeking to achieve in your life?
    (a) yes
    (b) a few, but nothing too definite
    (c) no

11. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing your experience?
    (a) Religion played an important part in my upbringing.
    (b) Formal religion was not important in my upbringing, but a strong sense of morality was always fostered in my home.
    (c) Religion was part of my upbringing, but not a very important part.
    (d) Religion or discussions of morality were just about totally absent from my home as I was growing up.

12. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you die."
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

13. When you were a child, did your parents often disagree about important issues? Would they often contradict each other in their dealings with you?
    (a) yes
    (b) sometimes
    (c) rarely or never

14. Did at least one of your parents behave in an erratic way toward you when you were a child? (Examples of such behavior would be the parent who absolutely forbids you to do something one day and then allows you to do the same thing the next day;

the parent who seethes with rage one minute at something you've done but a couple hours later acts as if you could never possibly do anything displeasing.)
(a) Yes, that situation was very characteristic of my childhood.
(b) Yes, that situation was quite characteristic of my childhood.
(c) That situation was only occasionally true of my childhood.
(d) That situation was not characteristic of my childhood.

15. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
(a) Our national leaders deserve great respect. They usually want what's best for the country. Their superior knowledge and position allow them to make better decisions than the average man could and their directives should usually be followed.
(b) Our national leaders deserve respect only when they earn it. Both good people and bad people rise to positions of influence, and all of them should be judged individually.
(c) Our national leaders should be treated with great suspicion. Power tends to corrupt people; anyone who attains power is likely to use it in arbitrary and evil ways.

16. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing you?
(a) I love to try new things. I'm a sucker for new gadgets, and I'm always eager to try new experiences.
(b) Novelty doesn't interest me much. I'm not likely to try a new product or new experience until it has been proven superior to what already exists. I guess you could say I'm a traditionalist.

17. How do you feel about this statement? "My parents did a lot of things that made me feel ashamed and humiliated when I was a kid."
(a) agree strongly
(b) agree somewhat
(c) basically disagree
(d) disagree strongly

18. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing your childhood experience?
(a) I think my parents spoiled me as a child. They gave me too much of everything.
(b) I feel I was deprived as a kid. I don't think my parents gave me enough of anything I really needed.
(c) I think my parents hit it just about right with me when I was a kid. Whatever I really needed I got, but I wasn't spoiled.

19. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "I screw up a lot of things that I do. Most people are better than I am."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

20. Do you feel your parents lied to you a lot when you were a kid?
(a) yes
(b) no

SCORING

All possible answers on this psychograph have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find you score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 100; the lowest, 20.

1. a-5, b-1, c-2
2. a-1, b-5
3. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
4. a-5, b-3, c-2, d-1
5. a-5, b-3, c-1
6. a-1, b-5
7. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
8. a-5, b-1
9. a-5, b-1
10. a-1, b-3, c-5
11. a-1, b-1, c-3, d-5
12. a-5, b-1
13. a-5, b-3, c-1
14. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
15. a-1, b-1, c-5
16. a-5, b-1
17. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
18. a-5, b-5, c-1
19. a-5, b-1
20. a-5, b-1

If you scored 74 to 100 points:
You exhibit a large number of the psychological and social traits that correlate with addictive behavior. This doesn't absolutely mean that you are an addict, but it suggests you have a better-than-average chance of moving in that direction. This might be a good time to step back and try to take an objective look at your life. Is there any substance or activity that seems to be occupying an obsessively large part of your life? Is there a particular activity you feel compelled to do with inordinate frequency? Do you get nervous if you are prevented from doing it? If the answer to any of these questions is yes, you are more than likely an addict. The focus of an addiction may be completely benign; one could have, for instance, a passion for chocolate-chip cookies. But even a benign addiction can become destructive as it takes over an ever larger portion of a person's life and cuts off chances for normal growth and development.

Of course, there occasionally are addictions than can help a person. An addiction to sunsets could be just what you need if you're an aspiring poet, for example. On the other hand, the same addiction could be a decided liability if you're supposed to be working the second shift in a coal mine.

Eradicating any addiction is difficult even with the best professional help, but recognizing it can at least be the first step in controlling it.

47 to 73 points:
While you are by no means as likely to exhibit addictive behavior as men in the category above, you do share a substantial number of traits with them. An addiction may not be ruining your life, but compulsive behaviors may crop up from time to time.

This is particularly true when you are under stress. You may divert your mind from whatever is making you anxious by becoming obsessively concerned with some other area of your life. The man who's planning to break off an affair with a longtime lover may suddenly go on an eating binge; the student preparing for his law school exam may double his daily consumption of chocolate; the business executive faced with closing down a division and firing hundreds of workers may develop an obsessive interest in his health and find he is too "sick" to come to the office. Such people, after indulging their addiction for a short time, will often eventually face up to the cause of their anxiety and do what they have to do. At that point, the addictive behavior generally stops. Still, their addictive episodes can hurt their careers, families, and health.

20 to 46 points:
You appear to have little in common with people who exhibit addictive behaviors. In fact, you probably have a tough time even imagining why addicts often risk so much for what seems so little. You are the type of person who generally seeks moderation in all things, and more often than not you attain it. You may be a trifle dull, but you're also probably a hell of a lot happier than those who scored above you on this psychograph.

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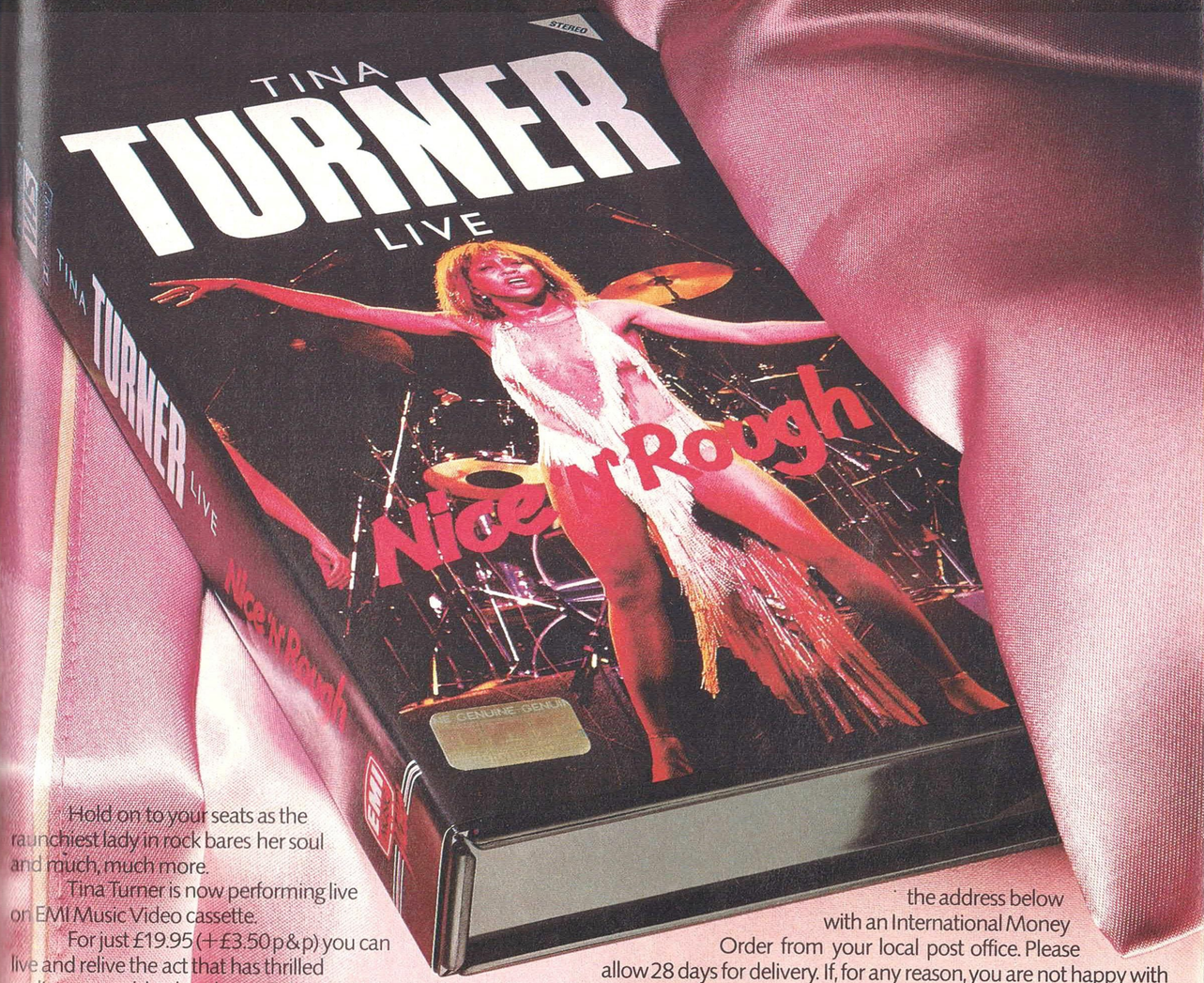

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Inspired by the
elegance of the 1930s, these classic automobiles
instantly transport
you to the golden age of motoring.

EXCALIBUR

BY MIKE KNEPPER

Tucked away on a nondescript cul-de-sac in an equally nondescript part of West Allis, Wisc., is a huge, warehouse-like building. It could be just another repository for one of the many manufacturing operations located in the smoky valley south of nearby Milwaukee. But the eighteen-wheelers that back up to the dock don't disgorge machine parts or paper products. They unload V-8 engines, crates of Corvette disc-brake assemblies, complete Vette suspension systems, steering wheels; all the bits and pieces from which automobiles are made.

So what's going on in there? Is it a secret GM research-and-development operation, out on the northern prairie where spies never roam? No, it's the Excalibur auto works, where for almost twenty years the Stevens brothers, David and Steve, have been building some most unusual motor cars, cars that evoke the thirties, motoring's most glamorous era.

While the Excalibur has never been an *exact* copy of a thirties car, each model—the current car is the fourth in the series—has admittedly drawn its inspiration from a specific Mercedes-Benz. The first Excalibur, built in 1964, was modeled after the Mercedes SSK two-seat roadster. The Series IV is "reminiscent," to use the company's word, of the 1939 Mercedes 540K. Elegant. Grand. And appealing to something inside every automotive enthusiast.

David and Steve are the sons of Brooks Stevens, a legend in the specialized business of independent industrial design. Brooks created the first Excalibur as a Studebaker show car for the 1964 New York automobile show. It was a classic "instant hit," but Studebaker, which had just shut down its U.S. production, wanted nothing to do with it. So, with some modest backing from their father and a handful of firm orders, the brothers decided to go into the car-building business, with David providing the engineering and design expertise and Steve handling the business side. This year the boys, along with 125 employees in that 95,000-square-foot building, will slowly and carefully build about 250 cars with a retail value of $14 million.

But who buys an Excalibur? Who are those 250 customers who pony up $55,000 a copy? I can tell you who they aren't. They aren't folks trying to keep a low profile. Escaped felons, the terminally shy, and CIA operatives should not apply. Believe it: when you drive an Excalibur, you get noticed.

But there's more to an Excalibur than its ability to make passersby stare slack-jawed. It is, after all, a car, and for fifty-five grand one ought to get something more in return than an ability to swivel heads.

One does.

Unlike the imitators it has spawned over the years, the Excalibur is not based on or built up from an existing car. No names, but look carefully at the neo-classics of the recent past and those currently available, and lurking behind their flowing fenders and side-mounted spares you'll find such exotica as Buick Regals, MGBs, Mustangs, and 280ZXs. No such trickery for the Excalibur. It rides on a David Stevens–designed chassis welded up from quarter-inch box steel tubing, which results in a platform that is rock solid and Sherman-tank strong. Not to mention heavy. (The X-member alone weighs nearly 300 pounds.) That chassis is the chief provider to the car's prodigious 4,000-pound curb weight.

Those Corvette suspension pieces mentioned earlier are hung on each corner of the chassis, making the Excalibur one of the few American-made cars with all-independent suspension. It also gets the Corvette's big ventilated disc brakes on each wheel. Under the louvered hood reposes a 305-cubic-inch-displacement General Motors V-8 topped by a Rochester four-barrel carburetor. The engine pumps out 155 horsepower and drives through a GM four-speed automatic transmission. More on that combination in a moment.

The Excalibur is available in two body styles: two-seat roadster, with room for two more daring souls in a rumble seat, and four-seat phaeton. Although they are identical under their fiberglass skins, they have decidedly different personalities. The phaeton looks bigger, more formal, more elegant. It wants to be driven to Lutèce or Ma Maison by handsome, dark-haired men in silk tuxedos accompanied by coolly beautiful women wrapped in white fox. While the roadster is masculine and virile and wants to charge down country lanes, leaving a trail of spinning leaves in its wake, it also wants a beautiful blonde behind the wheel, a white scarf trailing behind her as she swings through the country club gates and slides to a stop at the canopied front door. Jodhpurs and high boots would be a nice touch.

Both body styles come with a powered convertible top that David Stevens designed to fold into a space behind the rear seats that is no more than eight inches wide and maybe a foot deep. Stevens also designed the mechanism that opens the rumble seat and created, essentially from scratch, the power-window system that cleverly tilts the window in at the top as it nears the fully closed position to ensure a tight weather seal. The guy's good.

He is also responsible for styling the Excalibur, which underwent major changes in that department to become the Series IV. Earlier cars were a bit rawboned, with removable side curtains, for example, and an interior that was more utilitarian than luxurious. The current car is comfort and luxury personified, from the six-way power seats to the Honduras mahogany instrument panel: power door locks, cruise control, tilt steering wheel, 120-watt Blaupunkt cassette stereo, deep-pile carpeting, air conditioning, and—who could live without them?—dual air horns.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY BALOSKI

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

her face just lights up. Also, perfect skin, a perfect complexion. She's beautifully built as well.

Penthouse: Would you say the fact that she has become the center of attention has caused her to have doubts about her real worth?

Barry: Of course. Because people grovel. That's the word I use. I've seen people crawl in front of the royals, just sort of oil up towards them. An awful lot of people are snobs and they love to feel they've got a royal association. So has she got self-doubts as a result of all this? Sure. She certainly knows that the reason people are paying attention to her is because of the prince. He made her. A million people would have turned up in the street to watch the royal wedding no matter who the prince married.

Penthouse: Is she at all clever?

Barry: She's not the brain of Britain, no. But she does have a brain—not an intellectual brain, but common sense.

Penthouse: Common sense?

Barry: What the average person has, yes. I mean, she's not stupid. She's an average, well-brought-up girl with polished manners. You know, finishing school and all that sort of thing. I mean, I've never known her to get up in the morning and say, "Oh, my God, what about the dollar?" She's more interested in thinking about "Let's have some nice curtains; let's paint this wall pink," and all that nonsense. That's the sort of girl she is. Quite average.

Penthouse: And Lady Diana dances, decorates, shops, sings, entertains, converses, and eats chocolates, as you repeatedly suggest in your book?

Barry: Basically, in a rearranged form.

Penthouse: You don't think Queen Elizabeth might have wanted her son to marry a woman who respected the limitations of her position but was also bright?

Barry: I wonder. You see, you can have only one person in charge, really only one person dominating.

Penthouse: Nigel Dempster, one of England's foremost royalty watchers, says of the princess: "She's behaving like a petulant, spoiled brat. It's going to get worse before it gets better." It sounds like there *are* a lot of problems at the palace, above and beyond what you're talking about.

Barry: The answer is, there isn't. The Princess of Wales went through a depression after having the baby, which apparently is quite standard. And, as I say, the press irritates her.

Penthouse: There's been a spate of articles recently, including a cover story in *People*, where it would appear that Diana *is* having trouble with all the attention from the press. On her ski trip in Liechtenstein she refused to pose for photographers even though Charles was apparently pleading, saying, "Please, Diana, don't do that. You are being stupid." I would call that having trouble dealing with the press.

Barry: Well, after the honeymoon in 1980 at Balmoral, their summer residence, the press turned up at the gates and drove the queen and the duke mad. And, at the end, unheard of at Balmoral, the prince and princess posed for photographs. The press came, they had their five, ten minutes with them, and they left. That's the British respect for them. They didn't touch them for another six weeks. The same thing would have happened in Liechtenstein had it not been for the foreign press. It's the royal couple's fault for going skiing in a very public place. But one can understand her trying to adjust to this constraint. The thing is, Diana doesn't need the publicity.

Penthouse: Why do you think the press, especially the English press, seems to be turning on the royal couple in terms of their coverage?

Barry: In 1981, it was a fairy-tale story—beautiful princess with handsome prince.

> "I've seen people crawl in front of the royals, just sort of oil up to them. An awful lot of people are snobs and they love to feel they've got a royal association."

They get married and it's all beautiful, wonderful, and happy. Now they're looking for the alternative story. They're looking for cracks in the marriage. What's happening? Nothing's happening, nothing's going to go wrong. The one thing people perhaps don't know—he likes her, of course, he's fond of her, she's his wife—but the thing no one understands is that she's crazy about him, absolutely crazy. When people used to say to me, "Oh, isn't she lucky? The Princess of Wales, she's going to marry the prince." I used to say, "Isn't *he* lucky?"

Penthouse: What do you see as the difference between the queen and Nancy Reagan?

Barry: Nancy Reagan obviously keeps up the image of the administration. The queen, on the other hand, is above politics. She is clean; by that I mean not corrupted. I'm not saying that Reagan is corrupt, but in American politics, those in office take directions from and do favors for the people who support them. That doesn't happen in England. The monarchy in England is above corruption. That's why they're so respected. They are very rich—but we like to know that they're not going to base some decision on a chance to make £1,000.

Penthouse: Malcolm Muggeridge said in *Time*: "It often seems as if our British monarchy, along with our secret intelligence service, represents the only appurtenance of national greatness still extant." Do you think this is true?

Barry: To an extent. I know nothing about the intelligence service. I suppose it isn't rational to have a family such as the royal family in the world today. But at the same time you have to ask: What would the monarchy be replaced with? Why change something that is working very well and exists by popular vote?

Penthouse: Why do the British need a royal family, though—out of a longing for historical continuity, a sense of tradition?

Barry: The world is changing so fast. I can't even imagine what changes will take place in the next ten years. And yet the royal family never changes. Life goes on exactly the same for them. They are a form of security. And yet they're not locked in a time capsule—they are out there listening.

Penthouse: Does the average Britisher have such feelings for the royal family?

Barry: I think so. If you went into the average English town and said, "The queen's rotten," they'd be up in arms. You'd have a fist fight, a riot on your hands. Ditto for any similar slur against the princess. Both of them, all the royals, make up an institution.

Penthouse: Here's a quote from your book: "I can remember Lady Diana's very first visit to Highgrove and her face dropping when she was served one of Charles' leftover lunches." What's this about?

Barry: He's got this slight cheap streak. If he had a big lunch on Sunday, he would serve the leftovers at the next meal. People tend to have a misconception about royals—that grand meals are carried around on big trays, and if it's not eaten it's chucked out or given to the poor. But that's not the case at all. They put it back in the kitchen and eat it for dinner.

Penthouse: And what did Diana say when this leftover meal was presented to her?

Barry: "Is this standard practice?" And she discovered it was.

Penthouse: Was Charles amused by her reaction?

Barry: Of course. He thought she'd better get used to understanding that he was not extravagant. He did the same in Scotland. I remember a girl friend named Georgina Russell, way back—she couldn't believe it either. It finally became embarrassing—you know, when bananas in the fruit salad go black, you should leave it alone. But this is one of his silly economies. At the same time, he drives an Aston Martin, which drinks up more petrol than anything else on the road.

Penthouse: It would seem that the prince had a very good time for himself when he was a bachelor. He did have a number of well-publicized romances, no?

Barry: Yes, but not as many as the media would have you believe. He was certainly a very successful bachelor.

Penthouse: Where did he carry on these affairs? Buckingham Palace?

Barry: No, on weekends. He would go to the country on weekends. Never at the palace. If somebody came to dinner, they went home by 11:00. They didn't spend the night. They couldn't. The night-duty policemen check everyone in and out.

Penthouse: More broadly, though, how much does Charles actually invest in a relationship with a woman?

Barry: As much as he can. What you have to understand is that he's totally committed to his appointment book. If he meets you and likes you, he might love to spend the week with you, but six months earlier, he had promised to go and visit an old people's home.

Penthouse: Have you ever known him to be swept off his feet by a woman?

Barry: Two or three times. Davina Sheffield—she was a huge romance in the early '70s. But the press dug up some story that she'd lived with her boyfriend before meeting the prince—so that had to end. He also loved an American lady called Laura Jo Watkins. She was an admiral's daughter he met on the West Coast in 1974. He thought she was just great. She didn't have that English reserve like most of the other girls he knew. She wasn't going to get the job as a wife; she was aware of that, so she was just going to have a good time with him. He liked that idea; he could really relax with somebody like that. He didn't have to sit there thinking, "If she's being nice to me, what does she want out of it?"

Penthouse: You mentioned that Anna Wallace was fed up with all the secrecy involved in dating the prince. What form did this take?

Barry: Well, they're always being dragged off around fields—the prince is paranoid about his privacy. It's a silly cat-and-mouse game with the press. If you're with someone, you're proud to be with them. If you're with a beautiful blonde, great. It's not bad for your ego. She's feeling good too. But what's the fun about being shoved in a Land Rover?

Penthouse: Wasn't virginity one of the requirements for the girl Charles was to marry?

Barry: That I don't know. That's up to the person marrying. But then, you've got to think of the British public. They don't want to make a princess out of somebody who's been running a brothel for six years.

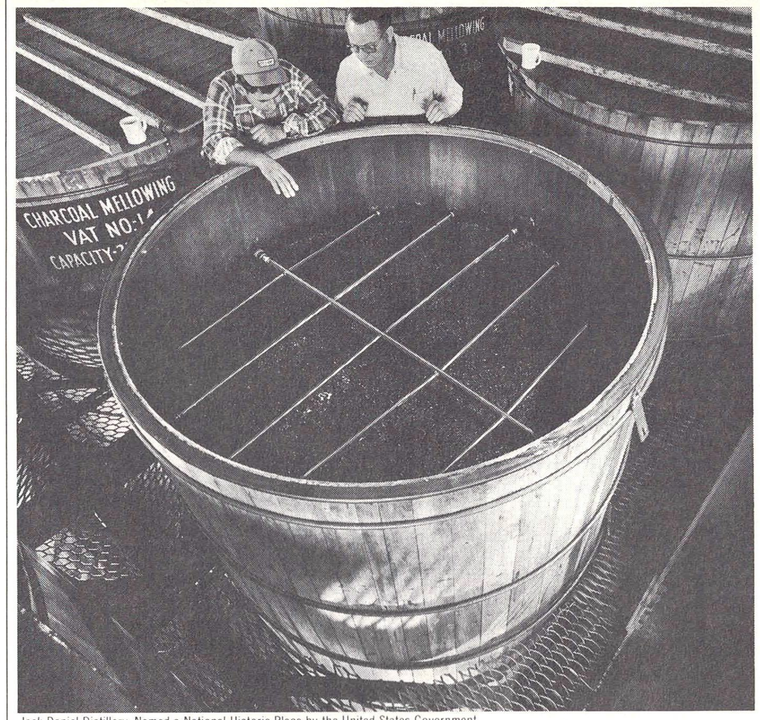
Penthouse: There was a rumor that the queen had Diana examined by a doctor before—

Barry: No such thing is true. Absolutely not.

Penthouse: No? You're certain?

Barry: I can't believe it's true. I mean . . . it was certainly never mentioned. Getting married to the Prince of Wales wasn't like taking out an insurance policy where you needed a medical exam to get the job.

Penthouse: Had Charles and Diana slept together prior to their marriage?



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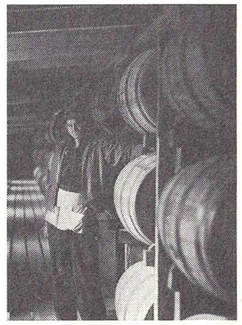

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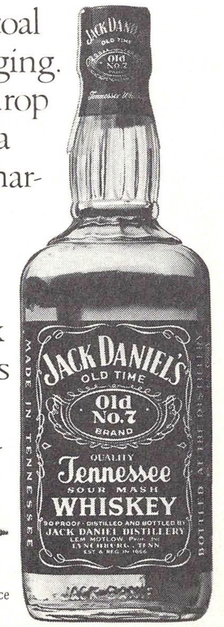

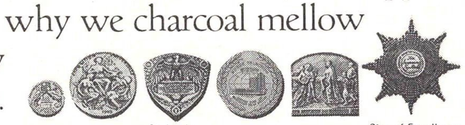

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Barry: I'm sure the answer is yes, but I don't know.

Penthouse: Prince Andrew's affair with Koo Stark seems to be less of an issue with the royals than Charles's romantic life was when he was a bachelor.

Barry: Andrew is being groomed for a very different role. If anything happened to Prince Charles, Andrew would have to change overnight because he would then be placed in a different position. The expectations would be different.

Penthouse: Do you think Andrew may marry Koo Stark?

Barry: No, of course not. I doubt it very much.

Penthouse: But he seems quite serious about her. Hasn't he given Koo his navy dog tags?

Barry: Yes, but you do all kinds of silly things if you're crazy about somebody without having to get married to them. She may well know her value—that she's being used for a bit of romance, for sex. I imagine she knows she's not going to end up waltzing around the ballroom of Buckingham Palace. I'd be amazed if she were. There's a tendency on the side of any male, especially a royal, to marry late and marry with caution.

Penthouse: Let's push this a little further. It sounds as if Charles is in a straitjacket—

Barry: Yes and no. He's got a basic casual approach, but he's still very royal. You could very possibly misinterpret his friendliness and get palsy with him, but if you started to get overly familiar, especially if it was at an official engagement or something, you'd soon be put back in place. You see, one of the reasons the royals are royal is because the people around them *keep* them royal by setting an example of proper behavior. For instance, if you were coming to see him, I would meet you, dressed quite formally, bring you in, and give you tea. When he was ready to receive you, I'd go in through the back door and say you were here, and he'd say, "Thank you." I would then come to the door and ask you, "Are you ready?" and you'd say, "Yes." I'd go to the door and say, "Your Royal Highness," such that you then *think* "Royal Highness" and you call him "sir." If I were to say, "Oh, Charles, so and so is here," a different tone would be set. You'd just roll in. There would be no sense of *dignity*, if you wish.

Penthouse: What I'm trying to establish is, does he ever relax, let his hair down?

Barry: He's relaxed all the time, as far as he's concerned.

Penthouse: It sounds as if you're describing someone of another species.

Barry: Sometimes the royals think they are of another species! They certainly are different, and they're aware of it.

Penthouse: I'll give you some personality descriptions. Tell me if they apply to the prince. Would you call him intense?

Barry: Not really, no. He's not intense in the sense that he feels he must do this, must do that. No. He doesn't panic if he can't manage something today. He'll do it tomorrow.

Penthouse: Yet he doesn't like surprises—everything has got to be planned?

Barry: Yes.

Penthouse: Scheduled, ordered?

Barry: Yes. That's the way his life *is*, you see. He lives by his schedule of appointments and he slots the rest in.

Penthouse: Spoiled?

Barry: No. He's not spoiled at all, because the royals are not allowed to be spoiled. This comes from the basic training of the nursery days. In fact, when I observed the children, I thought their upbringing was far more severe than I remember it being in my home. There's terrific discipline at the palace. If it were otherwise, you'd have a lot of playboys on your hands. If Andrew had been brought up in a very easy manner, like some of the Middle East royalty, you'd have a very different royal family.

Penthouse: Yet you've spoken of Charles's Aston Martin, not to mention his polo ponies, the airplanes and boats at his disposal . . .

> If you went into the average English town and said, "The queen's rotten," they'd be up in arms. You'd have a fist fight, a riot on your hands.

Barry: Yes, but he bought the Aston Martin when he was twenty-one. Very few people have Aston Martins, it's true, but he's from a well-off family. There are richer—cash richer—people in England, but quite a lot of people when they're twenty-one have good cars. Certainly the prince wasn't spoiled as a child and he hasn't spoiled himself as an adult. In fact, he's quite the other way. He's very modest.

Penthouse: Does he fire people?

Barry: Yes, eventually. He hates inefficiency. We sacked quite a few people in my time there.

Penthouse: He would fire them himself?

Barry: Never, ever. First of all, you can't just sack someone in England. It's against the law. You can't just say, "You're fired." You have to give them three warnings. You have to say, "Look, pull your socks up. You're getting a warning. Behave—or get out." But when the time for firing came, the prince would never do it himself. His private secretary would do it. At the end of the day, the person is desperate to appeal to the prince, who, in fact, has instigated his removal. But because the prince hasn't actually said anything, the person goes away thinking, "Well, that wicked man in the office is getting rid of me." Not the prince.

Penthouse: But is the prince himself so competent?

Barry: He is very competent, yes. Let's face it, he's had a very privileged upbringing. He's had a good education. He's met some of the finest brains in England. He's been able to learn how to dive, to fly, to do anything he's wanted, so he's happy in himself. He's competent at living.

Penthouse: And equally diligent?

Barry: Insofar as he fulfills all his duties, certainly.

Penthouse: You also call the prince "positively fearless."

Barry: On a horse, yes, because he's so confident.

Penthouse: Has he ever been hurt?

Barry: He's had a couple of good bashes, good falls, yes. Once he cut his chin very badly and had to be stitched up. I have literally had to dress him when he's been stiff and crawling around. He's had a couple of good knocks.

Penthouse: You say that Charles is interested in success and self-made money.

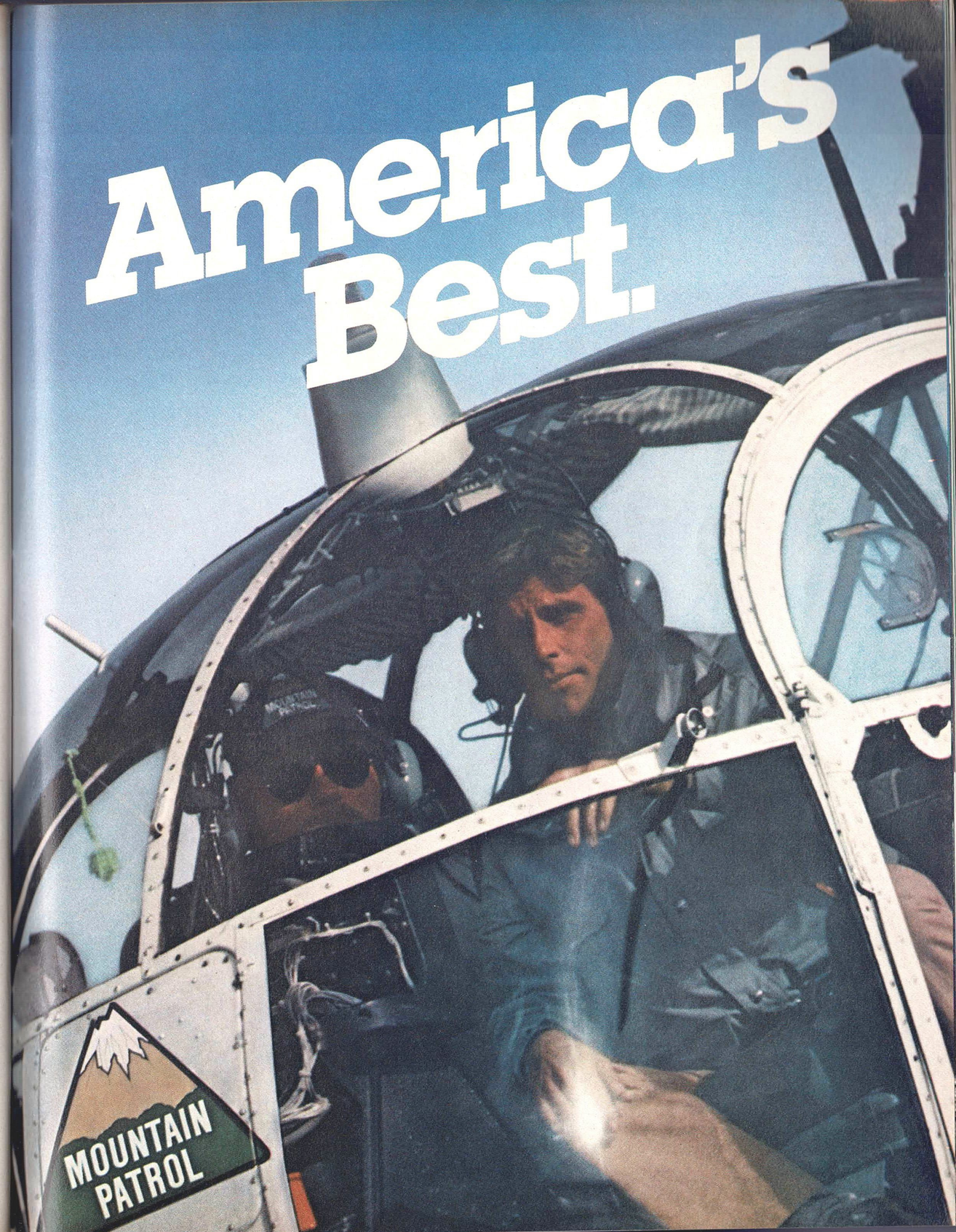
Barry: Yes, he loves successful people. When we went to Houston he was especially fascinated by how they did it and what made them do it, that sort of thing. He was fascinated that these people had accumulated all this wealth on their own. We stayed with Anne Armstrong, the former ambassador to England, and people arrived for dinner by private jet. It wasn't envy on his part; he can match most of these Texans in personal wealth. What it was was that he likes good brains. He's also slightly interested in the vulgar use of money. He's not at all showy, you know. Not at all flamboyant. So he's interested in people who are.

Penthouse: Bright? Intelligent? Quick?

Barry: Very quick. Also very cautious. If you suggest something, he'll always say, "Oh, that's very interesting." He'll never say yes or no. Just, "That's very interesting." He'll then work out what you're trying to get to. Twice a year he has a program meeting when he goes through the stuff that he doesn't want to do. All the letters, if they're not from nut cases, are sifted through for what fits and what doesn't, and then he'll get involved, as long as he's not going to get involved with what I call a cowboy organization. That's how he stays clean. There's never been any scandal associated with him as far as involvement in bad deals, bad companies, risky things is concerned. So if you come to him and say, "Oh, I've got a marvelous project," he'll listen to you and say, "Sounds very interesting, thank you. Will you tell somebody in the office?"

Penthouse: Giving himself time to consider it?

Barry: Absolutely. And then, if it smells, somebody in the office will apologize that he hasn't got the time, thanking you very much for offering. He'll never say no to



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you directly, and so you go away with the feeling that it's not the prince's fault.
Penthouse: Is he instinctual?
Barry: Oh, totally, yes. Very instinctive. He's got what I call common sense—more of a commonsense approach than an intellectual attitude toward things.
Penthouse: Passionate?
Barry: Yes, well, sort of. Because the one thing he loves to be most of all is Prince Charles. The Prince of Wales.
Penthouse: No doubt.
Barry: Well, it's the only thing he knows. He enjoys the privileges, the attention. He enjoys being the center attraction.
Penthouse: At the same time realizing that he's very much a creation of the press?
Barry: Well, he'd still be there without them.
Penthouse: Yet both he and Diana read their clippings religiously, you say.
Barry: No, he doesn't. The press office reads it all, and if there's anything very important, he'll read about it eventually.
Penthouse: With a sense of complete security?
Barry: Yes. I didn't think he was so secure when I first joined him. He was a very shy man. The navy changed him completely. That was the first time that he'd been completely on his own. No policemen, no valets. At Cambridge the prince could still get away weekends and see his friends and go back to the palace. In the navy he was with people who had come from all walks of life. He was away for as long as five months, really on his own. There was no privilege.
Penthouse: So he was reassured of his competence as an individual?
Barry: He asserted himself, yes. Before he went into the navy, back when I started working with him, the palace office people would be gone by four o'clock, which used to annoy him, but he didn't do anything about it. He would do anything for a quiet life. When he came back five years later, the whole mechanism of being prince took off again properly.
Penthouse: He began to crack the whip?
Barry: It was a very different Prince of Wales in charge. He had new authority. He'd grown up. He had had a rather silly sense of humor before he went away. He had loved to play practical jokes.
Penthouse: Like what?
Barry: Oh, whoopee cushions—cushions that make noises when you sit on them, that kind of thing. Silly toys. That sort of disappeared as he got older.
Penthouse: Still, there's no sense of the man as politically committed.
Barry: He has to stay above politics. He's very well read politically, of course, but at the end of the day he'll be head of Great Britain no matter what happens politically.
Penthouse: Which is to say he isn't committed to any particular point of view?
Barry: No, he's never expressed a political view to me. In the whole time I worked for him, he never said, "Gosh, look what the Labour Party has done," or "Look what the Conservatives are up to."
Penthouse: He has no sense of the evil in the world?
Barry: Of the wrongs of the world? Yes, he does.
Penthouse: Of what the world is capable of doing?
Barry: Of course, because he reads a lot of philosophy. For instance, he read a great deal of Alexander Solzhenitsyn, the Russian writer, when Solzhenitsyn came over from Russia. He's got a great sense of the injustice of what happens to other human beings. The assassination of Lord Mountbatten, his uncle, had a great deal to do with this too.
Penthouse: As you describe him, Charles would seem to be a very nice man who comports himself well, yet isn't terribly original in his thinking—
Barry: Oh, I'd give him a chance—
Penthouse: He's thirty-four years old—
Barry: Yes, but his is a job in waiting. This is the great problem of his position.
Penthouse: That he functions day to day

> . . . If the prince had a big lunch, he would serve the leftovers at the next meal. . . . You know, when bananas in the fruit salad go black, you should leave it alone.

never knowing when he'll be king?
Barry: Yes, but he carries on, certainly.
Penthouse: The question of Queen Elizabeth abdicating—
Barry: It won't happen. The prince says, and he's quite right, that it's absolute rubbish. The queen has got the job for life, and life means—literally—life.
Penthouse: So while he knows that he's going to become head of state, head of the army, the navy, the church, what does he do in the meantime?
Barry: He's keeping himself busy with his own duties. He never goes around saying, "When I'm in charge, things will be different." He'd jest about it once or twice, if the food was bad from the kitchen, say, but he's not wishing the queen out of office.
Penthouse: As for your own resignation, there were rumors that you left because of Di, that and all the traveling.
Barry: Yes. That was one of the reasons, the traveling. Because you can do too much of a good thing. I wanted to slow down, and now that the prince was married, I didn't want to travel with an extended office or household. The intimacy of traveling, as we did it in the old days, would be gone.
Penthouse: You're talking of the intimacy between you and the prince?
Barry: Oh, yeah. It was the end of an era. The princess herself wasn't responsible. It was the overall situation.
Penthouse: What was the prince's response when you told him you thought it was time for you to go?
Barry: "Are you sure? Go away and think about it." All sorts of things like that. The evening I made my decision, I just told him that I felt it was time for a change. It was very difficult for him to accept, because he realized that getting married was going to change his life-style. I said to him, "Will you tell the princess?" and he said, "Yes, of course." So he did. And a day later he'd gone stalking—this is going after stags—and she was in the house. Just myself and the princess, in the kitchen. She doesn't eat much lunch—just a yogurt or a lettuce leaf. And I said, "Did the prince tell you about my decision?" and she said, "Yes, he did." And then she said, "Everybody will say we've had a marvelous row." And I said, "I know." And she said, "At least we know it's not true," and that was the end of it. But I think she was relieved in a way—it's not fair to say she wasn't. Because it consolidated her position . . .
Penthouse: Was she cognizant of the sadness for you and for the prince?
Barry: No, because she couldn't relate to it. It was no great shock to her. I was going anyway; I couldn't care less, really, what she thought. It was my decision and that was the end of it.
Penthouse: One final question: what if the pressures on Diana became so great that she was forced to divorce Charles?
Barry: She can't do that.
Penthouse: Can't? Why not?
Barry: He wouldn't give her a divorce. If anything really went wrong between them, they would keep up an appearance, a front. She might go live in the country for a month or two, that sort of thing. There would be no statements. They would still be seen together.
Penthouse: If she broke down, though, what would happen to him emotionally?
Barry: He'd blame himself. He'd be very concerned because he was the one who brought her into it.
Penthouse: Regardless of the fact that the final decision to marry was hers?
Barry: Of course, she obviously thought it would be fine. But now perhaps she's realizing that it's not as easy as it looks when you're all protected inside the palace. It's okay when you're shielded by people like me. But when you go out onto the street, you're there for a reason: you're a story. You're there to be seen, to be touched, to be written about and photographed.
Penthouse: So you're saying that she is forever consigned to this relationship?
Barry: Absolutely forever. As far as the world is concerned. If something goes wrong in ten years' time, who will know? They'll still be together, smiling in the car. What they do in their private lives is something we'll never discover. OH

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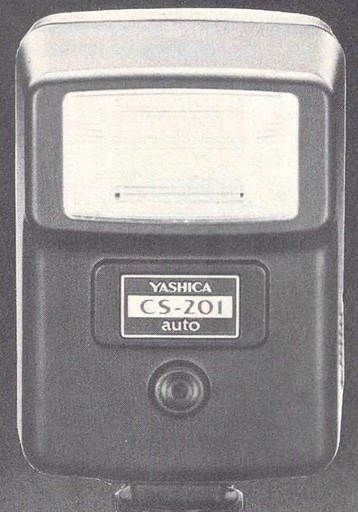

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HARD TIMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

for $1,350,000 and where absolutely no one ever worries about how much anything costs. The Hollywood prince saw a woman director looking aimlessly out at the water and told her he had to tell her about a picture he had in mind for her. He led her out into the garage of his house and sat her down in his Ferrari, leased for him by the studio. He took out a vial of cocaine about the size of a small milk bottle. He began to hit up and tell the woman about the picture, which turned out to be about a man who pulls dogs inside out with a pliers and terrifies a small English town. He kept tooting and kept talking. The woman director was so eager to appear interested and even fascinated that soon she began to scoop some cocaine out of the milk bottle, too.

At seven in the morning, the gardener opened the garage door to find the Hollywood prince and his captive still in the car, still talking about the dog movie, still certain that the party was going on. It was not in any sense.

I, A GAFFER, or Why Movies Cost So Much, Part I.

A gaffer is a person who arranges lights on sets and on location. He must be a skillful and intelligent person to do his job properly. He must set up the lights and then he must be able to sleep or play cards until it is time to move the lights or to go home. Generally, many years are required to move up the union ladder into the realm of gaffers who are in demand for movies on a frequent basis. But once a gaffer is known to be competent and a good union man, he gets a Pullman berth on the gravy train. Minimum wage scales are about $1,000 per week for an experienced gaffer plus fringes of about 20 percent. A gaffer who is known to be authentically creative generally gets about $3,000 per week.

"We don't like to work too many weeks in a row," said a gaffer working on a location on Sunset Boulevard. "We might make a lot of money if we did that, but what we really like to do is go fishing a while, maybe scuba dive off Maui, then maybe fly to New York, see a few shows."

"But if you worked full-time, you'd make a lot of money," I said.

"The way I figure it, it's better to make a lot of money and not have to work full-time," says the gaffer. "I figure the studios can afford it, with all the money they waste on everything else."

"This is almost unbelievable," I said. "You have a deal that a surgeon would envy. You work a week each month and live like a maharaja."

"Just don't write anything about it," he said, blowing smoke in my face. "I don't want a lot of assholes from Cleveland coming out here offering to work for less."

HIMMLER SLEPT HERE, or Why Movies Cost So Much, Part II.

J., the head of production for one of the major studios, called a friend in Los Angeles from his suite in Paris. "It's so fucking hot here I can't believe it. It's like ninety degrees and humid and really crummy. Plus, I hate my hotel room."

"What's the matter with it?" I asked.

"It's real old-fashioned," said the production chief. "It has this real old-fashioned furniture with rounded edges, like in a museum. I like clean lines, modern stuff, modular concepts. This stuff looks like it belongs in a rich old guy's country house. Plus, the room didn't have air conditioning when I checked in."

The production head is in his early thirties and detests hot weather. He grew up in northern California and he believes it is his divine right never to have to suffer through hot weather like everyone else.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Well, they had this guy who's the head of the junta in Nicaragua, and he was supposed to take the whole floor above me. That's the only floor that has air conditioning. And they wouldn't give me a room there, because that's their security floor and you have to take the whole thing. So I said, well, shit, the picture is way over budget already, so I'll just move some of the makeup girls and prop men over from the Sheraton and put them on the floor with me. So we did a trade, and now that sucker from Nicaragua is sweating it out on the floor where I was. I'll tell you, it was really a smart move, too, because I couldn't have gotten any work done in a room without air conditioning. Or at least not really powerful air conditioning."

"Great," I said. "Why should you be deprived?"

"The whole floor costs about twenty-four K a day, but the makeup girls are really enjoying it and I don't think they really were having that good a time at the Sheraton. I figure it adds about a quarter of a million to the budget, but shit, this isn't a low-budget picture. We need air-conditioned rooms. It's bad enough that it has all this old-fashioned furniture. It shouldn't be hot, too."

"I couldn't agree more," I said.

"By the way," he said, "this floor used to be the headquarters of the Gestapo when the Germans occupied Paris. I can't believe that the Germans could afford twenty-four thousand a day, but I guess that was when they were really running things in Europe. See, they couldn't work without air conditioning either."

THE BOTTOM LINE ON HOW THINGS GOT SO BAD, SO FAST, IN HOLLYWOOD.

"The reason Detroit went to hell wasn't the gasoline crisis," says Peter Preston Broderick, a film industry analyst in Santa Monica. "There are plenty of American cars that get just as good mileage as Japanese cars. But car buyers are sick of buying cars for a lot of money that rattle and are liable to break down the first time you take them out onto the expressway. They're sick of buying something that's just going to cost a lot of money and be a headache and end up making them miserable. That's the exact same problem we have in Hollywood. With a few exceptions, like *E.T.* and *Star Trek II*, Hollywood is turning out a really expensive product that doesn't work and that just gives the customers a headache."

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC, or Why Last Summer Did Not Make Hollywood Rich.

The summer of 1982 was by far the biggest-grossing summer in United States movie history. Of course, admissions were still far lower per million of population than during the 1940s, but in terms of unadjusted dollars, the summer of 1982 was a fantastic bonanza. There were three giant pictures at the beginning of the summer: *E.T.*, *Rocky III*, and *Poltergeist*. By the end of the summer there were two giant pictures: *E.T.* and *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. *Star Trek II* was in the middle.

Altogether, the box office for the United States from Memorial Day weekend through Labor Day weekend was about $1 billion. About forty movies were released by major studios during that same period. Of that approximately $1 billion, the five movies in question earned about 50 percent.

That means the other thirty-five movies split up the rest of the pie. It was a large pie, and a few other pictures made respectable showings, like *Tron* and *Blade Runner* and *Young Doctors in Love*. But by and large, almost all of the bonanza was concentrated on five movies, and only four of them were really blockbusters: *E.T.*, *Star Trek II*, *Rocky III*, and *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*.

Of that $500 million, the studios collected perhaps 60 percent after the share of the theater owners was deducted. That means the three studios involved, Paramount (*Star Trek II*), Universal (*E.T.*, *Whorehouse*), and MGM/UA (*Rocky III*) might have taken in $300 million. Of that, perhaps $50 million immediately went down the road to pay off prints and advertising and distribution costs. That still left a huge $250 million. Another $40 million might have gone for the actual cost of making the movies. That would still leave a handsome $210 million for the studios.

Except. Except that certain very important directors and stars get not only huge salaries but also a percentage of the gross receipts that come in to the studio. No fudging around about net profits, no possibility of cheating the gross profit participants out of the money, much as the studio might want to.

Two of the certain "gross players," as they are called in Hollywood, are Sylvester Stallone, star and coproducer of *Rocky III*, and the incredible Steven Spielberg, who created the lovable *E.T.* and the scary creature in the "heart" of the house in *Poltergeist*.

"Today we have Orgy Jubilee, Threesome Twirl, Fellatio Fudge, Pubic Dip, and Nipple Ripple."

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There's nothing sleeker than the black look on today's cars. But how do you keep that black rich and lustrous? Well, now there's a one-of-a-kind product that cleans and seals black bumpers, trim and molding: Black Chrome™ cleaner & sealant from Turtle Wax.®

Black Chrome's creamy white lotion instantly gives black rubber and vinyl that deep, satiny look. Two cleaning solvents, plus emulsifiers, loosen, lift and suspend dirt and grime. But more than cleaning, Black Chrome's unique formula actually seals in that look for months of protection. Plus, Black Chrome works just as well on soiled bumper guards, textured plastic surfaces, simulated wood grain, tires and other vinyl and rubber colors.

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STORE COUPON

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Spielberg reportedly had about thirty gross points in *E.T.* and the same in *Poltergeist*. Sylvester Stallone and his producers might have had as many as fifty gross points in *Rocky III*.

That means that Stallone and Spielberg have drunk about half of the milkshake before the studios even get a drop. It also means that while the summer was tremendous for Spielberg and Stallone, and was still good for the three studios in question, the summer was nowhere near so good as it would have been if *E.T.* had been produced and directed by a nobody who just got half a million and then just disappeared.

(By the way, it's a good guess that Steven Spielberg personally, himself, made about $3 million per week on the average during the summer. This weekly take is 750,000 percent of the average American family's weekly income.)

The summer that was supposed to save Hollywood was only a stopgap, although it did make Steven Spielberg one of the richest men in America.

THE STEEL BARRACUDA, or How Hollywood Is Coping With Depression, Part I.

One of the first signs of the hard times in Hollywood was the shift in car ownership patterns.

"I like having a black Porsche," said a former executive of Warner, now an independent producer. "I got rid of the Mercedes and I feel a lot better about it. The Mercedes was an old person's car. It was like the car of an established businessman. It carried you along sort of soft and cozy, a few feet above the street. It made you forget that you had to be in contact with the people, had to have their feelings right at your fingertips, had to know just what the ordinary working man feels like when he's driving. A Mercedes makes you feel as if you are above everyone. That's exactly wrong for this kind of market. In this kind of market, you absolutely have to be one with the working people. Otherwise you can't sell anything."

"I can understand," I said.

"The Porsche is more of an ordinary working man's car. It's only about thirty-five thousand, while the Mercedes convertible's going for about forty-two thousand."

"That's the kind of savings that a working man can really understand," I said.

"The kid who's working at Burger King or at McDonald's can really and truly empathize with a man who drives a Porsche Targa," he said. "For one thing, you have to shift the gears, which is kind of a working man's thing to do."

"Definitely," I said.

"For another thing, the suspension is really tight and the ride is pretty rugged, and that's another thing that the guy who works as a steel worker or something can understand," he said.

"And then again, it gets much better gas mileage than the Mercedes, which isn't really that important to me, but it gives me an idea of what the man who has to watch his pennies is thinking about. That guy in Des Moines who keeps track of his mileage and I are on the same wavelength now," said the producer, a thin, muscular man with a habit of wearing thin leather jackets.

"That's the same guy who can appreciate saving the six or seven thousand he makes on the Porsche as compared with the Mercedes," I said.

"Exactly—the guy working for the minimum wage at the local lumber yard," he said.

"Plus, of course, a metallic black Porsche doesn't stand out like a Mercedes," I added.

"Exactly," he said. "It sort of blends in with the crowd."

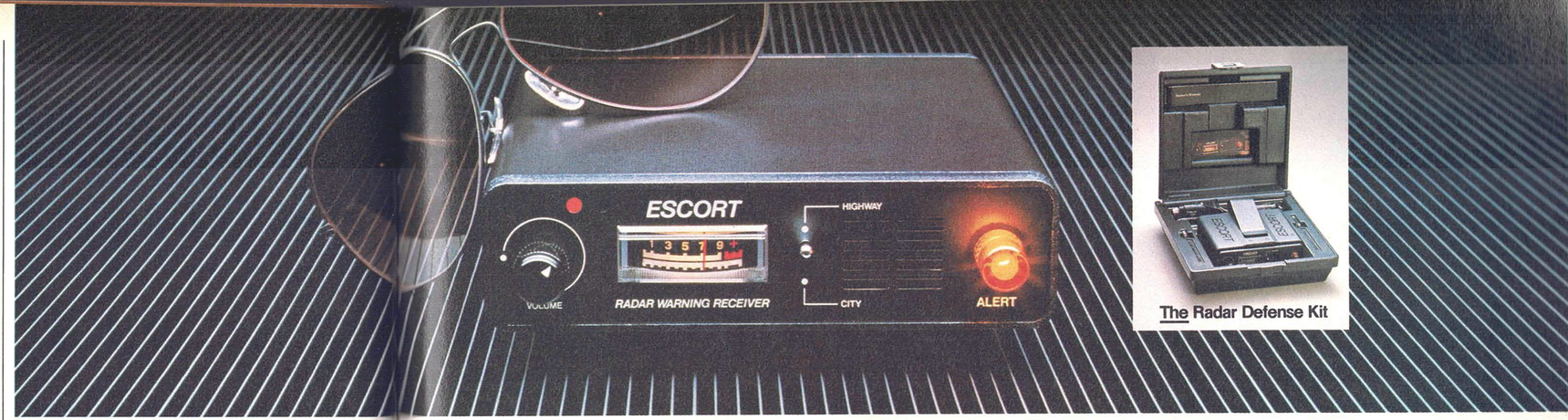
It might be funny except that black Porsches have been turning up in Hollywood in the last year with an almost frightening suddenness. The rows of executive parking at the studios once looked like Mercedes showrooms. Now they look like black-Porsche showrooms, lined up, glittering in the San Fernando Valley sunshine like deadly steel barracudas. When a visitor asks a studio executive or an agent or a producer why he and everyone else at the Burbank Studios has a Porsche, the answer is always couched in terms of getting down with the people while Hollywood goes through financial hard times. Incredibly, the Porsche owners give every sign of believing it themselves.

"Then again," said a young screenwriter, "if they had any idea what was going on around them in the first place, they would never have gotten into this trouble at all."

A NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN, or How Hollywood Is Coping, Part II.

About two years ago a hot new bank opened. It had a gala opening and the Beautiful People flocked to put their money in it. The bank took the money of the Beautiful People and loaned it out to build giant condominium towers in a middle-class neighborhood in Southern California. The condos cost twice as much per square foot as the co-ops on Manhattan's Park Avenue. When the real estate collapse came, the condo projects went broke by the dozen. The builders could not repay the loans. The bank lost millions. Rumors started to go around town that the bank was in trouble even though it was not. Movie stars and producers sent their business managers over to close their accounts.

A few of the business managers of the stars and directors and producers got together and decided that they had been fools to put their clients' hard-earned money into a new bank that might have people just as crooked as themselves running it, people with one eye on a pair of tight jeans and another on getting started as producers themselves. There was a man who said that whatever interest the stars were



The Radar Defense Kit

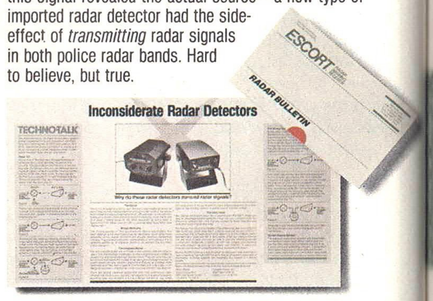
ESCORT: Radar Warning, No Riddles.

By now, just about everyone knows a radar detector needs *lots* of warning distance to be truly effective. And ESCORT® delivers. Over hills, around corners, and from behind. *Car and Driver* magazine, in their 1982 test, went so far as to say: "The ESCORT, a perennial favorite of these black-box comparisons, is still the best radar detector money can buy." But there's more to the story.

The Plot Thickens

About a year ago, *all* radar detectors began picking up a new type of radar signal that was as strong as some police radars. The rest of the radar detector industry dismissed these signals as unmarked patrol cars, radar intrusion alarms, or even overactive imaginations.

But something didn't add up. There were just too many of these new signals. And we had another clue. ESCORT's audio warning distinguishes between the two police radar bands: it "beeps" for X band, and "braps" for K band. These new radar signals simultaneously triggered *both* warnings, and that told us the signals couldn't be police radar. Tracking down a car emitting this signal revealed the actual source—a new type of imported radar detector had the side-effect of *transmitting* radar signals in both police radar bands. Hard to believe, but true.



Our first step was to inform ESCORT owners of the situation. We composed a "Radar Bulletin" explaining the source of this new radar pollution and sent out 200,000 by first class mail. But this was only the beginning.

Mission Impossible?

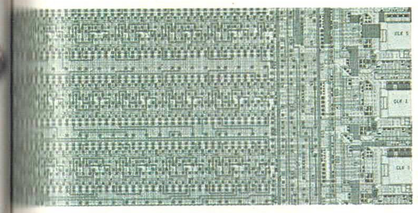
On the surface, the problem seems unsolvable. The signals transmitted by these "radar polluters" are in the same bands as police radar, so it's impossible to detect one and ignore the other, right?

Not necessarily. Let's look at another type of technology to make a point. You can now buy an inexpensive device that will turn on the lights in your living room whenever you clap your hands. Or shout. Or drop a book. Or make *any* loud sound. At the other extreme, there are computerized devices available that don't merely sense sound, but can actually recognize sound patterns unique to specific spoken words. Some can even tell your voice from any other.

Why not apply this principle to radar detection? Instead of merely acknowledging the presence of *any* radar signal, a detector could look for a pattern in the signal and distinguish between "radar polluters" and actual police radar. And now ESCORT does just that.

Nothing But The Truth

The result of months of extensive engineering, ESCORT's new ST/O/P™ circuitry reduces alarms from "radar polluters" by over 95%. ST/O/P (STatistical Operations Processor) consists of a CMOS digital processor with built-in memory. When ESCORT receives an X or K band radar signal, ST/O/P recognizes patterns in the signal's amplitude/frequency/time characteristics, and uses these patterns to determine the signal's identity. All in 1/64 of a second.



If the signal is from a "polluting detector," ESCORT keeps quiet while maintaining its lookout for police radar. If the signal is police radar, ESCORT immediately alerts you. And unlike other detectors that keep you guessing, ESCORT's amber warning lamp, signal strength meter, and geiger-counter-like pulsing sounds ("beeps" or "braps") tell you *everything* you need to know. ESCORT has a lot to say, and we include a 33⅓ RPM Radar Disc to make getting acquainted easier than ever. Play it on your stereo turntable and take a "test drive" with ESCORT as soon as you open the box.

Fully Equipped

ST/O/P digital circuitry is just the latest example of the continuous development of the ESCORT. We won't compromise on performance *or* features. Here's proof:

Performance: • Double conversion Superheterodyne receiver circuitry with varactor-tuned Gunn oscillator • Patented digital signal processor (now with ST/O/P) • 1/64 second response time covers all police radar • City/Highway switch optimizes X band sensitivity • Sturdy construction of aluminum and polycarbonate

Alert System: • Different tones for X and K band radar • Audio pulse rate accurately relates radar intensity • Illuminated signal strength meter • LED power-on indicator • Alert lamp automatically dimmed at night

Convenience: • Inconspicuous size (1.5H x 5.25W x 5D) • Visor clip *and* hook and loop mounting supplied • Power cord plugs into cigar lighter and has quick-disconnect from ESCORT • Protective carrying case.

Take a stereo "test drive."

Critics' Corner

Car and Driver:..."All things considered, the ESCORT is the best piece of electronic protection on the market."

BMWCCA Roundel:..."The ESCORT is a highly sophisticated and sensitive detector that has been steadily improved over the years without changing those features that made it a success in the first place...In terms of what all it does, nothing else comes close."

Playboy:..."ESCORT radar detectors...(are) generally acknowledged to be the finest, most sensitive, most uncompromising effort at high technology in the field."

Autoweek:..."the consistent quality is remarkable."

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If you want the best, there's no reason to look anywhere else. ESCORT is designed and manufactured under one roof, and sold to you factory direct.

Knowledgeable support and professional service are only a phone call or parcel delivery away. And you can try ESCORT at *no risk*. Open the box, play the Radar Disc, and install your ESCORT. Take 30 days to test it. If you're not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund your purchase *and* pay for the postage costs to return it. You can't lose. We also back ESCORT with a full one year limited warranty on both parts and labor. ESCORT will change radar for you forever. So order today.

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Ordering an ESCORT is simple, by mail *or* by phone.

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For those of you with ESCORTs from S.N. 200,000 to 399,999 we are presently developing procedures and facilities to make adding the ST/O/P circuitry to your unit possible. The cost will be $75, and details and special shipping instructions will be in our advertisement in the August '83 issue of this magazine. Sorry, but we won't be able to convert your unit until that announcement.

getting on their jumbo C.D.s, he could get one point more at this smart little country bank in Oklahoma City. It was a hot bank that had its fingers in a lot of very pretty oil and gas ventures. The business managers took out their clients' money from local banks, money market funds, treasury bonds, and bought C.D.s at the Penn Square Bank.

Federal officials closed the bank a year ago. Large depositors lost millions in uninsured deposits. Two weeks later, one of the managers pulled up next to me in a blood-red Ferrari. "Isn't it a beauty?" he said. "My partner just got one, too."

"Where are the clients' Ferraris?" I asked, but by then he had driven off.

THE PERFECT CHEESE, or The View From the Bottom.

"I used to think that I would get rich in Hollywood by thinking of the perfect story," says an aspiring writer. "That was six years ago. I wrote five screenplays and sold all of them and not one got made into a movie. But I still kept thinking that some day I would think up the perfect story, about love and danger and life after death, and everyone in the audience would still be cheering for ten minutes after the final credits when they did a freeze frame of the hero getting the key to the City of Paris. That was what I used to think," he says today, looking out of his apartment at Los Angeles at 3:00 A.M., with the lights along La Cienega Boulevard blinking in the nighttime haze.

"That was wrong then, maybe. Anyway, it's definitely wrong now. Six years ago I was new in this town and I couldn't get in to see anyone. Now, everybody will see me, but nobody takes me seriously, because there just aren't any deals being made, especially for schmucks like me who've never gotten a picture made. There are still meetings, but it's all jerking around and nothing comes of it except that empty feeling that all my ideas and all my thoughts are thrown down a rathole.

"That's where the perfect cheese comes in," he says, with an air of mystery. "Have you ever noticed that there is no good pizza anywhere in Los Angeles? You can get a great pizza in any little town in New Hampshire or in the sleaziest slum in Philly, but there's no good pizza in L.A. Not even in Beverly Hills or anywhere. It doesn't matter what you pay. The pizza tastes like oatmeal on cardboard.

"I went through all the ingredients and I figured out that the problem is that the cheese they use out here is frozen or something before it's cooked on the pizza. If I could get a perfect cheese that would keep its flavor and taste like the pizzas in Red Hook, then I could set up a chain of pizza stands and I'd be rich. All I need is to get the perfect cheese and then I can tell all those assholes at the studios to fuck themselves. Mind you, I don't think I'll ever get a picture made. I'd just like to be able to tell the people at the studios to fuck themselves. That's all I want anymore."

THE VIEW FROM THE TOP, or Why There Will Always Be a Hollywood.

A telephone call from J., a major investment banker from New York. He has just taken about $40 million of his clients' money and put it into buying a failing film studio in Los Angeles. Now he spends most of his time in L.A., taking meetings and being seen at Morton's with starlets half his age, maybe younger, letting his balding, sedentary friends from Wall Street know that he scores every night with a different blonde so young she doesn't know when John F. Kennedy was president.

"Why did you think that now was a good moment to go into the picture business?" I asked. "The business is totally falling apart."

"Benjy," he said "it'll come back. It always does."

"What if it doesn't this time?" I asked. "There's a lot of new factors. Cable. Inflation. Pictures getting made in Europe."

"Benjy," he said, "the bottom line is that it's not my money. Let's have lunch someday soon, okay?"

He said that and then I hung up. Obviously, when you're at the bottom line—at least his bottom line—straws in the wind don't matter, even if the wind has become a tornado. ○

"Next time, Perkins, you'll think twice about sexually harassing a knee-jerk liberal."

Alive with pleasure!

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After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

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Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine;
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JOHN & YOKO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

cal occasion. King John comes to the Oracle. You *are* an oracle, aren't you?"

I nodded, not wanting to interrupt the performance, knowing that it would give me time to study him.

"You know, I've met a lot of psychics." He proceeded to tell me of a card reader he had met who had to look up the meanings of the cards in a book. Then there was a girl in India who could tell how much change you had in your pocket just by looking at you. Mystics and magicians, Lennon had met them all.

"And they don't fool me, you know. I can see right through an act when I see one. So if you got any plans about being the next Maharishi, I'd just forget it."

"If I wanted followers I would have incarnated as a mother duck," I assured him.

He smirked and was off again. "Do you believe in UFOs? I saw one, you know! I was up on the roof, about nine in the morning, doing my usual, watching the people go to work, when I saw this thing, this ship. It wasn't much of a ship, maybe big enough to hold two people. It didn't make any noise, just glided along above the East River, heading downtown." I could tell that he enjoyed this story. It was another test, a different mesh to sift me through.

"Were there any reported sightings that day?" I asked when he had finished.

"How the hell should I know? I'm not an enthusiast, you know. I don't go following this sort of thing. I just saw it. I sure as hell wasn't going to report it. 'Headline: EX-BEATLE SEES SAUCER.' Oh, that's good. What was he on? . . . Soooo, what's your opinion, dear witch doctor?"

"You see a saucer, I see a ghost, and somebody else sees a bird, a plane, or Superman—or nothing at all. What you see depends directly upon what you're looking for. It's called selective perception. You see what you choose."

"But what was really there?"

"Beats me. I didn't see it."

"Do you ever give a straight answer to anything?"

That was my opening. I picked up the cards. "Questions?"

"Yeah, okay. What about career?"

"What about it? The more specific the question, the more specific the answer."

"Okay." He seemed to be warming to the reading a little. "I've got a record I'm going to release. I want to know how it's going to do." He explained that he was talking about an album to be called *Rock 'n' Roll*. It was to be a collection of classic songs from the early days of rock.

So I spread and read the cards, spread after spread, hour after hour. I read on the record's distribution, its promotion, its radio support, and anything and everything else I could think of.

The cards didn't look good, so I tried to be as succinct as possible. "It says you got the three of shit, the four of nothing, and the five of get-out-of-town. You're unsure about distribution and there's no organized promotion. You mistrust half the people you're working with and aren't even sure who the other half are. You have created a series of events through calculated neglect, which will cause the ruin of the project that you claim to love." This was the first warning of trouble with this album, which a year later would have John facing a lawsuit for $42 million.

"Christ, don't spare my feelings." He stood and walked around the back of his chair, wrestling with the information and resenting it. Finally he asked, "And what do you suggest I do about it?"

"Correct it, change it."

"How?"

"Well, I'd start out by remembering that you're *John Lennon*. . . ."

"Not anymore, I'm not."

"Then who are you?"

"Oh, right, sure, I'm John Lennon, all right. But it's not what you think. I'm not the heavyweight rock star anymore. You think, sure, go make a record, sell a billion copies, just like that. But it's not like that. The record companies don't care that much anymore. The quote, fans, unquote, don't care that much either." He wasn't spinning UFO stories now. He meant it. "I hate the whole damn business."

"So quit," I suggested. "Why bother? You've made it."

"You don't understand. It's expected of me."

"By whom?"

"By me, and fuck you very much!"

"So, do it."

" 'So, do it,' says Little Mystic Sunshine." He mimicked my tone sarcastically. "Well, I can't do it. I don't know how anymore. It's gone. My muse is gone. Poof! Up the chimney. Up your ass. Gone. You got any answers for that, Oracle?"

"Is that a question? Do you want me to read on it?"

He sighed and sat down. "No, I'm tired. I don't want to play anymore."

He sat beside me, looking magnetic no longer. I waited, and in a moment he changed again.

"You know, Charles, of all the mystics and psychics or seers or whatever it is you people call yourselves . . . " He paused. "Sensitives! I guess that's the word that sums you all up. I think you're the best I've met so far." He meant it as a compliment, showing he wasn't angry with me. "Well, you know, Charles," he intoned playfully, "anyone can go out and buy a deck of cards and call themselves a reader, but that doesn't make them one."

"And anyone can go out and buy a guitar and call themselves a rock star and that doesn't make them one either."

He snorted, even laughing a little. The reading over, I swept up the cards. "I always like this part. It makes me feel like a croupier in the Twilight Zone."

Yoko burst into the room. "Oh, Charlie," she called, "before you go I have a few questions that I need to ask you."

"I bet," said John in an exaggerated stage whisper. Then with great formality, he rose and turned to me. "Well, Charles, it certainly has been an unpleasant experience. I hope we don't have to repeat it."

Back inside the White Room and resubmerged in the sofa, Yoko zeroed in on me.

"What did he say?"

"About what?" I was determined to play dumb.

"About me, to start with."

"Well . . . " I thought about it. "I don't recall that he said anything about you at all."

"You recall very well. You have a perfect memory."

"You wouldn't want me to betray a confidence, would you?"

"Yes. I pay you, don't I?"

I shuffled the cards. "Perhaps it would help if you asked specific questions."

I was baiting her and she knew it. "I want to know how John feels about me." She spoke slowly, with exasperated care.

I laid out the cards. "I'd say he loves you."

And he did. Over the next five years I was to have the opportunity of seeing John demonstrate that love in many ways.

"I had to send John away," said Yoko. "He was destroying everything. Finally it got so bad he attacked the baby. It was terrible."

"WE'RE PREGNANT!"

On a fine April afternoon, I got a phone call from Yoko.

"Guess what?" she teased happily.

"I wouldn't dare," I said seriously.

"We're pregnant! Isn't it amazing? Now, I have to see you right away. I haven't told John yet, because I need to know how he's going to take this. I'm in a phone booth on the street outside the doctor's office. I'll be right over to see you." Click.

Visits from Yoko were rare and my apartment was hardly in shape to receive a client. Quickly I folded up the bed, picked up socks and other flotsam, and attempted to create at least some illusion of order. I was thus engaged when I heard her knock at the door.

I let her in and she went directly to the reading table, settling herself into one of the director's chairs and hugging herself in her mink jacket while I got out the cards. "Okay, we're pregnant and we're going to have the baby, understood?" she announced as the consultation began. Then came the inevitable barrage of questions. Will it miscarry? Boy or girl? Retarded? Deformed? She puffed furiously at her cigarettes. Most importantly, how was John going to take the news?

"He'll be thrilled," I predicted. And he was, as I learned the following evening when I went to read for him.

"Charles!" said John. "Have you heard the good news, Charles?" he said as he walked into the White Room. "We're pregnant!" He sat down across from me on the sofa, obviously in a serious mood. "I'm going to be a father again, Charles," he began, "and I'm not prepared for this new beginning. I've got too many ends, too much unfinished business. Particularly with May. You know, I never really settled things with her. I don't see her anymore but she's still around. She calls sometimes but I don't talk to her. Even so, it makes Yoko crazy. I guess you've heard *all* about that from her, haven't you?" I nodded. "I'm not being fair to May. I know it and it bothers me. She didn't do anything wrong."

"So . . . talk to her. The silent treatment is probably hurting her more than anything you could say."

"I can't. I'm afraid. If I called, she'd ask me to come and see her. I can't say no, can I? I can never say no. So I'd go see her and even if I didn't sleep with her it would ruin things here . . . this life, this marriage. I can't risk that. There's going to be a baby. I have to straighten things out. I mean, I don't know if May is waiting for me or wants to tell me to go fuck myself, which she certainly has the right to do, or what."

"What did you tell her when you went away?"

"Didn't. I didn't really know I was leaving. I never do. I mean, it was in the air: 'Someday he'll go back to his wife.' Then one day I realized that someday was today and I was here.

"I never really go *away* from things, you know. I go *to* things. I never realize what I've left 'til I get where I'm going."

"You left Yoko," I interjected.

"No, not really, and she didn't throw me out either. I'd been doing my *Mind Games* album and it really had me going. I was *going* all the time. Yoko and I were bothering each other but I was on the go and didn't notice how much. So one night I was just *going* to get a paper. Then I realized what I was actually doing was *going* for a walk. Then, while I was walking, I realized what I was really doing was *going* to see May. I was seeing May and that was *going* on 'til I realized that I was *going* to stay with her awhile. That's how I realized I'd left Yoko and that's when I realized that I was *going* to get back together with her . . . 'someday.'

"Now I'm back, and I'm *going* to stay, I'm *going* to not call, write, or otherwise do anything to upset this particular apple cart, as it were. May wasn't just a bit of fun on the side, you know. She knows Yoko, too. It was Yoko's idea to hire her.

"Like I said, Yoko and I were having our problems, sexual, among others. Yoko suggested that May would work for me. If anything went on between the boss and the secretary (and knowing the boss, there would be!), well, so be it.

"It sounded like a good idea. The marriage had its problems and May was there. But as always happens, it got involved. May got involved with me and started feeling loyal and protective toward me, which I love. She stopped her reports to the wife, for which I will be eternally grateful. That's when it stopped being a good idea. I couldn't be married to one woman and sleeping with another. I was fragmented as it was. I needed a whole something in my life."

"And do you have that whole something now?" I asked.

"Well, three quarters of a something, maybe. But as the baby proves, Yoko and I do sleep together. Besides, I'm not convinced that a perfect relationship is a whole one. To be perfect it has to have a few holes, doesn't it? And that still leaves us with May."

As he talked I sorted and shuffled the cards. When he finished, I laid them out in a spread that was designed to answer a how-to question. "You said that May was hired. That means you paid her?"

"Yes."

"And what you want to do is communicate to her without writing to her or telling her that you are not going to see her again?"

"Exactly."

"You're still paying her, aren't you?"

"Well, the office is."

"As long as you continue to pay her, she has to expect that you want something. If you don't want anything from her, stop paying her."

"You mean fire her?"

" 'Lay off' might be a better phrase," I answered, unsure how he would respond to the idea.

"That's brilliant! Fire her! That's fuckin' brilliant! That tells May it's over, it makes Yoko feel secure, and it lets me off the guilty hook! That's great!"

THE CHOCOLATE DIET

"John's impossible," Yoko confided one sunny afternoon in late June, as we sat at the kitchen table for one of our frequent sessions. "He watches me all the time. If I go to the toilet, he follows me. He's afraid I'm stuffing myself with garbage but I'm not. I just need to eat more now." She was eating a fistful of chocolate.

"But you're the one who insisted that you keep a strict macrobiotic diet."

"I know, I know, but every once in a while I need a little change." I lit her ciga-

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rette. "I think it's healthy to have a little variety. I think John is just trying to upset me because he doesn't want the baby." This was a constant theme.

"He wants the baby, and you know it. Why are you investing so much negativity in this event? Be joyous!"

"You know very well why. It's because this baby has to be perfect. This baby is going to change the world. If a messiah were going to be reborn today, he would choose rock stars as parents so he could have access to the media. Everything is perfect for a new prophet. It's the right time and *we* are the right parents. Everything we are doing is perfect: exercises, meditation, diet. I just hope the baby isn't retarded. You want to read on that again?"

"Yoko, we always read on that! There is no reason to suspect that you will have anything other than a perfectly normal baby."

"Normal?" She sounded hurt. "Our baby can't be normal! We would hate a normal baby! No, she has to be perfect."

"She?"

"Now don't be stubborn, Charlie. I know that you said 'a boy' but this time the messiah has to be a woman. It makes sense, doesn't it? Last time a man, this time a woman. That's the economy of the universe."

"A retarded lady messiah?"

"I don't think that is anything to laugh about."

"You have been tested by your doctor and you passed."

"I'm getting another doctor. He won't believe me about the baby. He insists that there is nothing wrong. And he humiliates me! He says I have to be careful because of my age! That's very insulting."

"Then why not try a woman doctor?"

"Because they're no good. Now I have some names I want you to check so we will get a good doctor this time." She reached for the phone. "Yes, I want you to bring me some tea, and some noodles, and an orange. . . . What? . . . No! No honey—sugar is bad for you, you know." Then she had some chocolate while she waited for her snack.

AND BABY MAKES THREE

The Lennons' son was born on John's thirty-fifth birthday, October 9, 1975. Later John would claim with a smile that he had actually planned it that way. But that was later. In the days immediately following the birth John was not in the mood for humor. The child had had to be delivered by cesarean section and Yoko was required to stay in the hospital some two weeks to recuperate. John haunted the hospital during visiting hours and banged around his ten-room apartment the rest of the time.

Late one night during this period, John called me. In the wee, small hours I listened to him relate how the event could have been happier as far as he was concerned.

"It's not as though I've gained a son. It's more like I've lost a wife!" he complained. "Nothing's worked out the way it was supposed to, you know. We had it all planned out. We'd have the baby at home, we said. I would be there for the delivery, we said. Natural birth, no problems, we said. So what happens? Off she goes to the hospital, telling me she doesn't want me there, and the doctors perform a cesarean section. Now they're keeping her for observation because of 'complications.' It's good we planned everything so carefully. Birth classes and health foods and now they're shooting her full of some damned drug. What was it all about, all the talk, all the plans? What did we get out of it?"

John's anxieties regarding his son, Sean, grew. When Yoko and the baby came home to the Dakota, John began disappearing sporadically for several hours at a stretch. During the evenings, he caroused with cronies or ladies of the night. When not so engaged he moped around the house, finding fault with almost everything and collecting newspaper clippings on Sean's birth.

> "John called," said Yoko. "He was tripping and watching these three lesbians making it and he hoped they would make it with him next."

A few days before Thanksgiving 1975, I found him sitting in the kitchen with a pile of these articles telling of Sean, Yoko, and the proud father. I had come to give him his reading but he had no questions that afternoon, only comments, as he thumbed through his stack of papers.

"Well, it's done," he said morosely. "Our nine-day-wonder ceases to amaze. I suppose it couldn't last but it was nice while it did."

"You could have made more press if you'd wanted."

"Ah, not true, Charles. The press is a strange beast and I have spent the better part of my adult life learning its habits. It comes sniffing and yipping up to your door begging for yummies, but if you offer it the wrong treat, it will turn on you.

"For a while I didn't think anyone loved me, *really*. This year I got three nice spots. Hosting the Grammy Awards. That was nice—musician honors his peers. Then the Lew Grade special—that was also nice. Now Sean, and they're being very nice about this, too. I don't want to blow it. I just wish I had more of it, but that I can't have unless I have something to say, which I don't."

"How about 'father and son seen in park,' that sort of thing?"

"Not wise, wizard. First of all, that sort of thing doesn't work for someone in my position. The public expects me to be *doing* something and strolling with the baby, playing family man, isn't *something*. Even if they did take the copy, it is really more Sean's press than mine. There's going to be enough competition later on. We don't have to rush it.

"Look at these." He waved the clippings. "I mean, it's great that the press beast loves the baby, but I used to be in the papers every day. Now, three shots in a year. I feel as though the factory closed and I got laid off."

"Do I detect a note of jealousy?"

"You detect a whole symphony of it, Charles. Look at this one, the whole story of how Sean's birth saved John from deportation. The government gives me a break because the wife's knocked up. That doesn't sound like I played a very important role, does it? Whatever whoever was going to say about the album got swallowed up by the baby, and perhaps that's just as well."

Just two weeks after Sean's birth, John had released his album *Shaved Fish*. The public response to it had been cool. Placed on the market with minimal promotional support, *Shaved Fish* was not selling well, as the all-important first month's sales receipts showed. For the press, the story of Sean was better copy.

"There'll be no hits this year," John continued sadly. "I'm lucky the press beast didn't start howling, 'Lennon's had it.' Lucky for me I can still make babies. Maybe I should do it again."

"I don't think that's really the best idea."

"Neither do I, actually." He paused, looking back to his collection of clippings. "Can you see it? Sean's first long pants. Sean in school. Sean will be so famous no one will remember who his father was."

"That's a little hard to believe."

"Wait and see. The press beast is a weird critter and the public loves babies." He paused resentfully. "When Julian was born, all they loved was me."

Poor Sean, I thought.

TEMPER TANTRUMS

"I had to send him away," Yoko was telling me. "He was destroying everything." It was summer and as usual John had gone to the ocean to swim and sunbathe in the nude. "He's been wanting to get away since the early spring. He's like this every year. As soon as the sun comes out he has to be in it. I said that we couldn't leave just yet and that made him angry and he got very quiet and you know how dangerous that can be. Finally it got so bad he attacked the baby. It was terrible."

"Attacked?" John was a screamer and had a habit of yelling at Sean to stop crying, but attack sounded more serious.

"Yes, he kicked him. We were in the bedroom, having our meditation. We were doing it almost every night because it was good for family harmony. We would sit naked in a little triangle, because that's the symbol of ascension, and just meditate, and if anyone had anything to say they could just say it. Well, Sean can't really say anything but he can make little sounds and he has as much right to make those sounds as we have to talk, and usually John was very good about it. But on the last night we did it Sean was crying, and John hates it when the baby cries, but I felt that that was Sean's right to express himself. I mean, if John wanted to cry or I wanted to cry, then that would have been all right.

"I didn't really notice how angry the crying was making John, because I was very deep into my meditation, but all at once he stood up and I opened my eyes and saw him walk toward Sean, and I thought he was going to step on him but he just brought his foot up and kicked him! It was very vicious. Then he just stood there, looking stupid, and the baby was screaming and I didn't know what was going to happen next. So I jumped up and grabbed Sean and took him to his room. I didn't even stop for a robe or anything, I was in such a hurry. I was afraid that he was going to kill the baby. I stayed with Masako [the Lennons' nurse] and the baby for a little while. But then I got afraid of what John might be doing, so I thought that I had better get back and see what he was up to.

"He was still just standing there. And I thought, 'He's gone crazy. He's going to kill us!' So I sent him to Long Island."

"But you sent Sean out there with him."

"Yes, John wanted to take him and I think Sean wanted to go, too. He has Masako to look after him and I think he should be safe. As long as John gets what he wants, he usually isn't too dangerous. Maybe you should read on it and see if Sean is all right out there." I cast the cards and all seemed well. "John is like that, you know. He has that side of him you never see. He kicked me before, too, you know. He even kicked me once when I was pregnant with Sean. I didn't want to tell you, because I thought that it would be bad for John, but you know how worried I was that there would be something wrong with the baby. Well, it was because I didn't know what kind of damage he might have done." I didn't know whether to believe her or not.

"Fortunately nothing was wrong." I was being cautious.

"Yes, thank God. I think that it was because of all the prayers and the magic. But still there might be some damage that we don't even know about, something that won't show itself until much later. Things like that can happen, you know."

The pattern was invariable. John would attack, revel in his cruelty, more to justify it than because it gave him any actual pleasure. Then guilt would shoot him down. He would try to make up by showering Yoko with attention and presents. In time frustration would send him out on the prowl again. And when that happened I was sure to hear about it. My phone rang a few nights later, interrupting a "Late Show" rerun. It was Yoko.

"Charlie, this is an emergency, very important. John just called."

"From where?" I stretched and groaned and pulled out the cards for another predawn session.

"I don't know, he just called and said that he was somewhere and he didn't know where it was but that he was tripping and watching these three lesbians making it and that he hoped they would make it with him next. But more than that he wanted me to come and get him, but I don't know where he is—he just hung up!" I could imagine the wicked smile on John's face. "Where do you think he is? What should I do? This could be very dangerous, you know! . . . I want you to pray for him."

So I did. "Dear Lord, as long as she's going to be crazy and I'm not going to get any sleep, at least let John have a good time."

Next month, "John and Yoko, Part II": Terrorist threats, Yoko's mummy, Paul McCartney, and Double Fantasy.

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

fought. He also said Lee's direction made the Americans he fought look like clumsy oafs who could be knocked around by a guy smaller than them. Since when? The opponents he defeated in movies look no more inept than the villains in other martial-arts films or the ones in American westerns, police shows, or other action shows or films. In other words, other white Americans defeating white Americans in films is okay, but not okay for Bruce Lee. Sure, Bruce Lee might not have been able to do all the things he did in films in real life, but neither could John Wayne or Clint Eastwood. Why is it humiliating to other actors when it's Bruce Lee who is winning a fight? Because he's Chinese instead of white, perhaps?

The author implied that Bob Wall alone knows the true story about Lee's death. Why should we accept Wall's story as the real one over anybody else's? (Linda Lee's story about her own husband would be the most likely one if one source should be singled out.) Goldman's allegation that Lee died of drug abuse is not proven to my satisfaction. His "evidence" is highly questionable.

Obviously, the theme of Goldman's book is to present Bruce Lee as a Doctor Jekyll/Mr. Hyde type of character. In other words, a nice, likeable man who suddenly turned into a monster when he became famous. Bruce Lee was an okay guy when he was in America and "kept his place" in the background, but as soon as he dared to think of himself as a star equal to American actors, he was a neurotic, unbalanced egomaniac—that is, according to Goldman.—*Robert Walsdorff, Green Brier, Tenn.*

Albert Goldman replies:

It's virtually impossible to reply to a reader who thinks he has all the answers even though he has never traveled one mile or conducted one interview in search of the truth. No matter what evidence I cite from Lee's intimate friends, colleagues, or even the doctors who treated Lee for his ultimately fatal drug usage, I am met with the same petulant and childish response: "I don't believe you!"

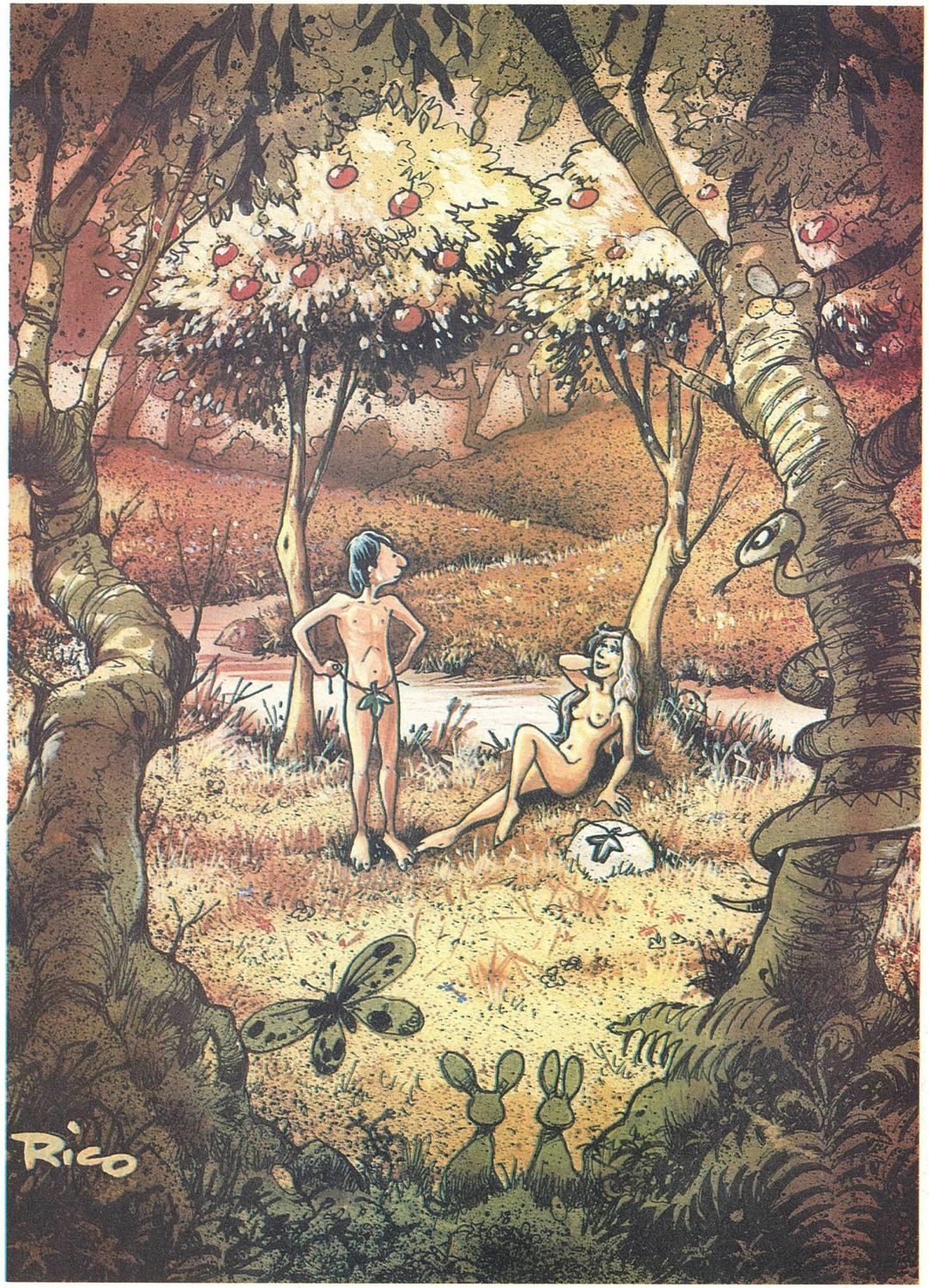
On the other hand, this reader who is so skeptical of every form of evidence and argument I offer feels perfectly free to overlay my interpretation of Bruce Lee's life and death with his own absurd paraphrase, for which he offers no evidence or argument whatsoever. The reader's final statement of my views proves only that the reader can't read. Jekyll and Hyde!—is he kidding?

CARTER'S PLACE IN HISTORY

As one of the Americans who was held hostage by the Iranians, I read with interest the interview with former President Jimmy Carter (April 1983). His one comment on the Iranian crisis was not at variance with what he and other senior administration and State Department officials of the time have said all along, i.e., that looking back today, they would have done nothing different. Indeed, they are all proud of the way they handled the crisis.

What they mean, of course, what they will ensure that you know, is that they are referring to the time period *after* November 4, 1979. And with this I have no quarrel. Mr. Carter did act with calm restraint and deliberation. He did achieve the safe return of myself and my colleagues, and he did manage to do so while saving and restoring a large measure of American honor.

What Mr. Carter and the members of his administration do not address, and what no one (including journalists) seems willing to inquire into, is the administration policies *prior* to November 4, 1979. For all the dedication, hard work, and achievements after the embassy was taken, the question remains: why did Messrs. Carter and Brzezinski ignore the accurate political reporting (and warnings) from the embassy and take the steps that led to its loss in the first place? The fact that the Iranian crisis need never have happened seems to be overlooked by just about everybody. When a doctor makes a basic, inexcus-



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able error that places the patient's life in grave peril for a lengthy time, the doctor is generally sued for malpractice once the patient recovers. It is not customary for the patient and family to congratulate the doctor for a brilliant performance in saving the patient's life after his needlessly endangering it.

In our instance, however, the policies of the Carter administration leading up to the Tehran embassy takeover would appear to hold little or no significance. And, too, nobody has ever asked Mr. Carter whether what America lost in terms of national security interests and international prestige was worth the admittance of the shah into the United States for the short time he was here.

We have no-fault insurance and no-fault divorce. Now it seems we have no-fault foreign policy.—*William J. Daugherty, Department of State*

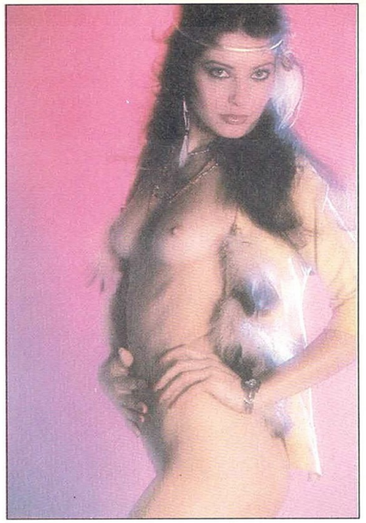
I was very impressed with your interview of former President Jimmy Carter. I found the introduction especially intelligent and refreshing after the pack-mentality criticisms of most of the rest of the media. Contrary to the current mythology perpetuated by the latter, Carter was immensely successful in getting his legislation passed, and his landmark efforts in such areas as human rights and environmental protection should not be forgotten. Those who have studied his record know that history will accord him a high place—but it may take a long time for that Trumanesque recognition.—*Scott S. Smith, Thousand Oaks, Calif.*

REPUDIATING AL GOLDSTEIN

As an anthropological collector and stringer for many of the major museums in the world, I spend a lot of my time in the Far East. And while I thoroughly enjoyed the wit and ballsy humor of Al Goldstein's "Around the World Without Getting Laid," (January 1983), concerning his romp through the pleasure capitals of the Orient, I wouldn't want your readers to get the wrong impression of Eastern girls. I'll tell ya, after a hard day in the jungle, there's nothing that beats the warm, soft, sensuous, sensitive, caring, ineffably sexy feeling of a young Thai or Filipino lady. They are so beautiful, comfortable, sweet, cozy, lovable, honest, sexy, and oh so very, very available that they have completely and totally spoiled me. They *want* to take care of *all* your needs and are so without guile in their enthusiasm and happiness when they know that they have made you happy. The Far East is heaven on earth.

Whenever I have to spend a summer here in North America, my off-season, I simply can get up no interest whatsoever in the tremendous hassle that is a North American woman.

Give me those Thai ladies anytime at all—they know how to take good care of you.—*Jason Schoonover, Saskatchewan, Canada*



BURNIN' AND YEARNIN'

Gimme a break! After looking at the pictorial of Nicole Monrowe in "Up in Smoke," it started a general fire alarm in my entire body. And only she has the apparatus to extinguish the burning desire inside of me. Please, another picture of Nicole to calm these flames. Reading *Penthouse* has never produced the sensations I get when I drool over November 1982's Pet of the Month. Ms. Monrowe is pure gorgeousness! Thank you, *Penthouse*!—*Johnny Gammons, Rockland, Mass.*

We share your view that Nicole is no false alarm—so here's another look (above) at our November siren.—The Editors

HELP FOR KIDS ON DRUGS

Allan Sonnenschein's excellent article "Twelve Years Old and Feeling No Pain" (October 1982), on juvenile drug abuse, vividly describes a reality I see every day in my work at the AREBA-Casriel Institute, a private therapeutic community in Manhattan for the treatment of drug addiction and other character disorders.

Many middle-class teenagers shoot heroin for years without their parents' realizing it. Usually parents accept the truth only when they have to. Even then, most try to stop by themselves or in a regular hospital. Unfortunately, statistics show that these attempts nearly always fail.

To succeed in getting off heroin permanently, an addict needs a total, live-in therapeutic environment, such as AREBA, that has been designed specifically to treat the emotional problems leading to addiction as well as the addiction itself.

A treatment method with a 100 percent success rate has yet to be invented, of course. However, about 80 percent of the youths who complete the AREBA program are now leading normal, productive, drug-free lives. For kids who are killing themselves with heroin, this is a sure sign of hope.—*Ann Schwanke, Ph.D., AREBA-Casriel Institute, New York, N.Y.*

NOT PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

I read your "Advise & Dissent" in the March 1983 issue of *Penthouse*, entitled "Pandering to the Public." Your references to microwave radiation and its dangers were of particular personal interest to me.

In December of 1978, I gave my wife a microwave oven as a Christmas gift. There were no warnings about the dangers of exposure to non-ionizing radiation included with the operating instructions, and, unfortunately, at that time I had never heard of Paul Brodeur, had not read his articles in *The New Yorker* or his book, *The Zapping of America*. I have now read both the articles and the book, but only after our oven malfunctioned, causing a mild first-degree burn to the right side of my wife's face.

This appeared to be an insignificant injury but within two to three months my wife began to experience blurring of vision. She was examined by our local optometrist, and he found that she had an early cataract in the posterior capsule of her right eye. Vision at this time had decreased from 20/20 to 20/40 in her right eye. She has subsequently seen two ophthalmologists and two professors at the University of Alabama School of Optometry in Birmingham. In less than one year her vision had decreased to poorer than 20/400.

Any other possible cause of her cataract has been ruled out, and she has been diagnosed as having a dense microwave cataract of her right eye and early capsular changes in the left.

This has been an extremely frustrating experience for us not only from a medical point of view but also because it has been so very difficult to obtain information on the hazards of microwave radiation.

I cannot help but believe that since this tragedy could happen to us, there must surely be many more such incidents that have gone not only unreported but also quite possibly unrecognized for what they are. Had I not had available to me a certain amount of medical knowledge and the availability of medical libraries, we might never have discovered that microwaves are indeed dangerous. Our ignorance could have lulled us into falsely concluding that anything so well advertised by the manufacturers, endorsed by industry and the government, and accepted by the public was automatically safe. How much injury caused by microwave radiation has gone undetected as such? How many victims are there who, through lack of knowledge, have accepted their infirmities or even deaths as "acts of God"?

I commend you for your article. I sincerely hope it will help in some way to bring not only the news media but the country around to getting priorities in order. Pandas are indeed cute animals. However, a society that places their importance above that of human life needs very badly to examine its conscience and reassess its values.—*William G. Pappas, M.D., address withheld*

CHILD MOLESTERS

In response to your "Child Molesters and Their Victims" piece (April 1983), I think child molestation is the most heinous crime in the world. When an adult coerces an innocent, trusting child into some act that can only gratify the conniving adult, that's the act of an insecure, sick person who doesn't have the nerve or balls to go after a normal sexual experience.

I was disgusted and somewhat amused to learn that organizations like NAMBLA [North American Man-Boy Love Association] and the Rene Guyon Society actually think they could have laws changed to approve the exploitation of children!

As the mother of a six-year-old son, I have to say that anyone who molested my kid would never make it to the Adult Diagnostic Treatment Center.—*Carolann Alexander-Goldman, Jackson, Miss.*

I would like to praise your article about child molesters. It brings tears to my eyes to think of adults who really believe young children can actually enjoy sex. There is so much of it going on, but so many people close their eyes and ears to it. Please continue to open people's eyes to this and to other goings-on that physically or emotionally hurt other people.—*Dianne Ticer, Fountain Valley, Calif.*

I've been reading *Penthouse* magazine for several years now and I find it enjoyable, interesting, open-minded, and willing to explore new ideas. I just finished reading your article, in the April 1983 issue, in which you discuss an organization (that's been in and out of the news lately) by the name of NAMBLA. I'm sure many of the points you make are valid. God knows, many children in this world are mistreated, but I came away from the article disappointed. I see NAMBLA as an organization that has an incredible story to tell, and the media are not letting them do it. I would expect this of a conservative publication, but somehow I thought that *Penthouse* would be more willing to explore the issue.

In spite of the one-sided press that NAMBLA gets, there are some golden nuggets that slip through: (1) Sex is good (what a wonderful concept!), (2) Youth should not be used as target practice in wars, and (3) Give youth more freedom, power, independence, and control over themselves.

Even these good points, and whatever positive things come out of the man-boy relationship, are looked upon as being strictly a result of the man's lust and as not being sincere. If there's one thing I learned in life, it's that nothing is all black or all white. The genuine concern of these people is evident. NAMBLA is being portrayed as all black by the media and I, for one, would like to hear their story.—*Richard Bagarozy, Bronx, N.Y.*

Allan Sonnenschein replies:

I, too, agree that NAMBLA has a right to tell its story, and indeed it has been given several opportunities to do so. Not only has Penthouse *interviewed its spokesmen, but newspapers, radio, and television stations have given space and time to representatives of NAMBLA. Unfortunately, their message has been something less than a "golden nugget." Simply put, NAMBLA wishes us to believe that it is in the best interests of very young boys, eight, nine, ten years of age, to have sex with older men.*

For NAMBLA to say that sex is good and then conclude that sex between adults and children must be good is sophistry. Those who deal with sexually abused youngsters have quite a different story to tell. They are the ones who must attempt to heal the psychic wounds and emotional traumas suffered by youngsters from such relationships. They know that all children who have sex with adults are coerced, either by physical force or by being plied with goodies.

If NAMBLA and other "child-liberating" organizations appear to be painted all black by the media, perhaps it has to do with the darker regions of existence these people choose to inhabit.

OMNI ON SALE JUNE 23

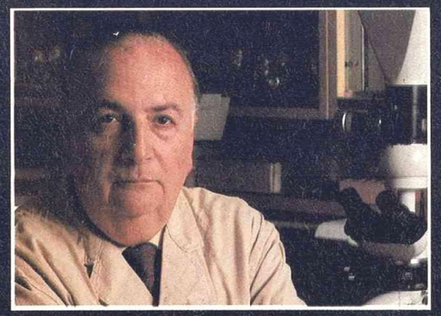
FICTION

A cosmonaut struggles with his nation's bureaucracy in an attempt to save his orbiting home, in "Red Star, Winter Orbit." This story is the first collaboration of two of the hottest writers in the science-fiction field: Bruce Sterling and William Gibson. Gibson was a finalist for the 1982 Nebula Award. This is Sterling's first appearance in *Omni*. And Cherry Wilder makes her *Omni* debut with "Kaleidoscope," a story about two people swept into a different universe by a freak tropical storm.

MAWS

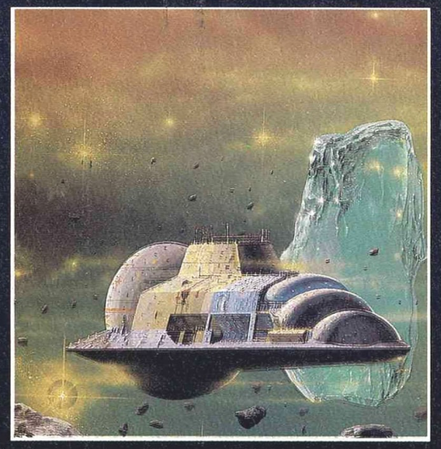
Behold the mighty marine maw. These bizarre assemblages of scales, jaws, and teeth tell stories of evolutionary adaptations as improbable as anything penned by Asimov, Heinlein, or Herbert. Some fish have kept the simple, open-and-shut traps of their ancestors, which patrolled the reefs when dinosaurs ruled the land. Other marine denizens have modernized their muzzles, evolving them into fangs, beaks, and vacuum-cleaner-like appendages. Each fish face has its own tale to tell. You can learn about them—straight from the fish's mouth—in July's special pictorial.

INTERVIEW



The only bioscience as complicated as brain research is immunology, and the most rapid progress in immunology has taken place in the last two decades. Many of these advances can be traced to one man, Baruj Benacerraf, chairman of Harvard's pathology department. In this month's Interview, this Nobel Prize-winner takes us on a tour through the immune system. He discusses widespread organ transplantation and possible treatment for such terrible autoimmune diseases as M.S., rheumatoid arthritis, and lupus, and he entertains some theories about AIDS, the immune deficiency syndrome that seems to seek out gays, Haitians, and hemophiliacs.

COSMIC DREAMS



In visionary dreams, it was a paradise of floating gardens, emerald towers, and high-domed cities. The most modest of plans in cutaway paintings from the Fifties showed dozens of khaki-clad figures at work and play inside labyrinthine chambers and tubes. But now that the planning of a real space station is a line item in NASA's budget, most of the illusion has disappeared. A report in this month's *Omni* suggests that in place of an ethereal dream, the U.S. space station is likely to be a workhorse, totally devoted to meeting the needs of science, industry, and national defense. Yet even if the station turns out to be an unmanned "utility pole" inhabited only by machines, this outpost in orbit promises to be America's best hope for leadership on the high frontier. July's *Omni* also introduces a new generation of robots able to reproduce themselves, and a new kind of self-help guide, by novelist Walker Percy, for travelers to the far reaches of the cosmos.

RUSSIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

high a priority do they place on [let us say] Norway?" an attaché would ask me. I didn't know how to answer that question. It seemed to me then, as it does now, that Soviet policy was affected by "targets of opportunity," sudden chances that arose out of unpredicted or unpredictable events. I could not see any long-range, cool, coldly calculated schemes or plans.

Maybe that reflected my Minnesota turn of mind, which saw the world in more anarchical terms, which didn't perceive "order" anywhere and particularly not in Russia. When I traveled down the byways of Russian life, when I saw how people twisted, turned, squeezed, and shoved to attain their goals, and when it occurred to me (as I think it should to everyone) that in this "planned" society no one ever knew what was going to happen next, I began to rely less and less on "codes," "doctrine," textbook quotations, and more on reality. I still do.

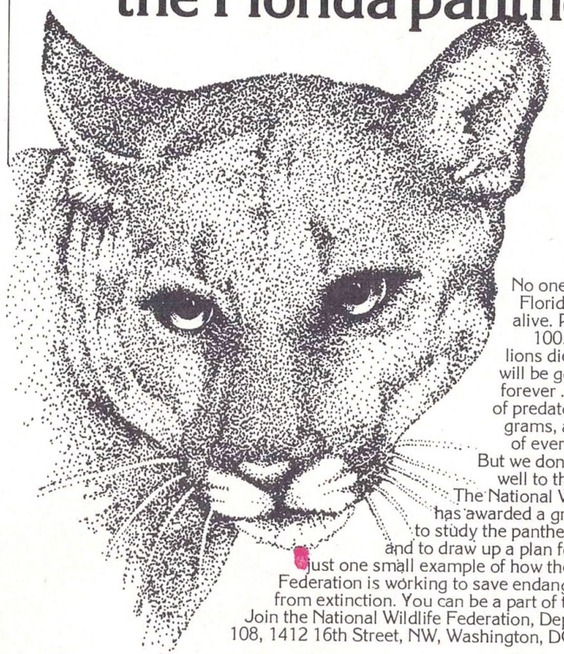
And so, I suppose, what I call my commonsense approach, deeply rooted in Russian soil and souls, has set me apart time and again from those who, I tend to think, have tried to bend Russian reality to fit some political concept.

I guess what I found in this other world and in Saltykovka, preserved, as it were, in amber, was that Russia Sir Bernard Pares had known. I had to extrapolate a good deal. I could not in the Stalin days travel widely. I could not know many Russians. I had to use my wits, my eyes, my ears, and often my nose to tell which way the wind was blowing and whence it came. I could not neglect *Pravda*, but there, too, I understood that it was more important, in most instances, to know what *Pravda* was not saying than what it was saying.

I read a lot of Russian history—*Russian* history, not *Soviet* history—in those long evenings in the Metropol, where there was nothing else I could do. That history told me how closely Stalin fitted the historical pattern of the Russian ruler in the eternal drive for warm water (Constantinople, the Persian Gulf), in the passion for dominating the Balkans (shared with Nicholas I and Alexander III), in a wish for Far Eastern dominance (shared with Nicholas II), in a consciousness of British (now Indian) rivalry in Central Asia, in a love-hate relationship with Germany (shared with a hierarchy of czarist rulers and foreign ministers).

I think this tells a lot more about Soviet foreign policy than the *Communist Manifesto*. I think that if we are serious in wanting to understand the Russia of Yuri Andropov, we must peer deeply into this other world. There we will find the soil in which Russia's fears, hopes, frustrations, and real goals are nourished—not in the wooden words of a stale and sterile dialectic.

Farewell to the Florida panther.



No one knows how many Florida panthers are still alive. Perhaps fewer than 100. If these mountain lions die, another creature will be gone from the earth forever . . . the victim, first, of predator elimination programs, and more recently, of ever-shrinking habitat. But we don't have to bid farewell to the Florida panther. The National Wildlife Federation has awarded a grant to researchers to study the panther and its future . . . and to draw up a plan for saving it. That's just one small example of how the National Wildlife Federation is working to save endangered species from extinction. You can be a part of the effort. Join the National Wildlife Federation, Department 108, 1412 16th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036.

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THEY COME HERE — WRECKING OUR ENVIRONMENT!
EVICTING US FROM OUR BOG HOLES!
YOU SLOBBERING DEGENERATE!
RACIST PIG!
THEY'VE NO RESPECT FOR THE CULTURE AND TRADITIONS OF ETHNIC MINORITIES!
WE'VE BEEN CARRYING OFF VIRGINS FOR CENTURIES!
THEY DON'T GIVE A DAMN FOR HUMAN RIGHTS!
I'D WRITE TO THE UNITED NATIONS — IF I COULD WRITE!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

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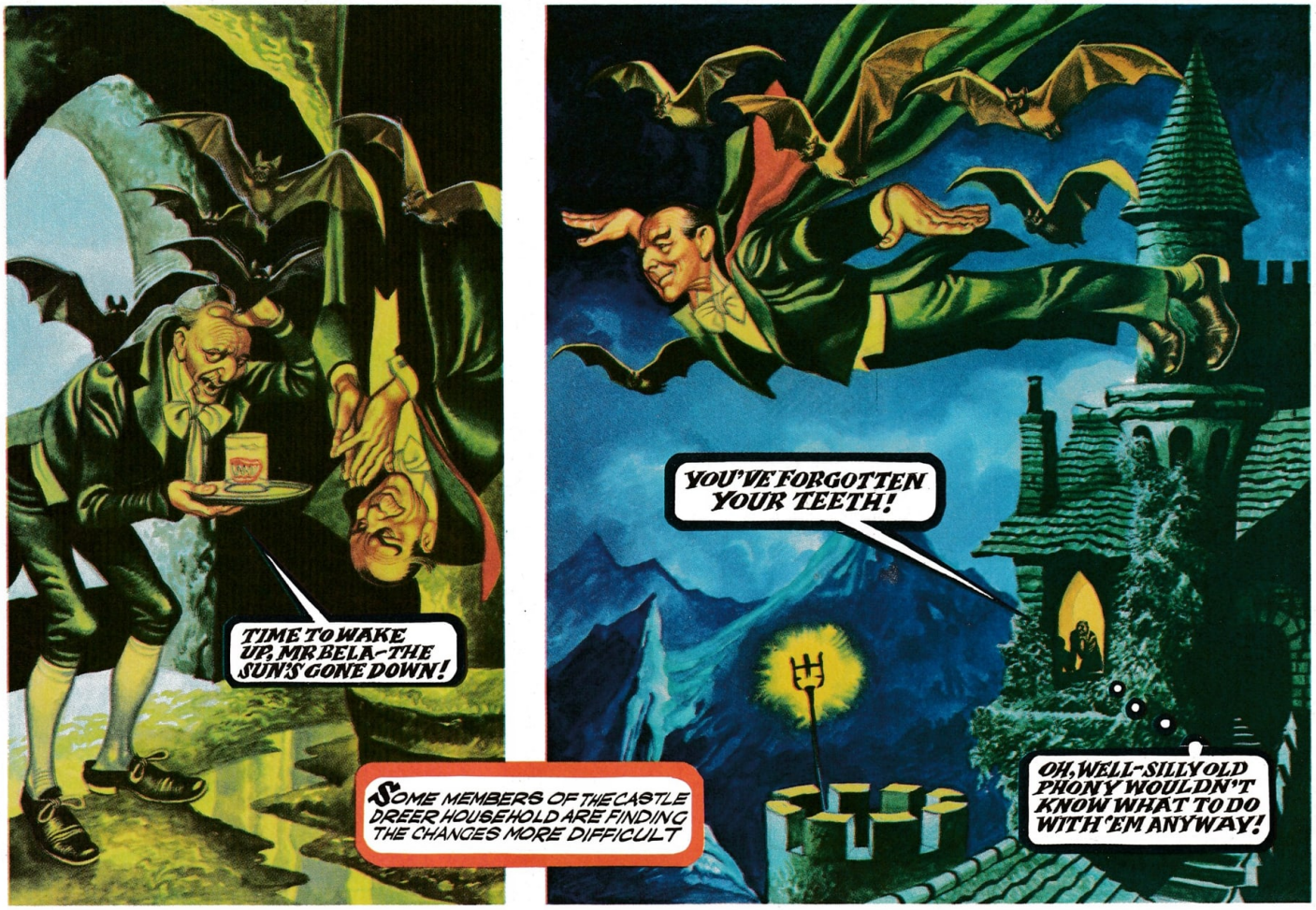
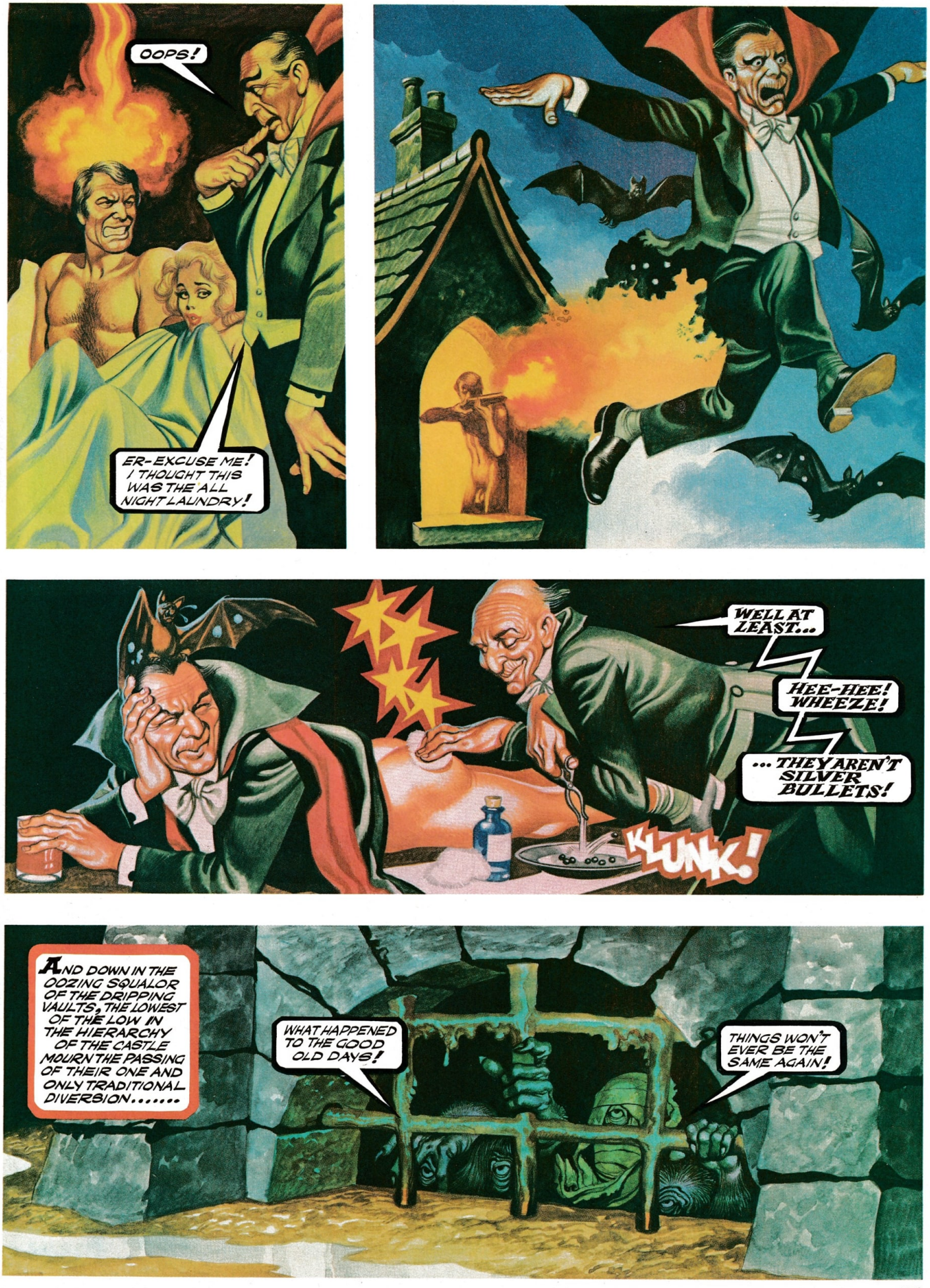
WAR VETERAN
DOES SHE TAKE CREDIT CARDS?
SALTWATER TAFFY?
VAMPIRE Pest control
GUM?
CIGGIES?
FORTUNE COOKIES?
Hot Wolves

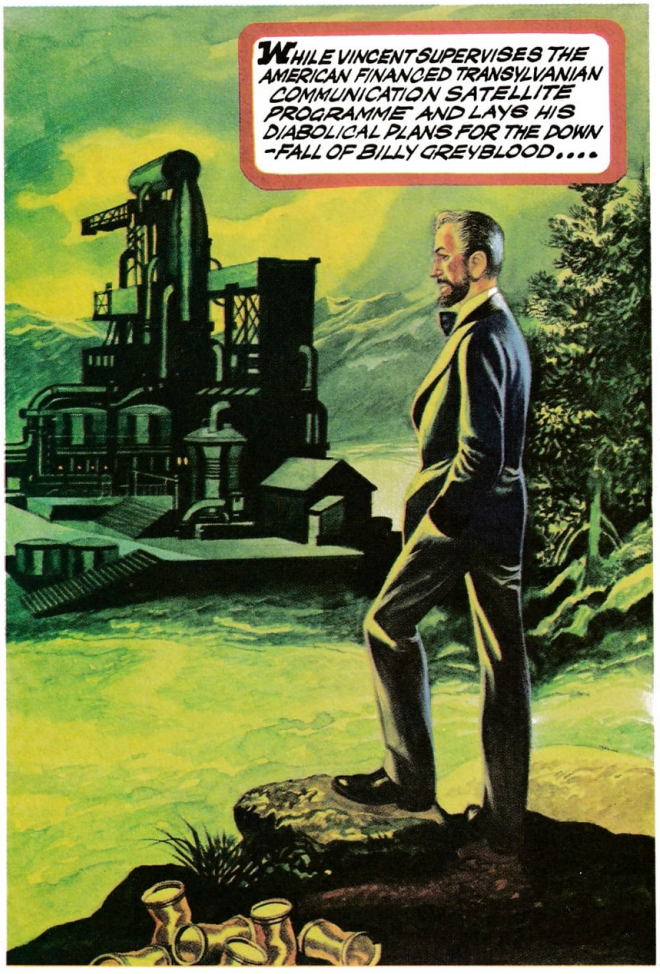
HIGH ABOVE THE VILLAGE LOOMS THE DARK SHADOW OF CASTLE DREER, ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE FRANKENSTEINS AND NOW THE SOCIAL CENTRE OF THE COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE PROJECT. SITE WORKERS EAGERLY AWAIT AN INVITATION TO THE LEGENDARY SOIRÉES OF ELECTRA VON FRANKENSTEIN.....
OH I'M INTERESTED IN NUCLEAR FISSION — BUT MY ABSOLUTE FAVOURITE SUBJECT IS SEX!

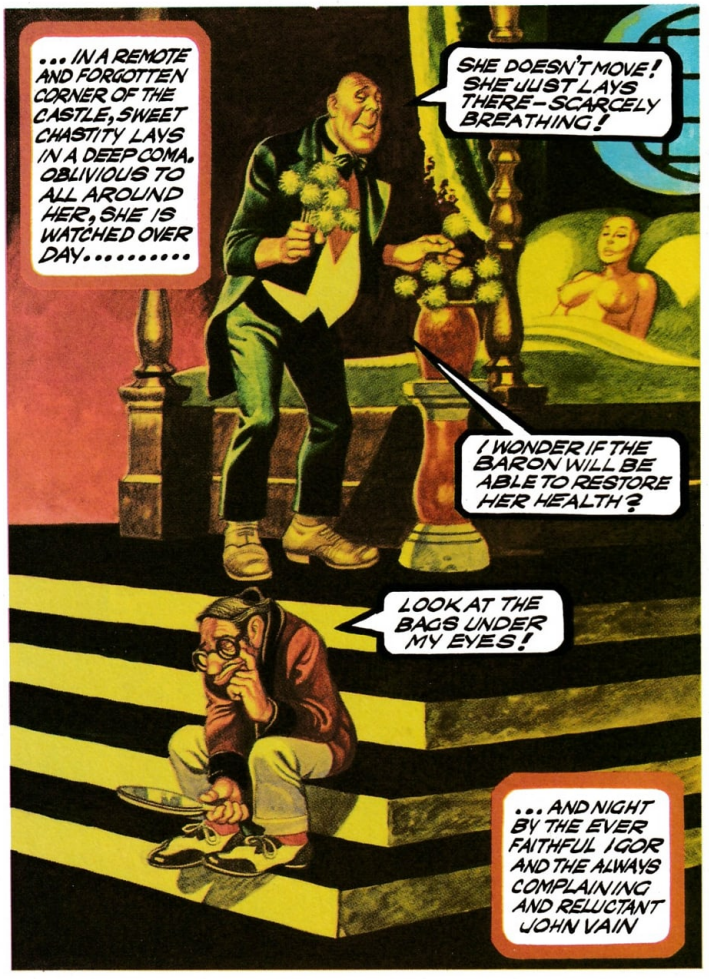

TIME TO WAKE UP, MR BELA—THE SUN'S GONE DOWN!
SOME MEMBERS OF THE CASTLE DREER HOUSEHOLD ARE FINDING THE CHANGES MORE DIFFICULT
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR TEETH!
OH, WELL—SILLY OLD PHONY WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH 'EM ANYWAY!

OOH! THAT SUCCULENT AND TENDER BED WARM FLESH!
EEEEK!
YOU!
WHO ELSE? —MY LUSCIOUS LITTLE CREAM DIP!


OOPS!
ER-EXCUSE ME! I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE ALL NIGHT LAUNDRY!
WELL AT LEAST...
HEE-HEE! WHEEZE!
... THEY AREN'T SILVER BULLETS!
KLUNK!
AND DOWN IN THE OOZING SQUALOR OF THE DRIPPING VAULTS, THE LOWEST OF THE LOW IN THE HIERARCHY OF THE CASTLE MOURN THE PASSING OF THEIR ONE AND ONLY TRADITIONAL DIVERSION.....
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS!
THINGS WON'T EVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

SINCE THOSE FOREIGNERS CAME TO TRANSYLVANIA THE HOUSEMAIDS DON'T COME DOWN HERE ANY MORE!
NONE OF 'EM STAY FOR MORE'N A WEEK NOW!
WITH THE MONEY THE CONSTRUCTION CREWS MAKE — HOW CAN WE COMPETE!
MAN! YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO GIVE A GIRL A GOOD TIME!
I'LL NEVER GET UP IN THE MORNING TO GIVE THE BARONESS HER BREAKFAST!


WHILE VINCENT SUPERVISES THE AMERICAN FINANCED TRANSYLVANIAN COMMUNICATION SATELLITE PROGRAMME AND LAYS HIS DIABOLICAL PLANS FOR THE DOWN-FALL OF BILLY GREYBLOOD....


... IN A REMOTE AND FORGOTTEN CORNER OF THE CASTLE, SWEET CHASTITY LAYS IN A DEEP COMA. OBLIVIOUS TO ALL AROUND HER, SHE IS WATCHED OVER DAY.....
SHE DOESN'T MOVE! SHE JUST LAYS THERE — SCARCELY BREATHING!
I WONDER IF THE BARON WILL BE ABLE TO RESTORE HER HEALTH?
LOOK AT THE BAGS UNDER MY EYES!
... AND NIGHT BY THE EVER FAITHFUL IGOR AND THE ALWAYS COMPLAINING AND RELUCTANT JOHN VAIN

LOOK AT ME! RAVAGED! I TELL YOU—THESE LONG NIGHTS ARE DESTROYING MY LOOKS!
ALL THIS SACRIFICE! AND FOR WHAT?
HER—SWEET CHASTITY!
SHE'S NEVER BROUGHT US ANYTHING BUT BAD LUCK!
I WISH WE'D NEVER LAID EYES ON HER!
YOU NEED SOME COFFEE. I'LL GET US SOME
MY GOD! HE OFFERS ME A CAFFEINATED PANACEA WHEN I'M FACING PHYSICAL AND INTELLECTUAL DISINTEGRATION!
I WONDER...? ONE SWIFT BLOW AND WE'D ALL BE FREE!
OH, NO! DON'T LEAVE THAT CREEP ALONE WITH SWEET CHASTITY! IGOR! COME BACK!

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PAROLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

wasn't attending a drug rehabilitation program like he was supposed to, he'd make a recommendation and nine times out of ten the guy would be violated (parole revoked). Not anymore, though. Revocation hearings are pretty elaborate now. Parolees have the right to call witnesses and to have an attorney, who's bound to bring in points like mental or intellectual competence. Also, the number of technical violations has been reduced.

"To give you an idea," she continues, "we had a revocation hearing on a guy who's nearly a moron. He'd received what they call a bilingual education; so now he's illiterate in two languages. He's been jailed for incest, for child abuse, arson, wife beating, two muggings. He was facing parole revocation for assaulting a police officer and possessing stolen goods. But one court had already found him not guilty of the possession charge, and another court lowered the assault charge to battery and convicted him on what's only a misdemeanor. What happens? He's acquitted of parole violation and lands back on the street the same afternoon. Chances are, they'll keep him on the street until he kills someone."

Vicki goes on to explain. "It's a matter of policy. Don't forget, it costs about $17,000 to maintain one prison inmate for one year. So it's saving money. Also the statistics look better when you don't have too many parolees returned for technical violations. Of course," she reflects, "they'll probably go back for new felony convictions in due course. But that's a different set of figures."

Strangely enough, parole "absconders"—frequently armed and dangerous—don't present great difficulties. Vicki can track them down and call for a backup team to haul them in. She is quite inured to slapping handcuffs on them amidst the hysterical abuse of their families or lovers. Her burden of soul-grinding frustration stems from the people she is trying to keep *out* of jail.

You have to watch her colleagues on their rounds in the areas festering with urban blight to get an inkling of the endless vicious cycle in which they play their prescribed roles. Streets resembling the ruins of Beirut, with dozens of tenements standing as deserted shells, stripped of every pipe, beam, or fitting that could be sold. At others, doors lurching on broken hinges lead into hallways reeking of urine, excrement, and roach powder. Courtyards waist-deep in rotting garbage, crawling with equal numbers of children and rats. Rubble lots stretching all around, forming a landscape of their own—a Salvador Dali fantasy composed of tangled wire, rusting car hulks, splintered boards, charred scraps of furniture, and puddles covered with greenish scum, populated by yet more rats.

The people who inhabit these peacetime battlefields are mostly unemployed, often unemployable. About half subsist on welfare, around a quarter are illiterate, 10 percent are addicted to drugs; and nobody has bothered to count the proportion of plain alcoholics. They symbolize our endangered society, which can no longer house the swelling armies of criminals that prey upon it but keeps regurgitating them into the same diseased environment that bred them, only to suck them in again at intervals.

As one of Vicki's charges remarked with a certain philosophical detachment: "Look, man, I *know* I'm gonna spend about half my life in jail. All I'm trying to do is enjoy the other half."

Every attempt to break this tragic cycle has failed. Sometimes through indifference or incompetence, equally often because the felons involved were beyond common sense, they could be neither frightened nor reasoned with. This was particularly obvious with penal reforms imported from Scandinavia—experiments that worked out fine in Stockholm but didn't do so well in the South Bronx.

One of them is the concept of halfway houses, designed as a transition stage between prison and complete freedom. The original idea was to ease convicts into civilian life instead of throwing them back. Inmates are under a certain degree of supervision while on the premises, but can check out for periods of up to twelve hours. Most halfway houses, however, are so understaffed and ill-run that they frequently serve as criminal information exchanges, drug markets, and handy alibi spots for offenses perpetrated outside. They suffer from a chronic inability to keep track of the comings and goings of their residents.

One notorious pimp and inmate of a halfway house in New Jersey signed out in the morning, shot a man dead, chopped him into small pieces, scattered them around Harlem and lower Manhattan, had his suit cleaned, and reported back to his residence in spotless condition and on the dot.

In 1972, Douglas Kelly, a multiple sex offender, was living in Seattle's Pioneer House at a time police assumed he was still serving three concurrent sentences at the Monroe Reformatory. When detectives tried to check his movements they discovered that his in-and-out records for the entire first half of June were mysteriously missing. Nobody ever learned just how the records vanished, but on June 6 Kelly had raped two girls aged fourteen and fifteen in Seahurst Park.

The various release programs run by the Lorton Reformatory of Washington, D.C., have achieved fame as the nation's foremost political footballs, kicked merrily back and forth among the Department of Corrections, the Justice Department, the attorney general, and the Washington City Council—each of them exerting authority while disclaiming responsibility. Which may account for some of the horrors Lorton unleashed on the world outside.

Regulations governing halfway houses state that prisoners granted that privilege must be carefully screened and judged "well advanced toward complete rehabilitation." We can only assume that the Lorton administration believed this about Arthur Byrd and Reginald Lewis. In July 1975 both were living in the institution's halfway house on Thirteenth Street. One day in August they held up, bound, and gagged a lay preacher named Mary Louise Brown, eighty-four-year-old Arthur Holland, Wilhelmina Rogers, and Tawnya Smaw, aged eight, in an apartment on Columbia Road. After robbing the place they killed all four, including the child, by blowing their brains out.

"There is nothing intrinsically wrong with these schemes, only the way we apply them," says a former parole agent, now a businessman in Chicago. "We never have the trained personnel or the time or the funds needed to follow through on them properly. We'd need about three, four times the present number of parole people for that. The only commodities we're oversupplied with are lawyers and psychiatrists," he added grimly. "And a fat lot of good they do.

"You see, we've never had anything like a standard parole policy. Everything is spasmodic, dictated by politics, finances, and whatever penology fad is currently in. Launch a program one year, pull the rug from under it the next. That's why I got out before my brains were completely scrambled."

California, the state most prone to penology fads, is currently tightening parole conditions for sex offenders. This followed the trial of "Freeway Killer" William Bonin in July 1982, which had even Los Angeles (where the murder rate is 34.6 per 100,000 people) gasping. Bonin was twice imprisoned for multiple homosexual rapes. On the last occasion the parole board sprang him after he had served three years of a one-to-fifteen-year sentence. Bonin went right on raping after his supervision ended, only he took the precaution of killing his victims, or rather, torturing them to death.

Nobody is sure just how many young male hitchhikers Bonin scattered along the freeway system. He was convicted of ten torture-murders, he still faces another four murder charges in Orange County, and police believe he scored a minimum total of twenty-one. Bonin was sentenced to the gas chamber, a rather meaningless gesture under present circumstances. But California's parole system, as it stands now, may die quicker than he.

A similar trend is sweeping the rest of the country. Four states have abolished parole completely, and nine states now impose determinate sentences that cannot be shortened by parole boards. If the pattern continues, parole may again become what it once was—a privilege extended only to a chosen few. ○—

IN THE JULY FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

THIRTY DAYS TO BETTER SEX: PART ONE

A short self-help course in hedonism for lazy, jaded, or fun-loving lovers looking to shape up their sex lives. Ecstasy is guaranteed as long as instructions are obeyed. Part Two, the even sexier and more advanced thirty-day course, follows in August. This rousing, unexpurgated love manual—replete with mental and physical exercises—comes from the witty pen of regular contributer V. de Foggia.

DRUGS THAT SCREW UP SEX

The adverse sexual side effects of common drugs are seldom listed in the *Physician's Desk Reference*, the bible on drugs and pharmaceuticals. Yet impotence, lack of desire, or inability to reach orgasm can be caused by virtually every drug listed in its 3,000 pages. Dr. Robert Francoeur, a lecturer and the author of *Becoming a Sexual Person*, explores the reasons behind the drug companies' conspiracy of silence.

THE DENTIST'S TEMPTATION

What some dentists do to their female patients after putting them to sleep is no laughing matter. In recent years the courts have found an increasing number of dentists guilty of sexual abuse. Eric Nadler investigates this disturbing phenomenon and the heated debate it has sparked in the dental community and among law enforcement officials.

FOAMING AT THE MOUTH

Adrian Buffet found out while performing cunnilingus that his date was using contraceptive foam. If it killed millions of sperm on contact, what did this spermicide do to a man's taste buds and digestive tract? In his quest for knowledge and serenity he learned, among other things, that foam was invented by a man who made sharpening tools.

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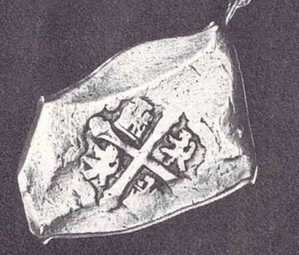

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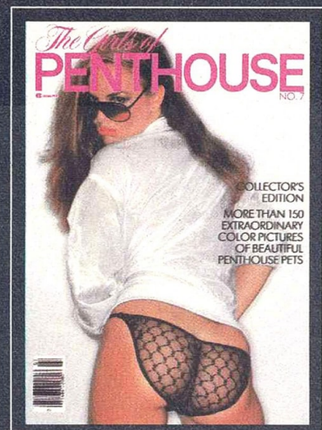

THE GIRLS OF PENTHOUSE NO. 7

AVAILABLE AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE

PLAYTHINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

steele,
And playes at peacock twixt my leggs right blythe,
And doeth my ticking swage with manie a sighe;
For, by Saint Runnion he'le refresh me well,
And never make my tender bellie swell.

John Florio's 1598 Italian-English dictionary, *A Worlde of Wordes*, includes a rather curious entry: "*Pastinaca muranese*, a dildoe of glass." (This reveals, in any case, that such things existed long before the sight of one being eased into Linda Lovelace's pussy in 1972 sent viewers of *Deep Throat* into a flutter. In fact, phallic drinking glasses, called *priapi vitrei* by the Romans, had not been unknown in Classical times.)

Two of the greatest Elizabethan playwrights and sick fucks worked dildos into their comedies: Ben Jonson, in *The Alchemist*, and William Shakespeare, in *The Winter's Tale*. It was not until 1673, however, that British literature gave the world its first—last and only, too—dildo epic. Occasioned by the public burning in 1672 of a hogshead of dildos "pursuant to an Act of Parliament for the prohibiting of French Goods," the *Dildoides* of Samuel Butler (better remembered for his satirical anti-Puritan epic, *Hudibras*) is to waxen cocks what the *Aeneid* is to wooden horses.

Such a sad tale prepare to hear,
As claims from either sex a tear.
Twelve dildoes, meant for the support
Of aged lechers of the court,
Were lately burnt by impious hand,
Of trading rascals of the land,
Who envying their curious frame,
Exposed their Priaps to the flame.
Some were of wax, where ev'ry vein,
And smallest fibre were made plain.
Some were for tender virgins fit,
Some for the large salacious slit
Of a rank lady, tho' so torn,
She hardly feels when child is born.
Are you afraid lest merry griggs
Will wear false like periwigs;
And being but to small ones born,
Will great ones have of wax and horn?

A few years later, in 1678, the pornographic poet John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, dedicated a less heroic work to the subject, called "Signior Dildoe."

This Signior is sound, safe, ready and dumb,
As ever was Candle, Carrot or your Thumb;
Then away with the nasty Devices and show
How you rate the just Merit of Signior Dildoe.

A hundred years later, across the Channel, that irrepressible card the Marquis de Sade, doing a stretch in the Bastille for sodomy, poisoning, and attempted escape from another joint, was engaged in conjuring the most fantastic dildo in the history of Western literature—a monstrous device with a three-inch circumference, equipped with a high-pressure pneumatic pump and a trigger-activated hydraulic system, which eventually, in the hands of the fictional monk Jérôme, would find its way into the lovely snatch of the heroine of de Sade's 1791 novel, *Justine*.

One hundred and thirty years later, the great Irish writer and jerk-off artist James Joyce brought it all round full cycle, back to Eve and her banana, with Molly Bloom's closing soliloquy in *Ulysses*: "I tried with the banana but I was afraid it might break and get lost up in me somewhere yes because they once took something down out of a woman that was up there for years covered with limesalts. . . ."

Meanwhile, on the other side of the Atlantic, an American gynecologist by the name of Robert Latou Dickinson was engaged in the invention of the instrument that would mark the end of the dildo's supremacy—the electrical vibrator.

Man had created the dildo in his own image. Idealized as that image was, somewhat bigger than life and ever hard, it nonetheless suffered the same failing as its fleshy prototype, namely, an inefficacy and unreliability in producing orgasms in women. Ancient cultures were no less aware of the importance of the clitoris than we are today. That orgasm in women can be achieved only by clitoral stimulation, a fact that did not begin to be fully accepted in America until the 1960s, had been plainly put forth by the second-century physician Rufus Medicus. But the clitoris of yore simply got no respect. It is indicative that the Egyptians, who did not condemn masturbation or the use of dildos, practiced clitoridectomy, the removal by knife of the clitoris, an operation, regarded as the ritual equivalent of circumcision, that rendered female orgasm an impossibility. (This quaint custom is still observed today in Nubia, where they probably don't even have Sure & Natural Maxishields yet, either.)

Dr. Dickinson's nonphallic electrical vibrator succeeded, where the time-honored dildo could not, in rendering milady gaga in waves of clitoral orgasm. The valiant dildo has refused to die an easy death. But no matter how the pride of man tries to renew the dildo's sovereignty (one current model, priced at $29.95, boasts of insulated heating coils, vibrating penile probe, thruster and twister rods, driveshaft and twister-cam chamber, and lifelike latex skin), the truth of the matter is that, given the choice between a battery-operated phallus and a Prelude 3 massager (which bears a far greater resemblance to a Black & Decker sanding machine than to the dearest part of man's anatomy), very few women indeed would choose the former—except perhaps in Nubia, of course.

While the dildo is the most symbolic and visible of sexual playthings, Aphrodite's toy box has, throughout the ages, yielded a diverse plenty of other appurtenances, including that most sordid and undignified counterpart of the dildo, the false cunt. The variety of modes in which the artificial vagina is sold today is, I feel, an even greater smirch than Mr. Phil Donahue upon the honor of true men. Modern go-getters in search of a frugal, unobtrusive relationship and old-fashioned sick fucks alike can, in these high-tech times, avail themselves of the Pocket Pussy ("Looks real, feels even more so!"), the electric Constant Power Ejaculator ("It plugs in, and can stroke, vibrate, and actually feel as good as the real thing without having to beg!"), the Seka Love Doll (". . . every juicy, hungry love channel of her body is open to your throbbing manhood and screaming out to be filled by your pulsating cock, again and again and again!" Words-of-Love audio cassette and Midnight Delight Lingerie Ensemble, optional), or sundry other latex lassies. Before the recent glut of such devices, out-of-kilter swains lacking the gumption to murder eight nurses or join the clergy were able to experience the miracle of carnal love with a contraption known as the Arva Bovine Artificial Vagina, an instrument designed to collect semen from bulls for use in the artificial insemination of cattle. And long before that there were the British merkin, the Roman *cunnus succedaneus*, the Indian *viyoni*, and like specimens of antiquity's Stepford Wives—ample and poignant evidence through the ages of the romantic delicacy that imbues the minds of all men, from the humblest, unlettered laborers to the great poets of the heart, such as Dante and John W. Hinckley, Jr.

(I should here confess that, though I have always found these make-believe mistresses to be somewhat repulsive and utterly lacking in the social graces, I did once, more than a decade ago and in Philadelphia, acquire a deep-gulleted rubber face, which I named Betty. We spent the summer of 1972 together, the three of us—Betty, myself, and a jar of Almay Deep Mist Moisture Cream. It is true that Betty appeared a bit hideous in certain lighting, but, then again, might not I say the same of my first wife? It wasn't love, I knew, but it wasn't bad, either. Autumn came, and with it a chilling breach in our affair. Soon the Almay jar sat empty, and Betty, whose excised gullet I filled with ball-bearings and converted into a right fine blackjack, became but another summer memory. Of all the sundered relationships of my life, how I managed to bollix this one, the most tranquil and undemanding of affairs, perplexes me still.)

Among the most cherished of Aphrodite's playthings are all manner of goods that work their erotic wonders in mysterious ways—feathers and furs, leathers and silks, whips and thongs, oils and potions,

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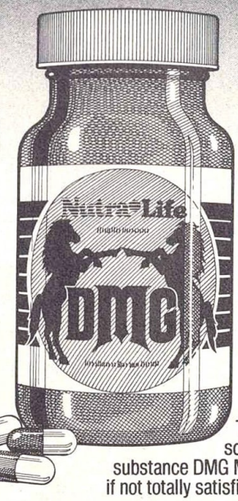

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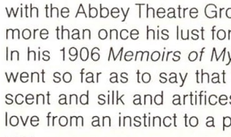

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and whatever else the occult alembic of sex can distill into moans and gasps, thrills and rapture, trance and trembling.

The seductive powers of materials such as silk and leather had long been acknowledged by the time that Robert Burton, in his 1621 treatise, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, observed that "the greatest provocations of lust are from our apparel."

Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, the nineteenth-century Austrian historian, playwright, and novelist whose name is the source of the word *masochist*, was truly a man for leather, satin, and fur (not to mention getting his aristocratic ass thrashed). His most famous novel, *Venus in Furs*, includes this description of the hero's whipmistress:

"She stands in the middle of the room, in a white satin robe which flows about her like light, a jacket of scarlet satin richly trimmed in ermine, with a small diamond in her powdered snow-white hair, her arms folded across her breast, her brows knotted together. I bow down and kiss the hem of her garment. . . ."

George Moore, the Irish author of *A Modern Lover* and other works associated with the Abbey Theatre Group, expressed more than once his lust for silk and such. In his 1906 *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, he went so far as to say that "it is only with scent and silk and artifices that we raise love from an instinct to a passion."

Man has been aroused by substances far more bizarre than ermines and silks, satins and leathers. In Magnus Hirschfeld's classic work *Sexual Pathology*, we encounter the case of a twenty-one-year-old student whose sex life centers on rubber air cushions. Jean Martin Charcot, the nineteenth-century French neurologist, reported in the *Archives de neurologie* the case of an eccentric gentleman who was "sexually provoked only by the nails of women's shoes. . . . He strives always to get a look at the tacks or nails in women's shoes, carefully examines the traces of the nails in the snow or wet earth, listens for the sound of nailed heels on the sidewalk." (A similar spirit seems to have possessed a twenty-eight-year-old Seattle man to attack women and steal their footwear. While arresting him in November 1978, police found 120 ladies' shoes in his apartment.) Like the man says, whatever gets you through the night.

Cleopatra, we are told, had Mark Antony bring her to climax by titillating her throughout the night with an ostrich plume. Lady Chatterley twined flowers round Mellor's cock. And the notorious Borgia pope, Alexander VI, even brought chestnuts into his erotic play, as described by Johann Burchard, master of ceremonies at the papal court, in his diary entry of October 31, 1501: "In the evening a supper was given in Cesare Borgia's apartment in the Apostolic Palace, with fifty respectable prostitutes, called courtesans, in attendance. After supper they danced with the servants and others present, at first in their clothes and then naked. Later candelabra with lighted candles were taken from the tables and put on the floor, and chestnuts were scattered round them. The prostitutes crawled naked on their hands and knees between the candelabra, picking up the chestnuts. The pope, the Duke, and his sister, Donna Lucrezia, were all present to watch. Finally, prizes of silk doublets, shoes, hats, and other clothes were offered to the men who copulated with the greatest number of prostitutes."

The most potent of all Aphrodite's sensual accoutrements are those that pertain to what the Italians call *le piccole torture*, "the little tortures." Since the beginning of time, men and women have wreaked their sexuality through the giving and taking of little tortures. (Psychoanalytical literature offers various theories regarding this phenomenon, none of which theories mentions fun, which seems to be an alien concept to this field of latter-day astrology.)

The Dionysian frescoes on the walls of the Villa dei Misteri in Pompeii portray lovely young maidens being sweetly thrashed. It is known that certain Roman courtesans consecrated to Venus a whip, a bit, and a spur, signifying the manner in which they preferred to serve their clients. Although it is with men such as de Sade and Sacher-Masoch that we commonly mark the dawn of sadomasochistic literature, seventeenth-century works such as Thomas Otway's *Venice Preserv'd* and Thomas Shadwell's *The Virtuoso* and the explicit 1718 *Treatise of Flogging* of Meibomius all portrayed scenes of lewd leather lashings. Shakespeare himself was no stranger to the delights of the little torture, as he indicates in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch, which hurts, and is desir'd."

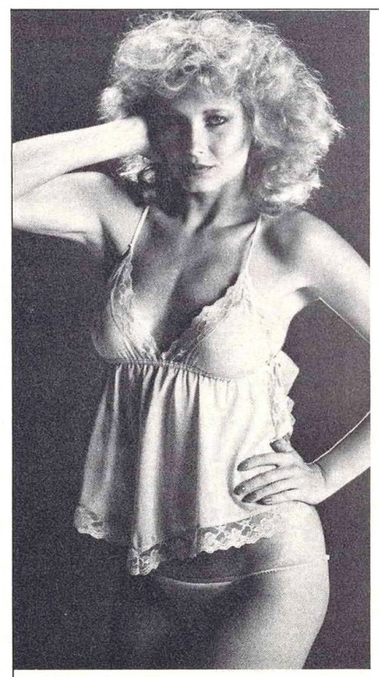
The most evocative allusion to the obscure powers of S & M ware is to be found, I think, neither in the classics of Sade nor in the likes of *Story of O*, but in Giuseppe di Lampedusa's novel of life in Sicily during the Risorgimento, *The Leopard*, in a scene where two young lovers, exploring the secret chambers of a palace, come upon the evidence of a dark and long-ago lust:

"Tancredi, disturbed, would not let Angelica touch a cupboard on the wall of the drawing-room, which he shut up himself. It was deep but empty, except for a roll of dirty stuff standing upright in a corner; inside was a bundle of small whips, switches of bull's muscle, some with silver handles, others wrapped halfway up in a charming old silk, white with little blue stripes, on which could be seen three rows of blackish marks; and metal instruments for inexplicable purposes. Tancredi was afraid of himself too. 'Let's go, my dear, there's nothing interesting here.' They shut the door carefully, went down the stairs again in silence, and put the cupboard back where it was before. . . ."

The vast array of S & M pleasure products available today (*Centurian Catalog* and *Latex Annual*, $15 each by writing to Evelyn Rainbird, Ltd., PO 6500, Englewood, N.J. 0763l, offer genital locks, harnesses, discipline hoods, nipple clamps, jodhpurs, manacles, shackles, piercing rings, whips, and all manner of other luxuries) enables modern man easily to indulge his furthest fantasies—granting, of course, that he can find a compliant damsel to suit his purposes. (Odd as it might seem, there are women among us who are innocently unaware that their true fulfillment lies in being dick-whipped in the kisser while hog-tied with an extension cord, butt-plugged with the spike heel of a satin evening shoe, and blindfolded with a pair of off-black pantyhose. Such women, however, are more to be pitied than scorned; and we should help them.)

Aphrodite has lent her very and holy name to those magical substances, oils and unguents, herbs and powders, that may be used alone or in conjunction with any or all of her many playthings—the aphrodisiacs. Although just about everything from cloves to vervain to ginseng to saffron to jimson weed to shark fin to camel hump to ambergris has been at one time or another prescribed as an aphrodisiac, the Spanish fly is certainly the most renowned. The fly, *Lytta vesicatoria*, indigenous to Spain and southern France, is an iridescent blister beetle. The pulverized bodies of these bugs yield a powder called cantharides. Long illegal (it was the drug involved in the Marquis de Sade's conviction for poisoning), Spanish fly, which works more as an irritant than as a stimulant, has proved to be lethal in large doses. Certain merchants, whom we are lucky not to have as brothers-in-law, nowadays advertise and sell vials of placebo Spurious Spanish Fly Drops ("We all know what Spanish fly is used for! These drops can make it all happen!"), along with Spurious Nymphomaniac Drops and Spurious Hard-on Drops. The Romeos who purchase these nostrums, lacking the wherewithal to look up *spurious* in a dictionary, are most likely the very same mahonies who, a few years back, made a great mail-order success of the Hyperemiator, a penis-enlarging device whose advertisements warned, "Since an extremely large penis may result in discomfort for some women, moderation in use of the Hyperemiator is advised."

As you wander, grope, hump, and slaver through the lush and fancy-strewn garden of Aphrodite's delights and thistled follies, always remember: just do like the snake says and you can't go wrong. And if my silent, love-scarred Betty you chance to meet, treat her right—for me, if not for love itself. ○



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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

about each other. She had the type of personality I immediately felt attracted to. I guess the fact that I've always wanted to make love to a black woman also had something to do with my attraction to her.

After a while the subject turned to my hobbies. Well, I informed Danielle that my favorite hobby involved three things: sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. She just gave me an ear-to-ear grin and asked me what I was doing for the next couple of hours. I laughed and said I hoped I'd be spending them with her. So we wasted no time finishing our drinks and headed straight for my place.

We no sooner closed the door than she had me in one helluva tight lip-lock. Within moments I had that dark-skinned beauty strategically positioned over my face. I've often heard the expression "It's all pink in the middle." Well, whoever came up with that saying was right. As I lay on my bed I looked up at one of the hottest, tightest, wettest pussies I've ever seen. I may rush to get in bed with someone I really want, but once I'm there I take my sweet time.

I decided to start my kissing at her lower back and very slowly licked my way down the crack of her ass. I avoided her ass hole and cunt and went down to the back of her knees and started my way up. Well, Danielle became damn near physical trying to get my mouth on her pussy! That girl wanted my tongue now! So I casually started my tongue climb up to this now shiny, budding clit and spent maybe thirty seconds there. In that short time Danielle was ready to shine. Before she had a chance to come I went up and very lightly rimmed that tight little ass hole of hers. She slowly but firmly pressed her ass to my face as my chin rubbed her clit. She could handle only about two minutes of this till she started shaking all over and bucking like crazy! At that point I replaced my tongue and chin with my middle finger deep in her ass while my thumb worked on her clit. At that point she went berserk. She was doing a modified version of the twist on her hands and knees! Fantastic!

After a few minutes she settled down and turned around and lay on top of me. All this time she paid little or no attention to my now painfully hard prick and it was my turn. She sat that beautiful box over the top of my cock and in one motion had me inside her. She was so tight and I am just big enough that she couldn't take all of me. But Danielle did her best. She moved like nothing I'd ever seen before, with slow, flowing motions that I get turned on just thinking about it. Well, my balls couldn't hold my desire any longer. I shot so hard her eyes widened at how much come I blew into her. I was kinda surprised myself.

The evening went on like that for hours, and I've seen her a couple of times since then. All I have to say to those people with color-oriented sex drives is, "It's all pink in the middle!" (I always knew it would be.)—*Name and address withheld*

ANATOMY I

I have been a regular reader of "Penthouse Forum" for years but never thought I would have anything to write in about. However, the most incredible thing that has ever happened to me sexually took place recently, and I thought it might be of interest to the readers.

We have a river in Pennsylvania that is very popular with canoeists. There are several starting and ending points along the river. The only problem is getting back upriver to get your car. Someone usually has to pick you up and drive back. Well, I drew the short straw and was elected to do the picking up. No problem. There was a good football game on the radio, and along with a couple of six-packs, I thought I could survive.

I had elected to sit in the back of my pickup in a lawn chair. It was rather warm, and I could attach a beach umbrella to the truck and enjoy what breeze there was while staying out of the hot sun.

After about an hour I was engrossed in the football game and the book I was reading. I heard a noise and, knowing that I was alone at the pickup point, looked up. What should I see? A vision of loveliness. Walking rather unsteadily across the rocky beach was a steel-blue string bikini wrapped around a five-foot-four fantastic body. Small, tight rear, breasts that were well out of proportion to the rest of her body. Creamy white skin and dark brown hair done in the modern style. She said she was not from the area, had become separated from the rest of her party, and could I tell her where she was and what time of day it was.

Being an accommodating person, I explained where she was and gave her the time. I also offered her a beer, which she readily accepted. We were passing the time of day when she said, "I see you're not circumcised." Now I'm thinking this lady is from outer space, or maybe she's Superman's sister. I'm wearing shorts, so how the hell can she tell? Now it dawns on me, I'm sitting in the back of a pickup and she is about eyeball to crotch with me. Although I'm wearing shorts, they have large leg holes and I'm not wearing undershorts.

She explained that she was twenty-nine years old, had been married quite young, and had seen no other man but her husband. They had been divorced for two months and this trip was the first time she had gone anywhere without him. She now asked if I would mind giving her a closer look at my cock. I accommodated her by pulling my shorts to one side. Her eyes got a little wide, and she just casually reached over and grabbed a handful. Now this was too much, and I immediately sprang to attention. This caused the head to pop out of my foreskin and it seemed to fascinate her to no end as she began to slowly jerk me off, popping the head in and out. She said she had never seen anything like that in her life.

Her ex-husband must have been a sad case, because she said he always undressed in the dark and made her do the same. He was a jump-on, get-off, and fall-asleep kind of lover. She had seen him nude in the light only once, when she happened to walk in while he was showering. She said she didn't like the looks of his cock, but was really attracted to mine.

She now took both hands and slid my foreskin down as far as it would go and placed her tongue at the urethra. She slid the foreskin back up over some of her tongue and began licking between my cock head and the foreskin. At this point she looked up and, still slowly stroking my cock, said, "That's what eating a pussy must feel like to a guy." I replied that I couldn't attest to that, but I did know something about eating pussy. I suggested that I would be happy to demonstrate my ability at cunnilingus. This venture was really turning her on, because her steel-blue bottoms were now turning dark blue around the crotch area. She tugged at a string at the side of her bottoms and they fell to her feet, exposing a very attractive pussy. Because of her dark hair, she kept her pubic hair trimmed so it would not stick

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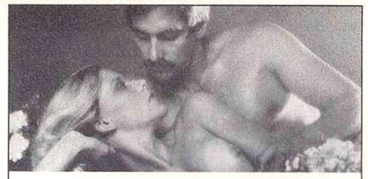

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out around her bikini. I could easily see why her bikini bottom was wet, as this lady was just gushing pussy juice.

I had her sit in my chair, spread her legs, and started nibbling and kissing the inside of her knees, working my way slowly toward her pussy. Upon reaching her love nest I buried my tongue as far as it would go and brought it out slowly, up and over her clitoris. One swipe and she had what is known as a gut-wrenching orgasm. Her back arched and she shoved her pussy against my working tongue and chin for what seemed like hours. She explained she had had orgasms before by masturbating, but none like this one.

When she recovered somewhat, I offered her another beer, but she refused. She said, "You have something that would be just as refreshing." She asked me to remove my shorts and get into the chair. She stated she had never given anyone a blowjob before. Her ex thought it was dirty to touch lips to genitals. She said I would have to guide her. I just said, "Do what feels natural," and although inexperienced, she proceeded to give me the best head I've ever had. She first repeated the earlier experience of tugging my foreskin down, placing her tongue against my cock, and licked between the head and foreskin. She then softly nibbled at the length with her teeth and one by one sucked each of my balls into her soft mouth. She nibbled her way back up the shaft, and with one swift suck took as much of me into her mouth as she could. The sight and feel of her bobbing up and down my cock was more than I could take at this point and I dropped my load. The volume was more than she could handle as come ran down her chin and dribbled onto her abundant breasts. She slipped off the top of her bikini and, standing nude before me, massaged the remnants of my juice into her upper body.

Now we're standing on this beach with several boat loads of people about to descend upon us, and I'm not in the mood to be arrested for indecent exposure and suggested we get back into our clothes. She said she had to go, as the people she was with would be wondering what happened to her. Before she returned to her boat she thanked me for the experience, reached into my shorts, pulled out my cock again, and, with a sexy smile, gave it a few quick pumps, bent over, and gave it a big, passionate kiss.

She got in her canoe, waved, and was off downriver. Needless to say, I shall be returning to this place. There must be other ladies who have not seen an uncircumcised cock, and I will be there to give them a course in anatomy.—*Name and address withheld*

MAKE-UP EXAM

I'm a professor at a major university and an avid reader of your publication, but admittedly enough I am a bit skeptical when it comes to believing the farfetched stories that grace your "Forum" pages. In fact, I never even believed that such things could happen until a recent experience that I had with a lovely coed.

It was a late evening in October, and I was busily grading midterm exams at my apartment when the doorbell rang. I was wearing briefs and a bathrobe. I was a bit embarrassed when I opened the door; there stood my most gorgeous student. Sharon is a five-foot-five stunning blonde with deep blue eyes. She also possesses the most tremendous breasts that I have ever seen, and throughout the semester, I had often fantasized of titty-fucking her. I invited her in, and we sat at the table at which I was grading papers. She told me how concerned she was that she hadn't passed the exam. I found her test and we began going over it. I knew that this was against standard policies, but just thinking about her firm mammaries was enough to make me cater to her every whim. We had been reviewing her paper for a few minutes when she commented that she was warm, and then began to remove her sweater. Her fantastic knockers stared at me through the material of her blouse as she pulled the sweater above her head. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her pert nipples and silver-dollar-sized areolas gave life to my now turgid prick. She sensed my arousal and placed her silky hand on my lap. My penis formed a pup-tent under my robe, and in seconds she was stroking the full length of my nine-inch shaft. I was amazed at what was happening, but I took full advantage of the opportunity. I quickly stood up and carried Sharon to my awaiting waterbed, where I tore the shirt from her body and began sucking those fantastic jugs that I had so often dreamed about. I licked and squeezed like a madman as she writhed in orgasmic ecstasy. She begged me to make love to her breasts, and I readily obliged. I reached into the nightstand drawer and removed a jar of body butter that I keep for such occasions. I smeared the sweet nectar all over her succulent jugs, and I immediately mounted her chest. She pushed her melons to the center of her torso, and my firm manhood slid easily into place. I rocked back and forth as my horizontal appendage caressed her firm nubs. I felt the hot spew rising through my shaft and I knew that the time was near, when suddenly I felt Sharon thrust her thumb deep inside my puckered anus. At the same time she took the inflamed head of my tool into her mouth. With her other hand she stroked my rod furiously and I came.

I withdrew my still rock-hard cock from her mouth and dismounted from her chest. I then proceeded to lick up the sweet butter that coated her bosoms. It wasn't long until the butter was gone and I began working on her dripping mound. I played with the flesh delicately as I licked and sucked her sweet labial folds. She closed her legs around my head and buried my face deep within her womanhood. I thrust long and hard with my tongue and I

cleaned her erect clitoris while my index finger penetrated her steamy dump-chute. She orgasmed repeatedly and her body shook and contorted in a 9.0 Richter scale climax.

She pleaded with me to enter her anally and I was delighted to comply. Sharon kneeled down doggie-style and I spread her buttocks to reveal a tight pink opening. I knelt down behind her, and after I lubricated her anus with my saliva, I forcefully penetrated her sphincter. The slapping of my balls against her ass went rhythmically with the sloshing of the waterbed, and soon I came again far down her Hershey Highway. I withdrew my flaccid penis and probed her anus with my tongue and drank my own juice, which was oozing from her cavity. I finished drinking, and we both collapsed, exhausted.

Needless to say, she passed the midterm because that night we both got our *A*. I can hardly wait until the final exam.—*Name and address withheld*

BE SERIOUS

My letter might be entitled "Never Too Late." My wife and I have been married over twenty years and are both in our mid-forties. Until the last couple of years, our time has been occupied with careers and raising a family. Our sex life has always been satisfactory but hardly spectacular. But after our last child left home, with much more time on our hands, sex has taken on new dimensions. We read your magazine regularly and have experimented with many ideas that have come from your letters section.

About a year ago, we were having cocktails after lovemaking, and I suppose it was the Scotch, but I was startled when my wife (I'll call her Lisa) pointedly asked if I ever gave thought to the letters concerning bondage that are sometimes printed in *Penthouse*. I admitted that they had aroused my curiosity, but had never brought up the subject for fear that it might upset her. She said that she didn't know whether we would like it or not but that we wouldn't know if we didn't try it. After a few more drinks, we decided that the next Saturday night would be the time for our experiment. We agreed that since she had made the suggestion, she would be the slave and I would be the master. We also agreed on only light bondage and light spanking the first time. In other words, we would ease our way into this new thing.

Since that first beginning, we have progressed to the point that we both eagerly look forward to that time, about once a month, when she is bound in different positions, totally helpless, while I fuck her in all her openings and spank and tease her with various dildos and other implements.

We have had seven or eight sessions in which I was always the master. Recently, though, she told me—didn't ask but told me—that she wanted to be the mistress for the evening. I admit that I had already thought about it and that the idea excited me, but I was apprehensive about it. She

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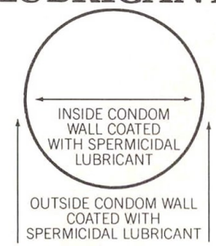

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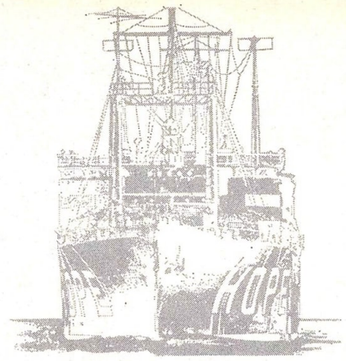

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explained that if I went through with it, she planned to exercise the same freedom with me that I had used with her. In other words, once we started, we didn't stop unless the house was on fire. I admitted finally that the idea excited me but that in all truth I couldn't picture my demure, quiet wife as a demanding mistress wielding a paddle. She suggested that it might be a mistake on my part to underestimate her. We agreed that September 1 was the target date.

When we had first started experimenting with this game, I had constructed in our basement a small soundproof room, complete with several padded chairs and tables, to be used instead of our bedroom, where someone might look in the window. Any gossip at all about this would ruin us, as we live in a very small town.

She really built up my anticipation the previous week, with little notes in the medicine cabinet that said, "Just five days until dildo," etc. I had used the same on her many times but had never let her touch me with one. Or, "Just three days until I'm the boss." I kiddingly asked her the day before if she wanted to back out, if she had changed her mind. Her reply was a smile and a quiet "No way." I was still convinced that it would be a fiasco, that she wouldn't even be able to tie a simple knot, and that after about ten minutes we would be down to a simple fucking session. I couldn't have been more wrong.

I left to play golf that Saturday afternoon, and she reminded me before I left to be home at six. She also told me to let myself in, to strip, and to blindfold myself with a handkerchief and wait for her. Four hours later, I arrived home to a darkened house, let myself in, and proceeded as I had been instructed. I must have been standing there for ten minutes without hearing a sound when it occurred to me that maybe she had called out or that she had forgotten. I then heard footsteps behind me and felt her reach for my wrists. Then my hands were handcuffed behind me. We had never used cuffs, but she was determined to prove to me that she was serious. Next, I had a large gag tied securely in my mouth and I was led down the stairs to the basement by my cock. She still had not uttered a word.

Within minutes I was bound to a padded table with my ankles securely tied and my ass poking up in the air. I could feel my cock harden as it and my balls dangled off the end of the table. At this point, she removed the blindfold and I saw her standing there all in black: high heels, hose, garter belt, bra, and even a damned black mask. She had her hair done that afternoon, and she didn't even remotely resemble my wife.

I had taunted and teased her when I had had the upper hand before, and now she gave me some of the same treatment. She reminded me of a dumb statement I had made months earlier about how women need a hard cock up the ass from time to time to remind them who was boss and said she had decided she felt the same, but concerning men. As she was talking, she was applying a lubricant to a butt plug. The full force of my predicament hit me at that time and I struggled against my bonds. I was quite securely bound. She then slipped the blindbold back on and proceeded to slip the plug up my ass. She laughed as my cock got rock hard at this treatment. She then told me to think about it and said she would be back in a while.

Every time she came back into the room, it was something different. Swats with a paddle, ice-cube strokes on my anus and cock, clothespins attached to my ass. After a couple hours of this treatment, my prick was still swollen and throbbing. She came back at this point and removed the gag and told me to beg her to get me off. Believe me, I pleaded for relief, but she informed me that she thought I deserved a good fucking, so she put the gag back and took off my blindfold. I was able to see her strap on a dildo that must have been ten inches long, and I just about fainted. She said that she wasn't doing anything that I hadn't done to her and I might love it. Lisa got behind me and spreading my cheeks, slowly slid that thing up my ass. In and out, in and out. I finally came without her touching my cock. I have no desire to make it with another

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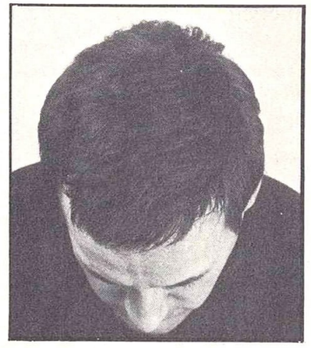

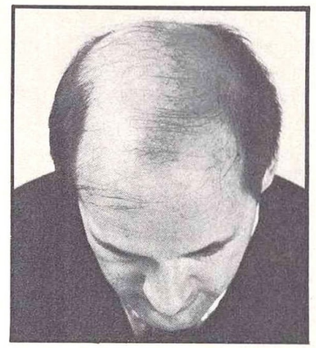

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My **HAIR SUPPLANTATION** research began more than 15 years ago in England where I worked with some of the most respected hair therapists and practitioners in all of Europe. To be fair, some people don't consider baldness a major problem, but you wouldn't know it from talking to most men who are bald, going bald, or worried about losing their hair. To these men loss of hair means untimely aging, endless embarassment, problems with confidence, and ultimately, depression... which is why no less than **$10 MILLION** has been invested worldwide by many independent companies and researchers in the **BATTLE AGAINST BALDNESS.** On both sides of the Atlantic, doctors, chemists, and biologists joined the work...

THEN CAME THE BREAKTHROUGH: OVER 95% SUCCESS IN SUBJECTS WITH MALE PATTERN BALDNESS!

Thanks to the tireless efforts of dedicated researchers and the selfless courage of early test subjects—the mystery of **HAIR SUPPLANTATION** was unraveled. At long last we had found the power to stop the tragedy of baldness in its tracks and help almost any man to a bright new beginning—from 25-year-olds with slightly receding hairlines to middle-aged men with just a horseshoe of hair left on their scalps. With years of development and testing... our research was proven out. And among men who have visited our clinic in New York City—even those with so-called "irreversible" male pattern baldness—we have achieved a consistent success rate of over 95%.

THE HAIR SUPPLANTATION DISCOVERY: A PATENTED MEDICAL COMPOUND

With positive results in over 1000 cases, our key **HAIR SUPPLANTATION** discovery is a medical compound, developed and patented by a major unaffiliated drug company. The miracle is that its use in the **HAIR SUPPLANTATION** process was entirely unforeseen until our testing began. It works by clinically preparing the scalp (without chemical irritants or dangerous hormones) to provide an environment where **HAIR SUPPLANTATION** can occur... safely and naturally. Though as one client puts it, the **HAIR SUPPLANTATION PROGRAM** is "simplicity itself", the biological mechanisms involved are too complex to be adequately explained in this limited space. I have therefore authorized a detailed, step-by-step, photo-illustrated report, titled **BALDNESS CONQUERED,** on the **HAIR SUPPLANTATION PROGRAM** and the research effort for **AN ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM OF BALDNESS,** now available to those who wish to see the **POSITIVE PROOF** in the privacy and comfort of their homes... without the expense of traveling to New York for a private consultation.

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NOW AVAILABLE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC!

Through a special arrangement with a national maker of Hair Therapy products, we are now making the **SECRETS OF HAIR SUPPLANTATION** available to the general public. This marks the very first time we have agreed to reveal the program successfully tested on over 1000 bald and balding men at our exclusive clinic. Because we firmly believe that knowledge of **THE ULTIMATE ANSWER TO BALDNESS** should not be limited to the privileged few.

WHO HAS USED HAIR SUPPLANTATION?

Men of all ages, but mostly affluent ones since the program was designed to be administered by highly paid doctors and hair therapists... with treatments costing $2,000, $3,000, $4,000 and more. But what all these men had in common was that they had tried everything **TO GROW NEW HAIR**... every pill and lotion on the market. Many were completely bald. Others found that day by day, strand by strand they were losing their hair... and nothing seemed to help. Yet today, almost every single one of these men enjoys **A FULL HEAD OF HAIR.** They include:

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We can't name names in print (though you will receive signed and notarized proof of a list of famous satisfied customers with your order), but we can tell you that you would recognize their names instantly, know their faces from newspapers and T.V., and be astounded at how great they look... thanks to the miracle of **HAIR SUPPLANTATION.** And these are men who came to us full of despair, desperate for **A BALDNESS SOLUTION.**

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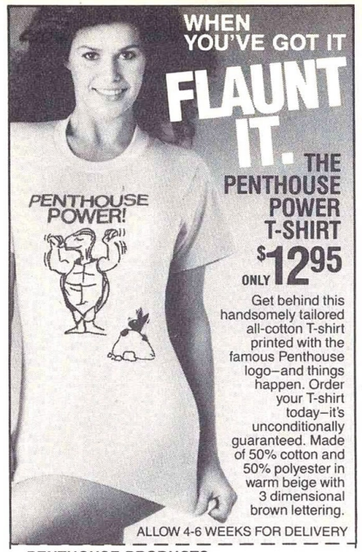

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man, but that was a hell of a sensation. Lisa had an orgasm about the same time that I did, and I thought that that would be all for the evening. Wrong again.

Before the evening was over, the action was fast and furious. She took a couple of rolls of instant film of me from various angles. She prodded, poked, teased, and laughed at my discomfort and embarrassment. She paddled my ass till it was bright pink and even shaved my ass hole. But she also removed my blindfold and masturbated for me. It must have been about midnight when she knelt down behind me and gave me a fantastic suck job. She even took the come in her mouth, which is something she never would do before. Before she released me, she made me promise not to mention the evening and embarrass her, or next time she would really get serious with her role.—*Name and address withheld*

TAKE A TIP

I am a thirty-nine-year-old attorney practicing in California. About a month ago a friend of mine set up an appointment with me for an acquaintance of his. This new client was having contractual problems and my friend thought I might be able to help her.

Since the new client (I'll call her Tina) lived about sixty miles from my office, we agreed to meet at a town halfway and have a drink or two. Since she sounded terrific on the phone, I called my friend back and asked him what she looked like. He described her as a "young Loni Anderson." I was ecstatic about meeting someone who looked like Loni. Then he said, "She's married." I thought, "Fuck, of all the luck."

I met her and her tag-along husband for a few drinks that night. My heart stopped when I saw her. Since I have lived in California I have seen many starlets and stars, and Tina was by far the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. This heavenly creature standing before me made Cheryl Ladd look like an underfed twelve-year-old boy. She has green eyes, long blond hair, great legs, and, as I was later to find out, a beautiful set of breasts.

After I regained some semblance of composure, we settled down and discussed the case and had a few drinks. That night at home I could not sleep, because all I could think about was Tina. The next day, on the pretext of needing some information on the case, I called and asked her to lunch for the following week. Again, that night I was obsessed with visions of Tina.

The next day I called her and decided to level with her. I decided that if I did not try to get something going with her, I'd go nuts. I figured that the worst she could do would be to tell me to go fuck myself. I told her I did not want to wait till next week to see her and she said, "What about this afternoon? I'll cancel all my appointments." We met at a small seaside resort and talked all afternoon. We had dinner and then she had to go. I hated to see her go. I was walking into my house and the phone was ringing. It was her telling me her husband was staying in L.A. and would I mind coming back to her house. Hell, I was covering the sixty miles in nothing flat.

She greeted me wearing a robe with nothing on under it. I ran my tongue over her rapidly hardening nipples and loved what I tasted. She had to take me to her bed. I decided to draw the foreplay out as long as possible because I wanted to savor every inch of this incredible creature. I started by massaging her toes and feet. As I moved up her shapely calves, I started sucking her toes one at a time. She was being turned on by my hands and my tongue lashing her feet. I massaged her back and started licking her hips, which caused her to start breathing more heavily. I ran my fingers down to her anus and with my other hand massaged the rest of her gorgeous body. Her cunt was getting wet as hell and she was really starting to thrash about. I rolled her over on her back and kissed her. I could tell by her urgings that she wanted cock. I moved down and took first one nipple, then the next, and sucked them till they were rock-hard. God, what beautiful firm tits she had. And so very responsive.

I moved down to her stomach and teased all around her cunt hairs. She was starting to really grind her bush against my face, trying to get me to lick her clit. I teased that little nub off and on for about ten minutes and decided to give her the best head she had ever gotten. I gently parted those silken cunt lips and tasted the most succulent cunt ever. She was now getting hot, begging me to fuck her. I kept it up until she moaned and her body came rigid in orgasm. I let her come down some and then really went to work on her clit. As I sucked, loved, kissed, and kneaded her clit and cunt, my hands were busy playing with her tits and beautiful ass.

I was beginning to realize that I was very aroused myself and needed to be inside this beautiful woman.

I moved up and rubbed my cock all over her cunt lips and clit, exciting both of us very much. I slipped the head into the silkiest cunt I had ever felt. She moved her cunt up, trying to get all of my cock. But I needed to savor fucking and loving her. I went back to eating her and she again climaxed. I then slowly entered her until my balls were nestled against her ass. She wrapped her legs around me and I slowly stroked. As she started begging me to fuck her harder, I did. She climaxed again and I felt the come churning in my swollen nuts. My balls were boiling. With a scream I dumped what seemed like buckets of thick come in this beautiful cunt. Here I was, with the most beautiful woman in the world lying under me. I slowly dozed off still thinking of her.

The rest of the night was just as incredible. We made love countless times, and very passionately. We slept from 6 A.M. to 7 A.M. and then I had to get my ass to court. I felt like hammered shit in court, but nothing could wipe the smile off my face. We now see each other as often as her husband's schedule will allow. If she were single, I'd marry her in a minute. A word of advice, guys: even if you are not the handsome hunk you wish you were, take a chance with the next beautiful woman you desire. You may get lucky like I did.—*Name and address withheld*

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PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month Krista Simon, who appears on page 83, was photographed by Carl Wachter with a Nikon F-2 Photomic camera, a 43-86 Nikon zoom lens, a Hasselblad Softar Filter #2, and Kodachrome 64 film. David Schoen photographed Ron and Lois, who appear on page 109, with a Nikon 35mm camera and various Nikkor lenses. He also used a Gitzo tripod and Kodachrome 64 film.

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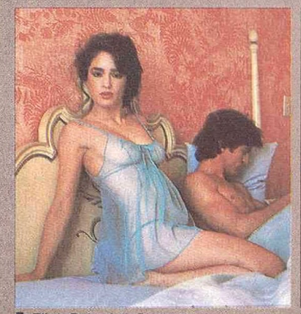

E. Flirty Babydoll. Sheer top with matching G-string panty.

F. Sheer Handkerchief Babydoll. Sensuous lace trim and matching panty.

G. Seductive Play Set. Satin and lace push-up bra. Lace G-string. Garter with sheer satin detail on back. Black seamed stockings.

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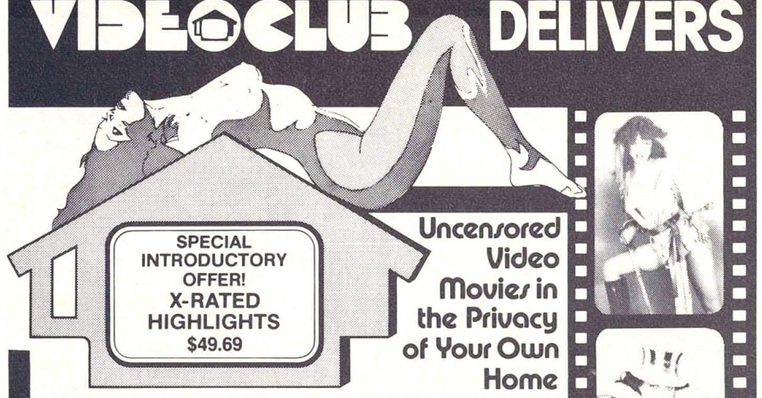

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EXCALIBUR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149

Driving an Excalibur takes some getting used to, beyond getting comfortable at the receiving end of all those stares. The cockpit is small, the roof low, and the two-piece windshield little more than a slit compared with the picture windows we're accustomed to looking through. But after a few miles, what at first seemed confining becomes a comfortable closeness.

It also takes some time to get used to the unfamiliar scene just in front of the windshield. There's that long, long nose stretching toward the horizon and all those louvers staring back at you. Disconcerting. And the backside of the left headlight is like a fun house mirror in its reflections of the grille and the air horns, the road passing underneath, cars passing to the left, the clouds overhead. It takes a conscious effort to keep your eyes on the business at hand.

The Excalibur's ride is firm, but not harsh—say, about midway between sports car rough and Detroit luxomobile soft. There is no wind noise and, thanks to that massive frame that refuses to twist or flex, none of the creak and crack usually offered up by limited-production fiberglass-bodied cars. Stevens has also isolated the passenger compartment from road noise and vibration.

An Excalibur isn't just for posturing in your driveway and occasional short spins on Sunday afternoons. It's comfortable and civilized, suitable for any cross-country trekking you might want to tackle.

It also handles remarkably well, considering its avoirdupois. The nose goes where it's pointed and the fat 235R75-15 Goodyear radials keep a firm grip on the tarmac, thanks to the independent suspension and an almost ideal front-to-rear weight distribution of 46 percent/54 percent. With a little experience a driver can learn to toss his Excalibur into turns as if it were a sports car half the size and weight.

There are really only two criticisms due, and the Stevens brothers admit they are justified. The 305 V-8 just doesn't generate enough horsepower to make two tons of Excalibur move with the enthusiasm its looks call for. Earlier series cars had a thumping big 454 V-8 in the nose, and they moved. But GM stopped producing that engine and the Excalibur has to make do with the 305.

So how do you sum up an Excalibur? Not easily. Mechanically, it's impressive, if something of an anachronism. With everything else on the road getting smaller and lighter and sleekly aerodynamic, there's the Excalibur, its blunt nose crudely shouldering aside the wind so 4,000 pounds of V-8 luxury cruiser can glide on down the road. But it's meant to be an anachronism: that's what its buyers want and that's what they get . . . a good automobile that instantly transports them to the golden age of motoring.

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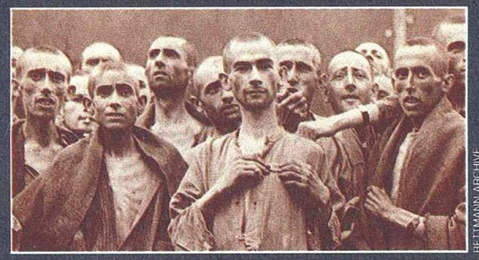

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

NOT JUST ANOTHER NAZI

By the time he died last year, Otto Albrecht von Bolschwing had felt the hand of retribution reach out to him from countless graves. Lying in a California hospital, his body ravaged by disease, Bolschwing died a terrible death—a death most people would say was fitting for a Nazi war criminal, one of the men responsible for Nazi Germany's greatest crimes, the concentration camps and the Holocaust. But what was Bolschwing doing in California in 1982? That is the story of Christopher Simpson's compelling investigative report, which takes us into the murky shadows of cold-war spying—a world where genocide may be forgiven and years of loyal service betrayed.

BOB GRUEN/STAR FILE PHOTOS

JOHN AND YOKO: THE FINAL YEARS

This second-part excerpt from the forthcoming book *Dakota Days* (St. Martin's Press) details the bizarre, oftentimes tumultuous marriage of John Lennon and Yoko Ono. Yoko's psychic and tarot card reader, John Green, remembers the Lennons' plans for a bargain-basement Broadway musical based on their lives (Yoko and John were to play themselves), Yoko's penchant for Egyptian mummies, John's estrangement from his first son, Julian, and the terrorist threats that plagued his life.

ALEX GNEIZE/EIKO

THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY

Lambert, the would-be playwright and American war hero, has put the finishing touch on a drama that he has written, directed, and produced: the break-in of a massive bank vault in Nice. With his sense of the dramatic and a flair for risk-taking, Lambert has brought together an international crew of mobsters and mercenaries to carry out his daring escapade. Robert Daley, best-selling author of *Prince of the City* and *Year of the Dragon,* has triumphed once again in this exclusive excerpt from his latest novel, *The Dangerous Edge,* to be published by Simon & Schuster.

MICHAEL PUTLAND/RETNA

PETE TOWNSHEND

As one of rock 'n' roll's best-known, most prolific performers and composers, the Who's Pete Townshend ignited the passions of a generation. But the thirty-eight-year-old lead guitarist fell on hard times, victim to a multitude of drug addictions that threatened not only his career but his life. He is now totally recovered, owing largely to an experimental treatment known as NeuroElectric Therapy, which is the brainchild of Dr. Meg Patterson. In a candid interview with *Omni* editor Kathleen McAuliffe, Townshend describes his treatment as well as the pressures of superstardom that finally forced him to seek help.

VIDEO DATING

There are over 55 million single people in the United States, and they all seem to have the same complaint: "It's hard to meet people!" These days, however, the magic of technology is making smoky singles hangouts and Mr. Goodbar experiences obsolete. Video dating services—the state of the art of matchmaking—are the latest rage for desperate singles. But how worthwhile are they? We asked Ellen Sherman to join (under cover) one of the classiest clubs in the country and let us know whether screening "quality people" on video cassette is any real substitute for the blind date. Even if you're one of the very few individuals who have never looked for love in all the wrong places, you'll certainly want to read Ellen's report on lonely hearts clubs—twenty-first-century style.

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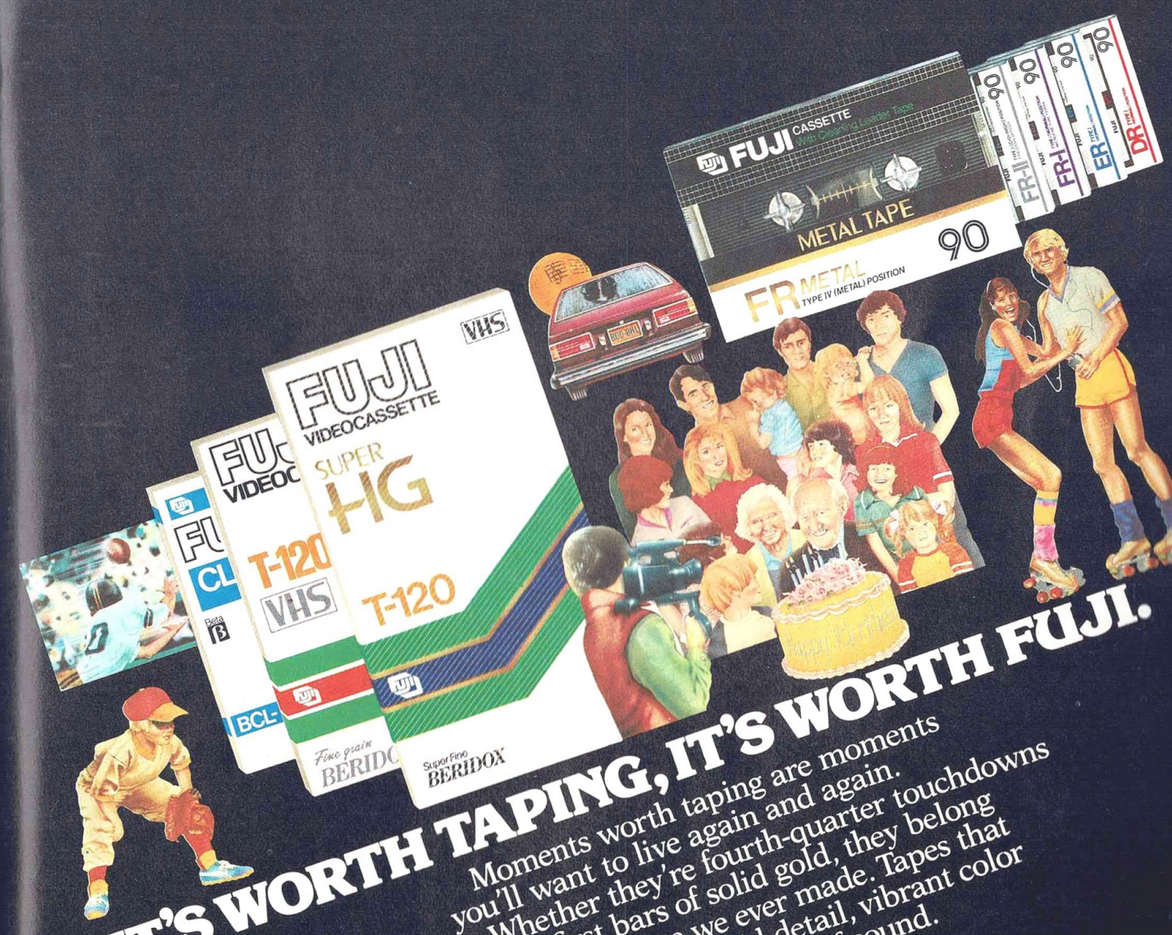

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Marlboro	16	1.0
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Kool Milds	11	0.9
Newport	16	1.2
Carlton Kings	**Less than 0.5**	**0.1**
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	TAR mg/cig	NICOTINE mg/cig
Kent 100's	14	1.2
Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Salem 100's	15	1.1
Marlboro 100's	16	1.1
Carlton Box 100's	**Less than 0.5**	**0.1**

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